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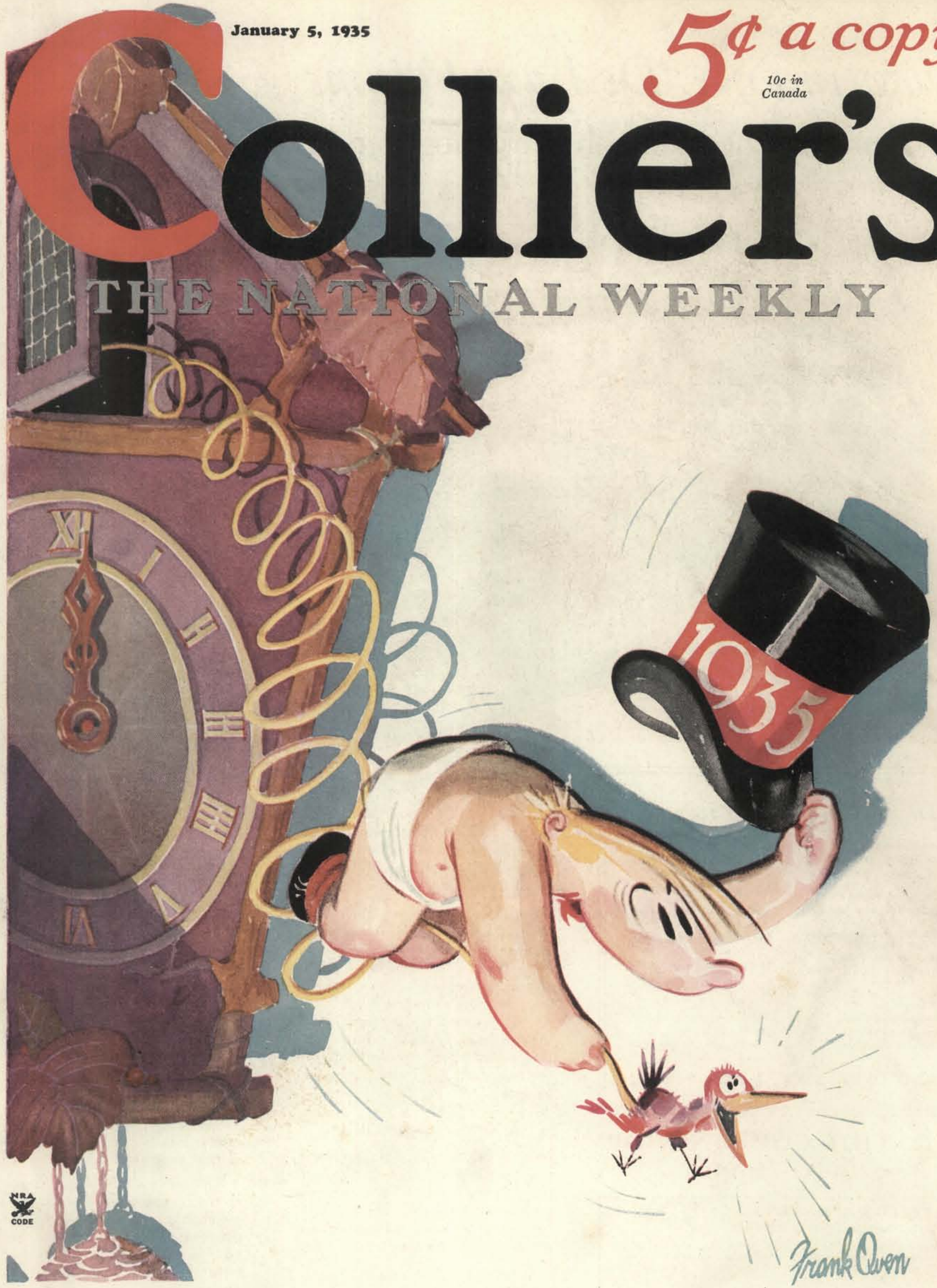

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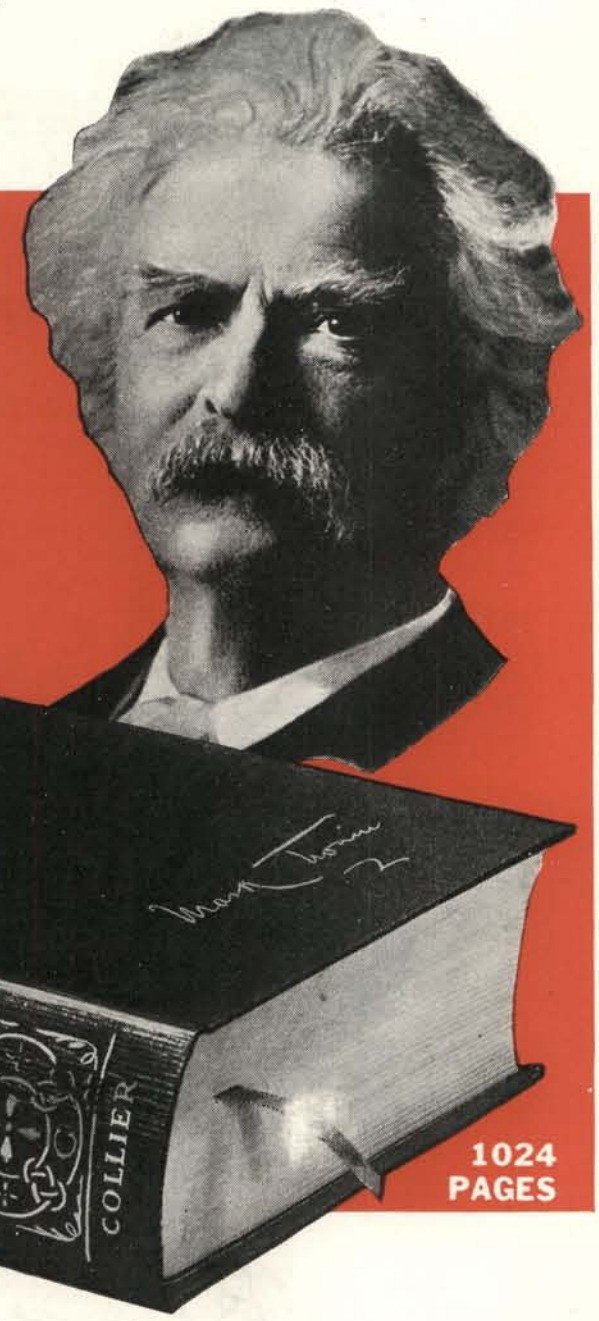

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

"IS THIS the place," Dusty King drawled, "where the feller is selling the horse?" That opened the land auction in Ogalalla, the auction that was the climax of a long war and was supposed to be the end.

You remember "Thunder in the Dust" and "Winter Range." Alan LeMay, who wrote them, begins next week the magnificent story of "The Smoky Years," the vast battle for the control of the ranges. Amid the thud of hoofs, the bawling of cattle and the sharp fragrance of gunpowder, you will read the love story of Bill Roper and Jody Gordon, who kept their faith in the relentless turmoil of the West.

TAKE Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals, complete it, run its hydro-electric plant at capacity, then multiply the horsepower by four. Got it? Well, that's the amount of power that's being constantly squandered in the East Texas oil field—with the knowledge and consent of the state of Texas. Why doesn't somebody do something about it? Why doesn't somebody stop the corruption and thievery and thuggery of the oil fields? The answer is that Texas, apparently, doesn't want them stopped. Texas is resisting the Union—and it's misplaced courtesy to call it passive resistance. Owen P. White supplies you with the facts about this arrogant rebellion in "Piping Hot."

"YOUNG men," the fool said, "I am about to soar away from you on the wings of wealth and as I stand before you, looking in each paltry face, I cannot fail to see myself as you must see me—young, brave, handsome, modest and possessed of genius and a knack with women—and I cannot fail to note your sullen envy. Young men, this is wrong. It is not philosophic." What happened to him after that is told in "Fired," a slightly insane love story by Dwight Mitchell Wiley.

IN SIXTEEN-TWENTY the alphabet was just something to read with; it lacked political importance. But suppose the Pilgrims had formed a MWRA (Massachusetts Wilderness Removal Administration) or a CTIA (Check the Indian Administration). Doubtless it would have been a great comfort to them. Mr. H. I. Phillips, the well-known contemporary historian, pictures the probable results in "Everything Under Control."

SIDNEY HERSCHEL SMALL, Elsie Singmaster, Quentin Reynolds, Burnham Carter, Katharine Roberts, Jerome Barry, May Edginton, Ray Tucker and others collaborate to produce an issue that is practically blinding. What a year this is going to be!

This Week

●

January 5, 1935

Cover by Frank Owen and C. C. Beall

GEORGE CREEL
The Railroads Wake Up. Clear the tracks! Page 7

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Award of Honor, by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. Page 9

DUNCAN NORTON-TAYLOR
A Very Dangerous Girl. And eleven very innocent men—oarsmen, in fact. Page 10

CHESTER L. FORDNEY
Up Above the World So High. And what goes up must come down. Page 12

JACLAND MARMUR
The Right to Command. Won in the fury of a gale. Page 14

HOMER CROY
Her Egg Beau. Romance in its most unusual guise. Page 16

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
Shadow of Doubt, Conclusion. We were afraid this was going to happen—the end has come. Page 18

WALTER DAVENPORT
A Regular Guy. Stalking U-boats, the avocation of Sir Guy Standing. Page 19

ERNEST HAYCOX
High Wind. A story of the winning of the West. Page 20

RAY TUCKER
A Master for the House. Who'll be the next Speaker? Page 22

FRANK J. TAYLOR
Too Much Gold. Moving two thousand tons of precious metal. Page 23

MAY EDGINTON
Woman of the Family, Part II. Eve misses her train. Page 24

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Pick up the facts. Page 34

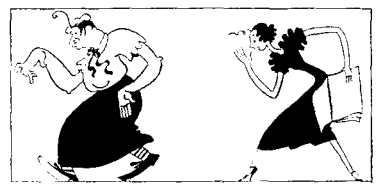
EDITORIAL
Watch That Congress Page 50

●

Any Week

FIRST of all we have a letter from Mr. Harry Northorn of Spartanburg, South Carolina, reporting that he had been speaking to a lady who was in that city in the interests of her daughter who was going to be married. "I aim," said the lady, "to surprise her and buy her a torso for her wedding."

A SPLENDID idea. Every bride should have one. There's nothing like starting out well equipped. Like the students of Vanderbilt University, for example. Or of the University of Nebraska. Mr. Jack Harris of Nashville, Tennessee, informs us that the students of Vanderbilt, having solved almost every other pressing problem, decided to learn by plebiscite which of the nation's magazines was the most popular there. We won. We would like to add that we won without trouble, but our famous modesty interferes. And from so reliable a source as the Daily Nebraskan, the student daily at Nebraska, we learn that Collier's and The American Magazine (a distant cousin of ours) tied for first place in a similar inquiry there.

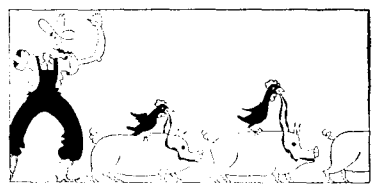


WE publish things of that sort just to let you readers know what fine company you're in. In the meantime we shall devote ourselves to wriggling off a pretty nasty spot we made for ourselves when we called Wallace Beery, by implication, an actress. Miss Pauline Sandholdt of Monterey, California, notifies us of this and we hasten to deny that Mr. Beery is an actress before Mr. Beery takes a hand in the argument. We wish emphatically to say that Mr. Beery is not an actress. If you don't believe us ask Mr. Beery.

AND Miss Jessie P. Haas of Seattle, Washington, wants us to understand that "there are hundreds of starving actresses and make-up experts here who know as much as anybody from the Moscow Art Theater." Therefore she asks why we published that piece about Madame Tamara Daykarkhanova and her theatrical make-up wizardry. Of course, we did it simply to make Miss Haas mad, but we didn't think she'd get as mad as she did. "Why not give our own talent a break?" she demands. "But I suppose a man never pays any attention to the lady who darns his socks because he knows what makes her click and the glamour is gone."

MRS. LAURA FROST of Memphis, Tennessee, wants it understood that she is a stanch supporter of Franklin Roosevelt. Nevertheless, she has doubts (and feels pretty bad about it) concerning the success of the New Deal. And her doubts sprang from a story she heard and has since authenticated. Says she: "Twenty-four cotton farmers, small ones, listened all evening to a government man explaining the economics of their crops. All promised to diversify their crops, to plant less cotton. But it turns out that all but two of them went home and planted all cotton and produced bumper crops and got in very bad. Asked why they had been perverse, they said: 'Well, after thinking it over, it was like we were told we ain't got no right to plant cotton, so we just done it to show 'em.'" The country, thinks Mrs. Frost, is full of such people and, alas, "there's nothing to be done about it."

WITH admitted difficulty, Mr. C. R. Hansberger of Columbus, Ohio, maintained his wonted dignity when he beheld, in one of our cartoons, two cuckoos cooling off in the wind of a church organ pipe. He says he, "a good Methodist," kept relatively calm when we gave him a "windowful of maidenly mannequins" to look at. But he just about lost control when he "read in one of your E. Phillips Oppenheims that 'General Baker will be round in five minutes.'" Mr. Hansberger was not so much disturbed by the rapid change the general was about to undergo but he did feel as if Mr. Oppenheim cheated a trifle when he did not explain "how one gets that way in five minutes."



BUT that's nothing. Mr. J. E. Fitzgerald of Stephenville, Texas, says he has a neighbor who raised razor-back hogs and chickens and "the way they get round is something wonderful." This neighbor has a cane patch about a mile from the house. "The hogs eat the stalks but won't touch the seed. My neighbor wants his chickens to have the seeds, so he has trained them to ride down on the hogs' backs. He has three hundred hogs and each carries fifty chickens every morning. He was having some trouble about getting the eggs, but by building nests between the hogs' ears he solved that. Also—"

BUT that's enough.

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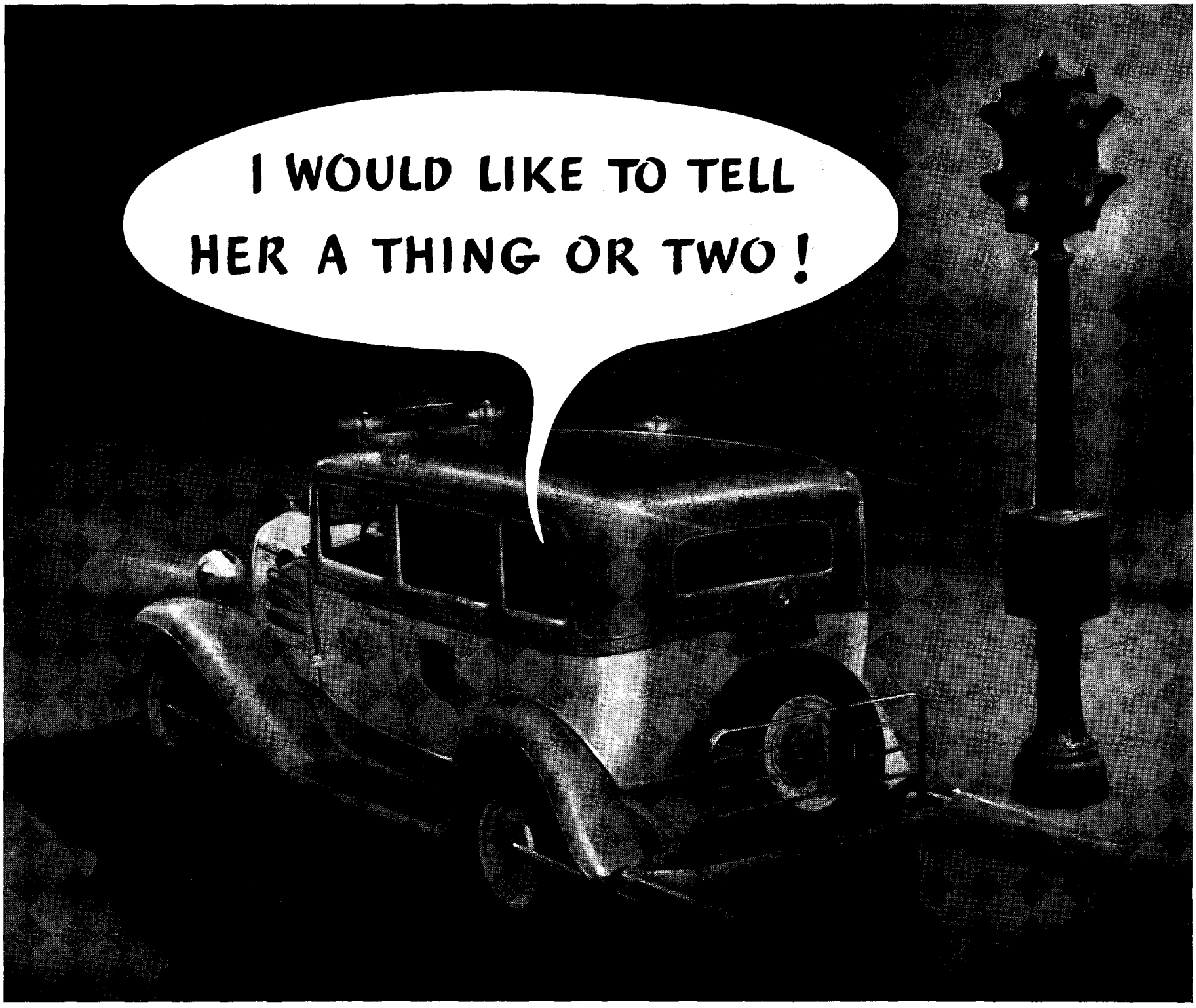

"YES, *she's a charming woman, and the spirit of hospitality. But I would like to tell her that she's got the wrong idea about coffee. I tried politely to refuse it but she simply insisted. I* had *to take it. And now I'll lie awake for hours.*"

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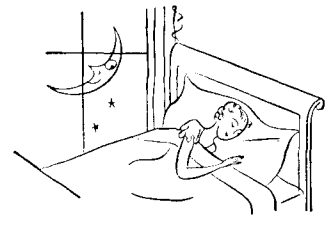

steaming, fragrant cup to your lips—and meet the grandest coffee that ever thrilled your palate. And learn, from experience, that you can drink it—*and sleep!*

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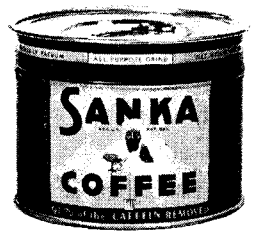

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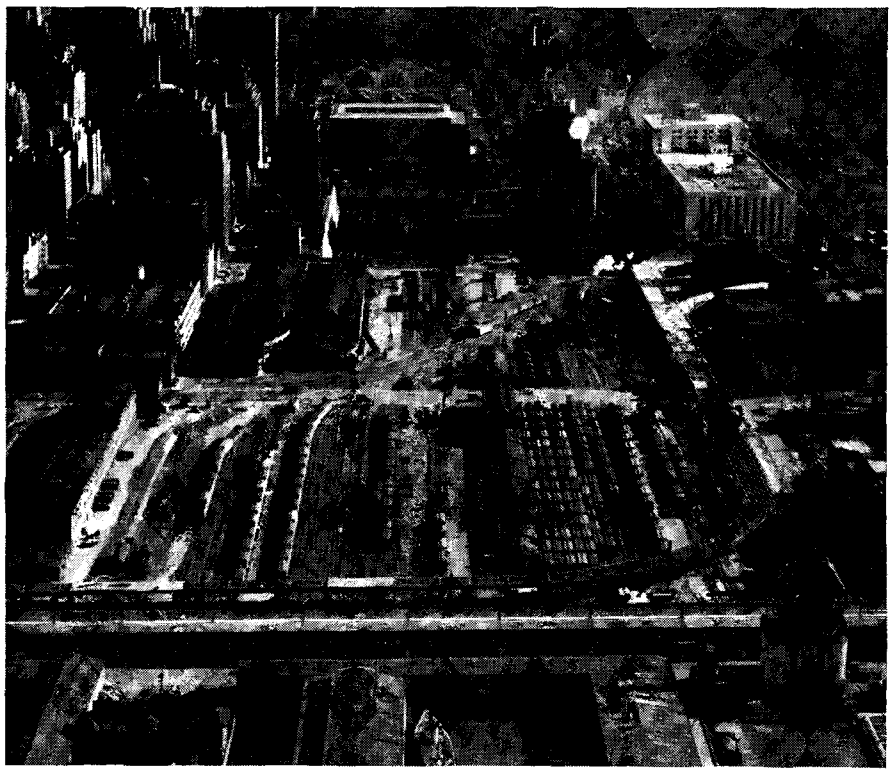
The Railroads Wake Up

Just as the Iron Horse was slipping into the ruck along with the Old Gray Mare, it developed a sudden burst of speed and is now all set for a whirlwind finish. Not only are railroads finally giving some thought to the comfort and convenience of their passengers, they are also thinking of quitting their favorite pastime of cutting one another's throats. Not voluntarily of course, but when they can read the handwriting on the wall, it says: Government Ownership

By George Creel



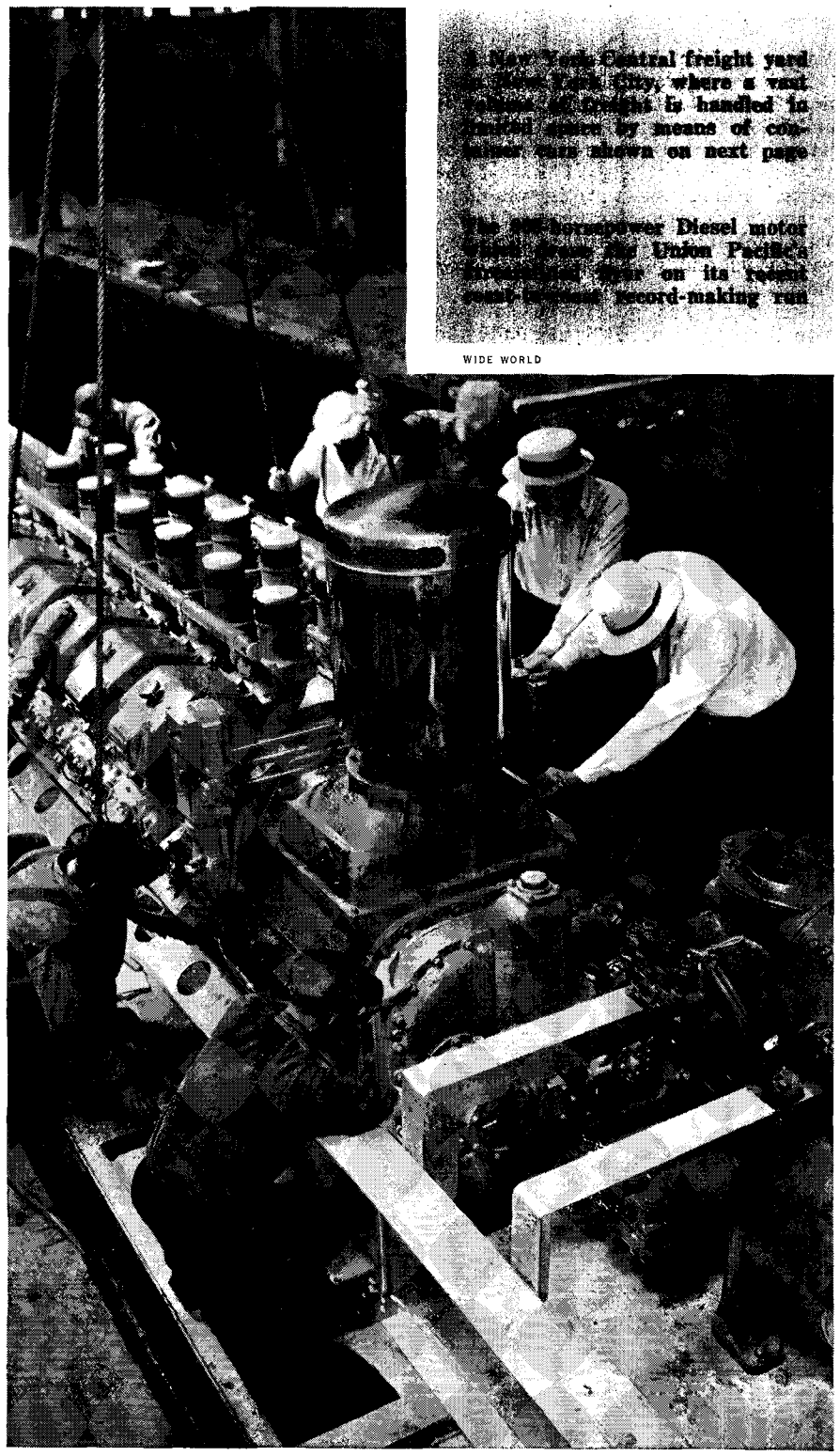
AERIAL EXPLORATIONS, INC.

THE Iron Horse shows every sign of feeling his oats. He has thrown off the spavin, ringbone, bots and other ailments of recent years, and is again caracoling with much of his ancient vigor. "Dream trains," hitherto few in number, and those used chiefly for exhibition purposes, will soon be in active and general operation. All of the principal railroad systems are going in for lightweight, high-speed, streamlined construction, either aluminum alloy or stainless steel, the cars sound-proofed, dust-proofed, shock-proofed and air-conditioned.

The record-breaking flight of the Union Pacific's Diesel-engined flyer from Los Angeles to New York proved that a full day can be cut off the transcontinental trip, and as track conditions are improved, it may well be that a forty-eight-hour service will be maintained between the Atlantic seaboard and the Pacific Coast. On certain western stretches where curves and grade crossings were few, the aluminum comet averaged eighty-four miles an hour for six consecutive hours.

The Burlington Zephyr, a three-car articulated unit built of stainless steel, operates a four-hour schedule on the two-hundred-and-fifty-one-mile run between Kansas City, Omaha and Lincoln, and when the Illinois Central completes a streamlined speedster now in construction, the time between Chicago and St. Louis will be cut from six and a half hours to four. The Boston and Maine and the Maine Central are building a stainless steel flyer able to do one hundred and fifteen miles an hour, traveling seven hundred miles daily through New England, and lopping two hours off the time between Boston and Bangor.

The New York, New Haven and Hartford will shortly take its place in fast company with a "Rail Zeppelin," hurtling over the landscape at a sustained speed of ninety miles an hour, and the Baltimore and Ohio has plunged into experimentation on a grand scale. The two trains under construction are not articulated, as in the case of other lightweight, high-speed construction, and while one is built of aluminum alloy and Diesel-engined, its mate is made of a new corrosion-resistant, high-tensile steel, and steam is its motive power. The test of the relative merits of these two distinct types will be watched by the whole railroad world.



A New York Central freight yard [illegible], where a vast [illegible] of freight is handled in [illegible] by means of conveyor cars shown on next page

The [illegible]-horsepower Diesel motor [illegible] the Union Pacific's [illegible] on its record-making run

WIDE WORLD

Along with these tremendous advances in construction, there is excited talk of frequent schedules and low rates, and even broad hints of high-speed freight trains, each car with demountable bodies for interchange with motor trucks. This will permit store-door collection and delivery, and will also give shippers the comforting assurance that they may expect to receive their merchandise within the year.

At last, after long years, it has finally penetrated railroad consciousness that the scrimping of maintenance and wage reductions are not the way to success and solvency, and that a surer road is in such improvement of service as will put the rails on even terms with competitors who have been outthinking and outmarching them. Authoritative bodies have repeatedly compiled figures showing that the superiority of motor transport is limited to short hauls, and even casual inquiries would have developed the fact that many travelers use busses or their own cars because of the utter failure of the railroads to furnish fast, comfortable and inexpensive transportation.

What Passengers Want

What more reasonable than to assume that the rails will be able to recapture a vast volume of passenger traffic now that they have had the sense to devise dustless, dirtless, shockless trains, cool in summer, warm in winter, each car with comfortable, individual seats where meals can be served from a "tea wagon" trundling up and down the aisles; a solarium instead of the old-style cindery observation platform, and modern sleeping arrangements where both upper and lower berths are really small rooms with space enough for dressing so that the traveler does not have to be a contortionist?

Another convincing proof of intelligence is that the master minds in control of American railways have finally learned that cutting one another's throats is a criminal stupidity responsible for most of their misfortunes. With governmental regulation making their rates the same, and with equipment and speeds much the same, there has been no real competition among the roads for years, yet they have insisted on keeping up their Donnybrook battling while water-carriers and motor transport have walked off with the business.

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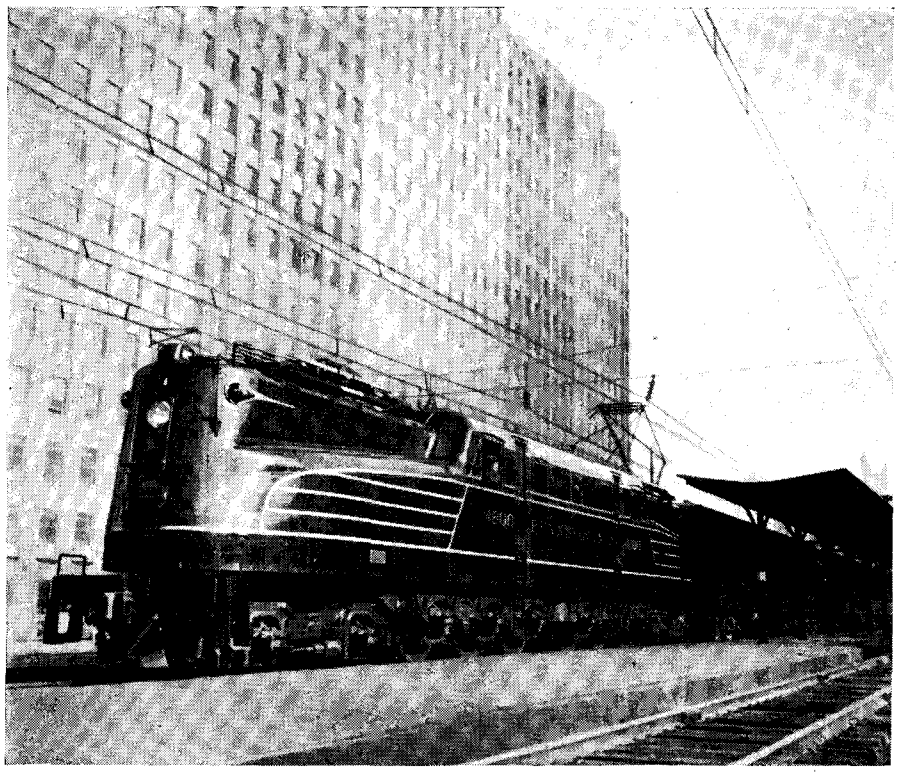


WIDE WORLD

The first of the Pennsylvania's 57 high-speed electrically driven passenger locomotives for New York–Philadelphia service

Nothing is more illustrative of the changed point of view than the organization of the Association of American Railroads, an all-inclusive merger of various existing bodies, with J. J. Pelley, former president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, at its head. Here, after weary years of crosspull, is a centralization of authority, unity of aim, and an explicit pledge to put coördination and coöperation above individual and selfish advantage.

Behind all of these highly intelligent activities is a very compelling reason, for out of the air above every railroad system in the United States comes a sepulchral voice muttering, "Heavy, heavy hangs over your head." If ever there was a time when the Iron Horse needed to show a brisk, ground-covering gallop, that time is *now*.

Some twenty-five-odd years ago, there was a considerable demand that the government take over the railroads, the issue figuring importantly in one of Mr. Bryan's numerous campaigns. No such clamor is heard today from any quarter, yet public ownership and operation of the rails was never nearer. There is this difference, however: instead of being a hope it is a fear. Organized labor is opposed to it, and the Administration, with our national debt piling higher and higher, has neither funds nor taste for the acquisition of a twenty-six-billion-dollar property.

Competition That Hurts

Unfortunately, the financial condition of the railroads presents a problem that cannot be dodged. Twenty-six companies, with an operating mileage of 40,000 miles, are in the hands of receivers or trustees; railroad bonds in the sum of $1,556,000,000 were either totally or partially in default as of March 15, 1934. Between 1934 and 1938 inclusive, the lines must meet funded debt maturities totaling $1,388,000,000, also RFC loans of $330,000,000, PWA advances of $220,000,000, and short term loans of $335,000,000. Class One railroads as a whole failed to earn interest and fixed charges the last two years, and interest matured and unpaid at the end of 1933 amounted to $258,000,000.

As a matter of fairness, it should be explained that this sorry showing does not argue overcapitalization, for the figures of the Interstate Commerce Commission prove that the present outstanding capitalization of the lines is well below the original cost of the properties. Failures and reorganizations have squeezed out a good deal of the water. The railroads are in bad shape because other competing forms of transportation—motor transport, airplanes, waterways and pipe lines—have bled them white.

Something has got to be done to save the situation. It is not only the case that the railroads constitute the backbone of America's transportation system, and will continue to be its backbone for a long time to come; there is the grave danger that lies in permitting railroad securities to drift into default. Of the eleven billions of railroad bonds outstanding today, five billions are owned by savings banks and insurance companies, which means that the real owners are some 63,000,000 policyholders and thousands on thousands of depositors. Some two billions are held by churches, colleges, hospitals and charitable organizations as endowments. The preservation of the value of this investment is of paramount importance to the welfare of the country.

The only thing that can save the situation is money. Where is it coming from? As far as private credit is concerned, the outlook for the railroads is as black as the pit from pole to pole. The federal government stands as the one and only source of capital funds, and notwithstanding the Administration's very real desire to aid, public opinion would not stand for having the Treasury emptied into properties the nation does not own and over which it has small control.

Consolidation, of course, presents itself as a sure way to order, economy and stability, but experience has shown that consolidation is something that cannot be left to the voluntary action of the railroads. They tried it out under the Transportation Act of 1920, and never was there a more tragic mess. The great systems entered upon a campaign of empire building, and the mad scramble for strategic lines not only led to uneconomic and inefficient groupings but also resulted in the waste of millions.

What the Association of American Railroads will undoubtedly attempt is to gain the benefits of consolidation while avoiding its hazards. One of the plans under consideration is a single operating organization for each natural trade area, with all the railroads in that area pooling revenues subject to an equitable division. Tremendous economies would be effected inevitably, likewise an amazing modernization of service could be brought about, and as a result of the bettered condition of the rails, the government would be justified in a generous loan policy, and even private capital might lose some of its timidity.

Coöperation or Throat-Cutting?

The plan, if put into operation, would permit the unification or joint use of terminals; better utilization and equipment of shops, the pooling of cars, standardization of equipment, materials and supplies; intelligent purchasing, the pooling of grain elevators, and the elimination of all waste and loss from conflict, unnecessary competition and duplication of facilities. Coöperation to the limit instead of frenzied throat-cutting!

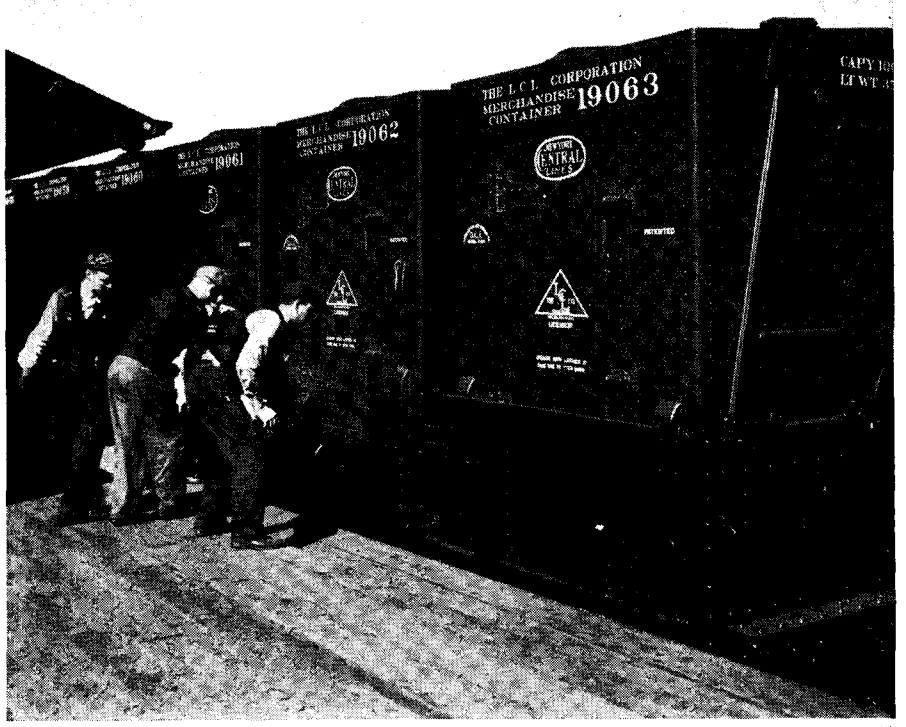
What these economies would mean in terms of money cannot be estimated. A recent Interstate Commerce Commission report showed that $2,000,000 a year could be saved by a unification of terminals in Kansas City. An equal saving could be made in virtually every railroad center in the United States. Aside from ending this annual waste of millions, there is the speeding up of service to be considered.

For decades it has been a common sight to see lumbering freight cars, loaded at a tenth of their capacity, creeping over circuitous routes at a snail's pace, and the greater part of their time devoted to switching operations in one terminal or another. How much more intelligent to have merchandise collected by trucks and concentrated at key points, then moved by rail over efficient routes at passenger speed,

(Continued on page 30)

From factory to store door. Merchandise containers being packed for truck delivery to city railroad yards

WIDE WORLD



EWING GALLOWAY

The containers, loaded and ready to be moved

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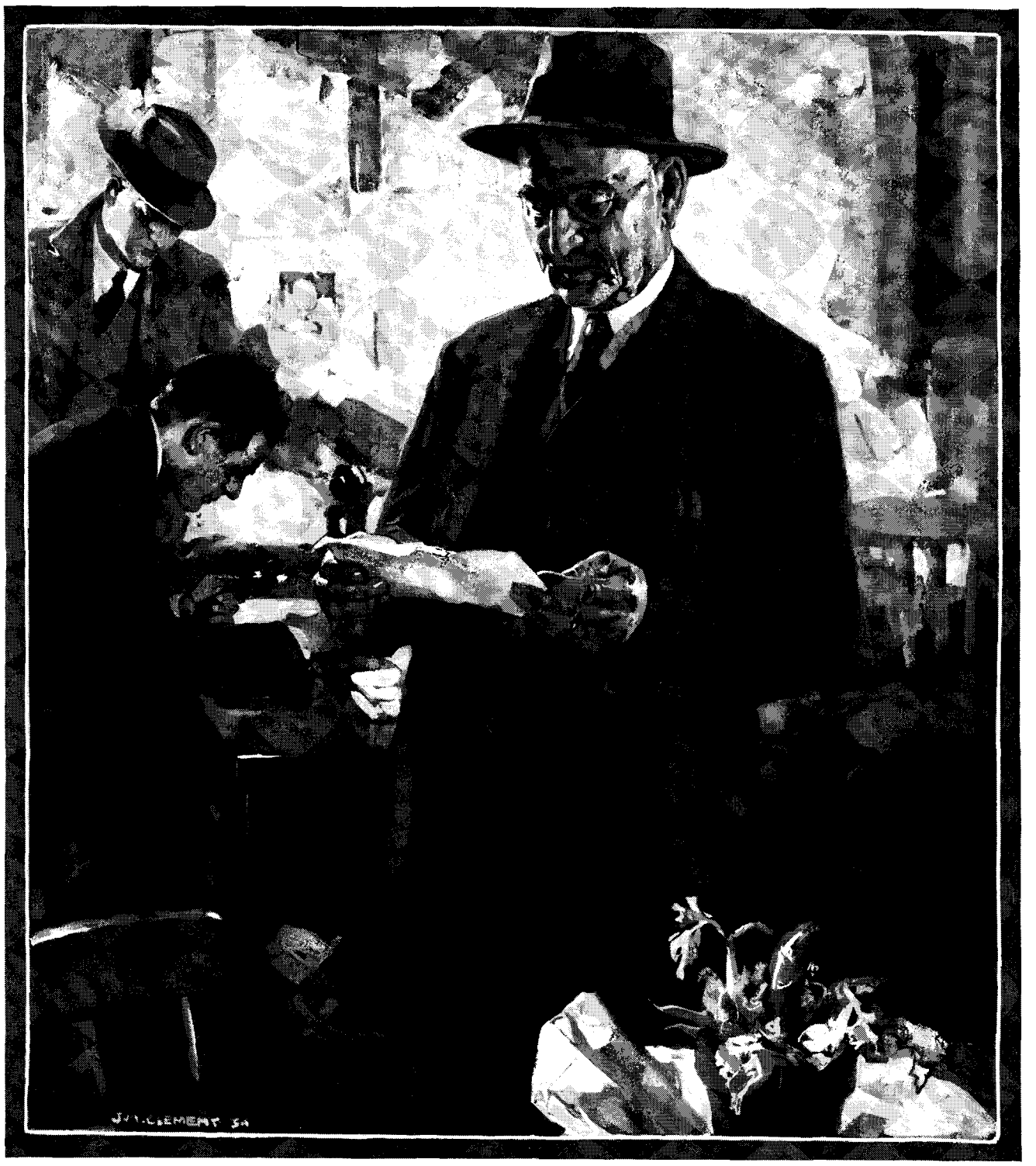
Award of Honor

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH M. CLEMENT



In the center of the mess was a note scrawled on filthy paper. Sergeant Brady read the message

LAST day on the force. Yep, last day. Last six minutes, to be exact. Detective Sergeant Brady squinted up at the clock; its time-speckled face was like that of an old friend. The detectives' room at headquarters was almost deserted. McHugh and Lafferty, two of the younger men, were consulting with a Bertillon clerk. They were very busy, very much absorbed. The bureau had not yet cracked a politician's murder in the West End.

Brady sighed. He must remember that. Yep, that was why McHugh had said briskly, in passing, "This your last day, Sergeant? Sorry to see you retiring." Sure, sure. They were all busy. That was why the chief hadn't sent for him for a little talk. The chief remembered the day, all right. Why, he and the chief had been policemen together for thirty-nine years. It was the big murder case. Only a few minutes ago the flyer squad had gone out of the alley with the siren cut loose. No doubt the chief had gone with them. Sure.

Well, he'd better finish clearing out his desk. He got to his feet a bit heavily. He stared at a fresh letter on the top of the pile. It was a form letter from the Board of Police Commissioners taking note of the fact that "Sergeant Daniel Brady would on this day, having reached the retirement age, sever active relations with the police department." The letter added, in faded blue mimeographed script, that "on behalf of the board the president wishes to thank you for your excellent record of service."

Something choked up his throat—not sentiment, but a vague anger. He reached for the letter, started to crumple it. Nope. Mary would like to keep it. Mary would frame it. Yep, he'd take it home to Mary. How many minutes more? Should he leave now? The chief was out. He didn't want to see Captain Cullinane. Bad 'cess to um. The black, crooked heart of um. Well, anyway, he knew what Dan Brady thought of him. A crooked policeman is lower than a gangster. The chief knew . . . you couldn't fool the chief. He'd have Cullinane's hide before. . . .

"Brady! You're wanted in the chief's office."

Ha! The chief hadn't forgot. Brady smoothed the wrinkles from his baggy gray suit coat. He walked down the corridor to the chief's office, slicking his thin, reddish-white hair with a nervous hand. The chief would remind him of the time they had gone together into Hop Alley to get that cokey guy . . . and the time he had won that reward for putting the handcuffs on Dutch Hayes and bringing him in despite a couple of slugs in his chest . . . the slugs still twinged when Brady drew too deep a breath. . . .

"The chief sent for me?"

A brash young clerk looked up from his desk.

"You, Brady? Listen . . . you got this application for your pension all balled up . . . fill in all *them* blanks and attach your good conduct certificate there . . . see?"

"Oh . . . yep . . . I'm sorry, son . . . uh . . . the chief in?"

"Naw. He had to go see the big boss. Mail your correct application, and you better make it snappy so's it can be reviewed."

NODDING, Brady shuffled out. Yep, the chief was just busy. Sure. With this big case on and all. . . . Captain Cullinane approached him in the corridor.

"Oh . . . uh . . . Brady. Understand you're leaving us today? Sorry to see you leaving the force, Brady."

Brady nodded again, and growled something down in his throat. Yep. Sorry! Devil take um. He was sorry. Sorry and grinning to his ears. . . . A voice called out, "Hey, Sergeant!"

He halted. It was Pierson, grizzled headquarters man for the News. Pierson looked embarrassed.

"Say, Sarge, we tried to give you a send-off. All the boys sent stories in. But the papers are tighter'n a tick, with all this Page One news breaking. But I got a promise that they'll run something in a day or so."

"Aw, that's okay, Jimmy," said Brady. The reporter started to say something more, but a jangling phone pulled him away. Brady walked on back to the detectives' room. Time to go now. Yep. He'd stayed right up to the last second. He began, with clumsy fingers, to pick up the odds and ends on his desk—his battered report book, mysterious keys, notes and memoranda, letters in greasy tattered envelopes. . . . Each meant something—they were the months and weeks and days of his duty as a policeman. . . . Oh, well, too bad about the papers. It would have pleased Mary. Himself . . . shucks . . he'd never been a newspaper copper. . . . But just the same . . . was this all? . . . Just walking out like an unwelcome visitor? Why, he'd been a *good* copper. He'd always done his duty and more.

"Hey, Sergeant. Limpy Snowbird . . . you know . . . that punk of the Jellyroll Mob . . . he left this at the desk for you."

Brady stared at the young patrolman. In his hands was what looked to be a potted flower, tied in white tissue paper with a pink ribbon.

"Shall I duck it in the sink, before—"

"Naw. I'll open it. Thanks."

Fumblingly he tore away the wrappings. Then he snorted. It was a flower pot filled with garbage. Sticking in the center of the mess was a withered bologna and pinned to the bologna was a note scrawled on filthy paper.

HIS lips moving, Sergeant Brady read this message:

"We're glad you're leaving, you ——— ———! You can't go two soon to suit us you big mick ———! This will be a good rackit when you're gone, you dirty Irish ——— — ———! You know who."

Suddenly, Brady smiled. He sniffed the pot as if it contained some fine perfume. Carefully, he folded the note and placed it between the pages of his ragged leather report book, his fingers tucking it in reverently as if it were a citation for valor.

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A Very Dangerous Girl

A whole varsity crew crazy about the same girl.

And a wise coach on the job. It's quite a story

By Duncan Norton-Taylor

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

JACK BRAITCH, the same one who writes the sports column, was an oarsman himself back in his salad days at Walton; that is why his stuff is always above par when he is writing about rowing. You would think you were pulling an oar when Jack describes a race, it is that good. But this girl he had been going to marry had other notions about Jack's enthusiasm and she went into the subject in their favorite Swedish restaurant one day late in June.

"First it was the race at Ithaca you had to be at, and then the Harlem and Cambridge and Princeton and Derby and Poughkeepsie and New London," she pursued furiously. She had a disconcerting memory.

"Those were mostly week-ends," Jack pointed out. "We easily could have sandwiched it in between—"

"Sandwiched it in between—that epitomizes your attitude!"

"Oh, gosh, no," Jack vowed. "But I could not take a whole month off—especially in the middle of the rowing season. But anyhow—"

"Oh!" she choked. Her name was Luella. She wanted to spend a month getting married. Jack sorted over his smörgåsbord. He was sorry if she was upset. But wait until he sprang the news.

"They are sending the Walton crew to Henley this year," he said, building up the suspense.

She glared.

"The coach can't go with them because he is a professional."

"So I suppose they asked you."

"How'd you know?"

She snorted. "And you're going—"

"Yes. And we can get married and you can go with me. We can take a wedding trip through the Shakespeare country."

Jack can put over a climax in his columns with that same restraint — the art of understatement, we craftsmen call it. He kept his eyes on his plate of smörgåsbord, waiting for her cry of delight. He was suddenly staring at a diamond which winked at him from the tablecloth.

"So now you want to take the Walton varsity crew on our honeymoon!" she articulated.

Jack murmured a few moments later, "Then it is all off?"

Naturally Jack felt very bad about her taking that attitude. In fact, she finally said: "You can take your choice. I am thoroughly sick of having my wedding postponed on account of boat races. Either you stay home and we have a wedding in Westhampton the way I have planned, or—" She gave the ring a push in his direction.

Jack tactfully tried to side-step the issue but she only got more unreasonable. He had to choose. . . . The Henley Royal Regatta. . . . So he picked up the ring.

HE SPENT the afternoon in the gymnasium at the Walton Club on the rowing machine as a palliative to the shock of having his engagement broken. He pulled a twenty-eight stroke until he began to think about taking the Walton crew to Henley and then he raised it to thirty-two. He went into the shower-room gently puffing. Jack is a large man—he was the engine man in the Walton shell—but he has never let himself get fat. He is just over thirty and, though his copy is often cynical, he is just a boy like all these sports writers. He showered and rubbed down energetically—she was not the girl for him—she belonged to the horsey set out on Long Island. . . .

It was not everybody who would be asked to take the Walton crew to Henley. The coach said to Jack, "There is not anybody else in the world I would trust them with, Jack. I have spent four years on that crew and it is the best machine I've ever seen."

"You could trust them with anybody," Jack said modestly, though he was quite moved. "They are gentlemen because it is traditional that all oarsmen are gentlemen. I mean they are the type you can depend on. They are not like a glee club or a bunch of football tramps. Gosh, how would you like to see us bring back the Grand Challenge Cup, Ed?"

So Jack embarked for England with his crew, who were all husky boys with fine-drawn faces and close-cropped hair and misshapen soft hats on the backs of their heads. As for that girl, Jack never saw her again.

UP ON B deck the vague man with the vague name, James Duff, pretended to be fussing with his luggage while he watched the cabin directly across from his. Mr. Duff had sharp eyes which reminded you of coffee beans, and his trousers fitted him tightly when he bent over his bags. What he was looking at was Lily Lynn.

Lily had on a white gown that was very seductive. Mr. Duff caught glimpses of her through the mêlée of people, mostly men, who were in and clustered around her cabin, and when the photographers arrived and segregated her long enough to take some pictures he got a good look. Lily had made a phenomenal hit that season in the new musical comedy Don't Shoot! People were getting tired of torch singers and Lily had a lilting voice like a choir boy's. She had wide blue eyes that inspired you, and the upper part of her face resembled an angel's. But at her uptilted nose this resemblance stopped. She had a red mouth with an unabashed smile and a little pointed chin, and Mr. Duff did not believe that she had any morals.

The ceremony of Lily's departure from New York would be covered, Mr. Duff saw, in the papers; plenty of the newspaper boys were on hand. This would relieve Mr. Duff of one job.

Indeed he was right. The papers carried the story the next morning. One writer, after recounting the story of the farewell party, with the names of celebrities who were there, added: "The rumor that Miss Lily Lynn will marry Filmore Abbot, Jr., of Boston, Newport, New York, and Harvard, 1926, when she returns from her engagement at the Pip-Pip Club, was not confirmed last night. Young Mr. Abbot could not be reached this morning for comment and he was not on the boat last night. Miss Lynn's remark on this conspicuous absence was: 'Where is Junior? You tell me! Maybe he is under the bed.' . . . Also sailing were Jack Braitch, sports writer, and the Walton varsity crew on their way to the Royal Regatta."

That covered Mr. Duff, who had been retained by young Mr. Abbot to report all of Lily's movements and contacts until she returned from London. Mr. Duff was a private detective.

JACK made a speech to the boys at breakfast in which he described how this Grand Challenge Cup attracted the class of the English crews and it would not be like carrying a daisy chain at Vassar; and he also laid out the training schedule for the time they were aboard ship—in the gymnasium every day at ten and at three, bed at ten-thirty every night. They all said, "You bet, Jack," enthusiastically. He was surprised, therefore, at what happened.

Rudy Hunt did not show up in the gym that morning. Nobody seemed to know where he was. In fact, he did not show up all morning, and he came into the dining saloon at lunch with a curious expression, but he did not say a word.

"Say, where were *you* this morning?" inquired Jack.

Hunt, who is one of these long-necked, long-armed oarsmen, scowled into his soup. "I forgot," said he.

"You forgot! Well, if anybody has too short a memory to keep this training schedule let me know now so I can check him up. Remember, we have a port and a starboard spare."

Jack did not want to bear down too hard because they all had the right spirit and they were Walton men and oarsmen.

But the next afternoon

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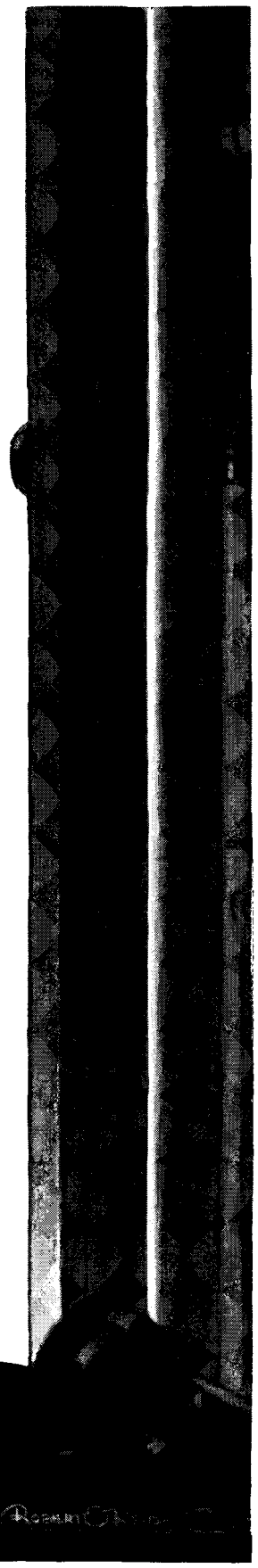

Up on B deck the vague man with the vague name, James Duff, pretended to be fussing with his luggage while he watched the cabin directly across from his

Bubbles Beyer did not show in the gym at three o'clock; it was not until dinner-time that he reported.

Pat Sawyer, stroke and captain, beat Jack to it. "What's the idea?" he demanded.

"What's it to you?" Bubbles inquired haughtily.

There was a hush around the table. Jack stood up. "All right," he announced, "if that is your attitude—Metter will go in at No. 5—you are out."

But when they were getting up from the table he said loudly and pointedly, "I am going up to the veranda on the promenade deck to read."

If Bubbles would come forward and say he had changed his attitude he might reconsider. He sat on the veranda holding a book in front of him. He did not want to take anybody off the crew but you had to have discipline. . . .

By ten o'clock Bubbles had not shown up. Jack was worried. Not too confidently he went down to D deck. Before cabin No. 423 he stopped and considered, and knocked. The door was opened by Hoey Field, the coxswain. In the background, in his pajamas, was Apple Wright.

"I would like you to see if all the rest of them are in their cabins, Hoey," Jack said.

"Oh, I guess they are all right. I do not want to spy." Hoey was very brisk.

"Just casually look in on them," Jack insisted. "I don't want them to think I distrust them."

"It is embarrassing for me."

"I appreciate that, but I guess you had better do it. Report to my room."

A few minutes later Hoey stood at Jack's door. "There are four of them out," he blurted.

"Who?"

"Hunt, Beyer, Rodman and Sawyer are out." Hoey looked grave.

"I told you ten-thirty in bed?"

Hoey nodded. . . .

He found Bubbles Beyer pacing and peering up and down the foyer of the promenade deck. He found Gordon Rodman sitting on the edge of a sofa in the writing-room with an expectant look. And he found Rudy Hunt hopefully shuffling around the drawing-room. He did not have to ask what they were doing because it was plain by their manner that they were waiting to meet women. To each of them he said harshly, "So you are bigger than the Walton crew, eh? You be in your room when I come down—"

HE WAS wrathful and bewildered. That three oarsmen with the Grand Challenge Cup at stake would be making dates instead of going to bed was what he could not understand. And where was Pat Sawyer, captain and stroke? He prowled up to the sun deck and into the smoke-room. He sat down at a table and ordered a whisky sour and looked around. He leaned forward. In a near-by alcove, across the table from a girl in an evening gown with a split skirt, with a cocktail in front of him and with his square face all lighted up, was Pat.

"H'ya, Pat?" Jack said icily.

"Oh, h'ya—Jack—"

At Walton, Pat Sawyer was on a great many committees and he was important. At the moment he did not look so important. But as he got to his feet and spoke he had a curious, uncompromising air. "I want you to meet Miss Lily Lynn."

"How do you do?" Jack glanced into her large, blue angel eyes and snapped at Pat: "It's after ten-thirty—!"

There were several seconds of suspense.

"I hope you will understand my position," Pat said to the girl.

"Oh, sure," she said, "but don't you want your cocktail?"

Pat blushed and dropped a bill on the table. "Oh, no. Good night."

"Good night, Duck," she murmured with understanding.

"Why don't *you* finish it?" she invited Jack as Pat went off.

"Thanks, I have got one," he said and strode back to his table and his sour. His face was stony. He gulped down his drink. He had said to Ed that you could trust them because they were oarsmen. He shook his head. He scowled over his shoulder at this Miss Lynn. She had calmly finished Pat's cocktail and was getting ready to leave. He unwound his long legs, got to his feet, and made for the door. He did not see the plump man in the brown suit who followed him out. In the passageway he felt a hand on his arm. The man had a high, stiff collar and cheeks like Bubbles Beyers', and a bald spot on top of his round head. His eyes were brown, like coffee beans.

"Are you in charge of these collegiates?" he asked.

"What of it?" Jack's nerves were all shot.

"Duff's my name—Duff, head of the Duff Agency. I will put you wise to a few things, Mr. Braitch, if you will step down to my cabin."

"What kind of things?"

Mr. Duff raised his eyebrows. "Things that have been going on under your nose."

Jack hesitated, and then followed.

LILY was not resentful of the interesting-looking man who had crashed in on her and Mr. Sawyer. He merely diverted her. He had black hair with a nice mussed-up effect on his damp forehead. She entered her cabin, not knowing that at that moment the interesting man was discussing her across the passageway.

Lily couldn't remember ever having had so much fun. So far she had met four of the Walton men. She was sorry she had had to disappoint three of them tonight but no girl could be in four places at once. She had been very interested in educated men ever since, when she was seventeen, she had gone to a Princeton prom. There were eight Walton oarsmen, she had found out, two spares and a coxswain.

Even a girl of twenty-one knows a lot when she is in the show business, and gets used to men, who are not novel any more when they all adore you. But these Walton men were different. They talked to her in low, gulping voices.

She glided across the cabin and leaned her back against the back of a chair, looking at herself in the triple mirrors of her dressing table.

"I think," she said to her reflection, "we can be awfully good friends, Duck." She had been afraid she could not keep their names straight, so she had thought up the system of calling all of them "Duck." This would be helpful because there were still seven of them she hadn't met. And possibly the man who had sent Mr. Sawyer to bed and must be the trainer. So far none of them knew about any of the others; it was very interesting, like a game. She undressed for bed.

MR. DUFF had put on a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles and was reading from a large black notebook which he held almost at arm's length.

"Subject spent whole afternoon with third Walton man she has met in twenty-four hours, who is named Beyer," he droned. "They spent most of afternoon leaning against the rail between two lifeboats. He

(Continued on page 31)

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Up Above the World So High

By Chester L. Fordney

Flying through the air—not always with the greatest of ease—these stratosphere explorers were finally rewarded for their months of preparation by a peek at infinity. Then the descent to earth, dropping at a speed double that of an express elevator, and an "eggshell" landing. Major Fordney, in his second article, tells you what it's like eleven miles above your head

INTERNATIONAL NEWS

OUR rate of ascent gave us about four and one half minutes for each mile in which to dump ballast and to record the barometer readings, with some time out to pacify radio announcers who were persistent in efforts to find out what we had for luncheon, how we felt and how high we were.

We had worked out a system of handling ballast which I am sure would have earned for us the approbation of an efficiency expert.

Part of the regular equipment for balloons is an appendix. In our balloon this was a fabric tube about eight feet long and four feet in diameter. This tube is attached to the bottom of the bag and is designed to permit excess gas to escape. When the bag is partially filled with gas the appendix is closed by means of a cord wrapped around it. This is called the appendix bridle cord. The appendix is closed to prevent air entering the balloon itself. A mixture of hydrogen and air is highly inflammable. As the gas in the balloon expands to the point where the balloon is almost completely inflated the appendix is opened.

Although our balloon was filled to but one fifth of its capacity, at the start, this was more than enough to fill the balloon completely three times at our peak altitude. Failure to open the appendix would permit a bursting pressure to be built up inside the balloon. Such a pressure would add to the already heavy stresses of our initial gross load of 7,700 pounds, or almost four tons, and could easily cause our bag to burst. This would be embarrassing. The commander opened the appendix.

We could determine within reasonable limits our rate of drift by taking the time that it took for the apparent passage of an object on the ground across the diameter of the port in the bottom of the gondola. The direction of course could be determined by using our compass.

At thirty thousand feet, an observation indicated that we were making about one hundred miles an hour in an easterly direction. Even the Navy sea dogs concede such a wind velocity to be a "hurricane," that is, on the shore. We were quite confident that this high-velocity wind would abate at higher altitudes. Wind velocities in the stratosphere had been reported as being about five miles an hour. I began to consider the stratosphere as a haven of calm. Only 5,000 feet more to go to reach the haven.

In making the measurements of drift, we noticed that ground observation was more difficult. As the layer of air between ourselves and the shore deepened, the view of the earth was obscured by a haze which softened the details of ground objects.

At 1:15 we were at the tropopause. I remember a feeling of awe and security. Our balloon was behaving perfectly. The liquid oxygen was bubbling away merrily. It gave a note of cheer to our high abode, like the tea kettle on a hearth.

The Edge of the Stratosphere

All was well. Ground observation for drift was now too inaccurate to be of any value. We must rely on our radio for news of where we were. Our balloon could be seen clearly from the earth but earth objects were indistinct to us.

The radio, to our surprise, functioned better at high altitudes. Boundbrook, New Jersey, an N. B. C. short-wave station, informed me that when I talked in an ordinary tone of voice into the microphone my shouting was "packing" the instrument. I adjusted for volume and lowered my voice. The voices that came to us through our receiver were so loud as they came out of the head phones that it was not necessary to wear the head set. They were of loud-speaker volume.

In a few more minutes we were at 40,000 feet. We were now definitely in the stratosphere. The gas in the balloon had expanded so that our balloon was fully inflated. By looking up through the port in the top of the gondola we could see that the appendix was wide open.

I remember quite well the impressions I had as I looked up inside the balloon. No human being has had a reasonably close view of a stratosphere balloon in normal flight completely inflated. The balloonist cannot see the entire balloon. The great expanse of emptiness inside the balloon was reassuring. The closer the weight of the gas approached zero, the greater the force which would keep us up in the air. I had the mental picture of the molecules of the air, repulsed in their efforts

WIDE WORLD

A more familiar element for Commander Settle, who is being helped through the bog in which the balloon landed

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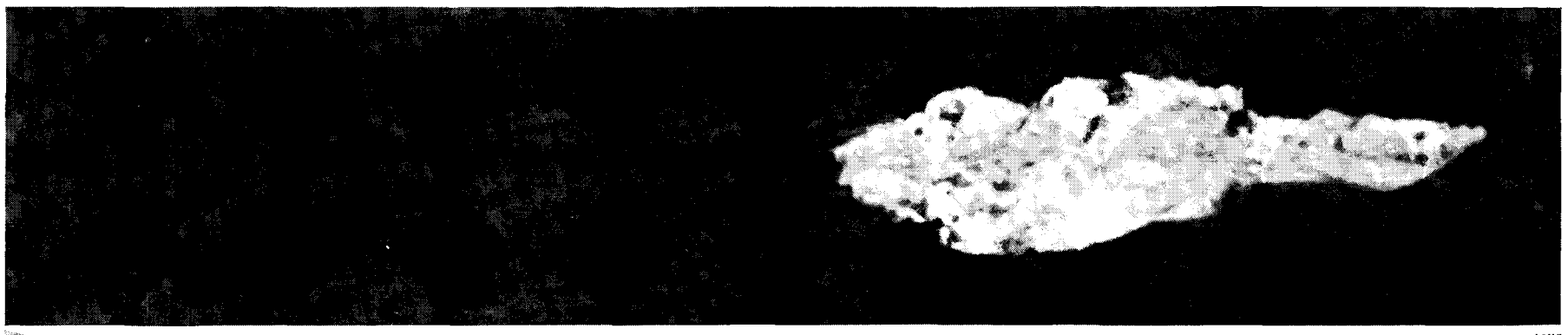

ACME

The first American stratosphere flight ends in a New Jersey marsh. The gondola is at the extreme left

Commander Settle and Major Fordney (right) after their spectacular eleven-mile ascent

ACME

Major Fordney examines some of the instruments carried aloft to record cosmic ray activity at 58,000 feet

to get inside the balloon, venting their fury on the outside of the bag, the net result of their efforts being to hold us up in space. Nothing to fear now, with the possible exception of stray meteorites—probably the greatest hazard in high-altitude ballooning.

Meteorites, those unbidden visitors from outer space, are bodies traveling toward the earth at a terrific speed. As they enter our atmosphere at a distance of about 200 miles above the earth they become incandescent, due to their impact with the molecules of air. They do not burn up, however, at high altitudes because of the small amount of oxygen present. When they reach the tropopause, combustion begins in earnest and it is believed that most of the meteorites are consumed before reaching the surface of the earth. I reflected about this time that we little realize how well we are protected by our thin layer of air near the surface of the earth.

I was busy with observations and the commander was busy with ballast. I helped him when I could, but he had the major part in putting overboard two tons of lead ballast. It was a real task. Because the air was thinning rapidly, as indicated by our barometer, our rate of ascent was dropping off. I took time out again to observe the pattern made by the lead shot as it fell. No longer did it spread out in dropping. There was but little air resistance now and the pattern was a long cylinder with no noticeable change in diameter. The lead shot glistened in the bright sunlight.

No More Ballast

The radio asked our altitude. We reported 48,000 feet. We were rising slowly now. The gondola was littered with empty ballast bags. The light in the gondola seemed to be diminishing. It was necessary to turn on the small electric light near our log to furnish enough illumination to make entries.

There was no sensation of motion. We seemed to be anchored in space. We were hungry but no time could be taken out for such earthly things as eating. I wanted to watch the mercury in the barometer but that was the skipper's job and I had plenty to do.

One of the important instruments in connection with the observation of the cosmic rays was the Geiger-Muller counter. It was behaving badly. As each ray was counted the instrument would make a loud click. I became conscious of the lack of clicks. I investigated. The apparatus had ceased to function. I had been instructed by Dr. Alvarez of the University of Chicago, one of Dr. Compton's assistants, in what to do in case of failure. I carried out instructions but no clicks rewarded my efforts. I turned to the Gaertner spectrograph. I remembered a luncheon with Mr. Gaertner earlier in the year. He is a delightful gentleman and a fine host. It would be nice if some important discoveries were to be made with his spectrograph. Dr. Monk had mentioned that this particular spectrograph has historic connections. The commander had told me that he was very eager to bring that particular instrument back to earth.

We had the mission of taking spectrograms of the sun and of the sky with the spectrograph, the former being more important. The rays of the sun coming through the port made of quartz had to fall on a mirror made of speculum metal and then be reflected into the lens of the spectrograph. A photographic plate was in place and a shutter had to be operated in order to make the exposure. I adjusted the mirror, checked the plate and went to make the exposure. To my amazement the sunbeam had disappeared. I looked outside and the sun was not to be seen. It appeared in about a minute on the opposite side of the gondola. Something was going on. It took me a few moments to come to the conclusion that the gondola was rotating. I assumed that the sun would come back so I merely stood by. The sun came but the sun rays were not reflected into the lens of the spectrograph. Possibly I had accidentally moved the mirror. Patiently I waited for another sunbeam and made a new adjustment, but before I could operate the shutter the beam had disappeared. What would Mr. Gaertner say to that? I wondered what business a Marine officer had chasing sunbeams in somebody's stratosphere. I recalled how annoyed Colonel "Howling Mad" Smith used to get in Port au Prince, Haiti, when the sun in late afternoon would cause him to move his chair on the porch of the little café on the edge of the Champs de Mars when we were engaged in playing the nineteenth hole. This was different. The colonel wanted shade. The sunbeam just would not go into the lens and I had to turn to other duties. The commander directed me to make a search for more bags of ballast. I discovered some in the collection of equipment. These were emptied and we were at our peak altitude. It was about 3:15 P. M.

My recollection is that both of us were greatly relieved. No more manhandling of ballast.

Peak Altitude!

Our balloon was in equilibrium. The weight of 600,000 cubic feet of air just balanced the weight of the balloon, the gas and the loaded gondola. We were 3,900 pounds lighter than when we left the ground. The pull of gravity had been lessened by about one per cent, which didn't help any, as that gravity pull worked on the atmosphere as well as on us. Although we were in equilibrium we did not remain stationary. We had some upward velocity as we reached the level of equilibrium. The momentum thus produced carried us up and then we dropped. We oscillated up and down like a cork on the surface of water on which there are waves. The vertical distance of the oscillations was about 600 feet.

We were over Pennsylvania. No details could be made out on the surface of the earth except the main topographical features. We could make out the mountain ridges of the Alleghenies. I was surprised at the regularity of the formations. They looked like furrows in a plowed field. The haze was quite thick.

As I looked through the ports in the lower hemisphere, the sight was a beautiful and impressive one. Looking close inboard, the patches of white, billowy strato-cumulus clouds through which we passed at 6,000 feet seemed to have collected together to make a fluffy carpet of pure white. Nothing was visible below. As one looked toward the apparent horizon the white changed gradually to a suggestion of light blue, which deepened as the line of sight approached the horizon. At the horizon, the blue became ultramarine. Looking up from the horizon, which was marked only by a change of shade, the heavens appeared to be a huge, deep blue dome in which there was no change in color, shade or apparent texture. That dome was space. In the west the sun shone brilliantly.

(Continued on page 45)

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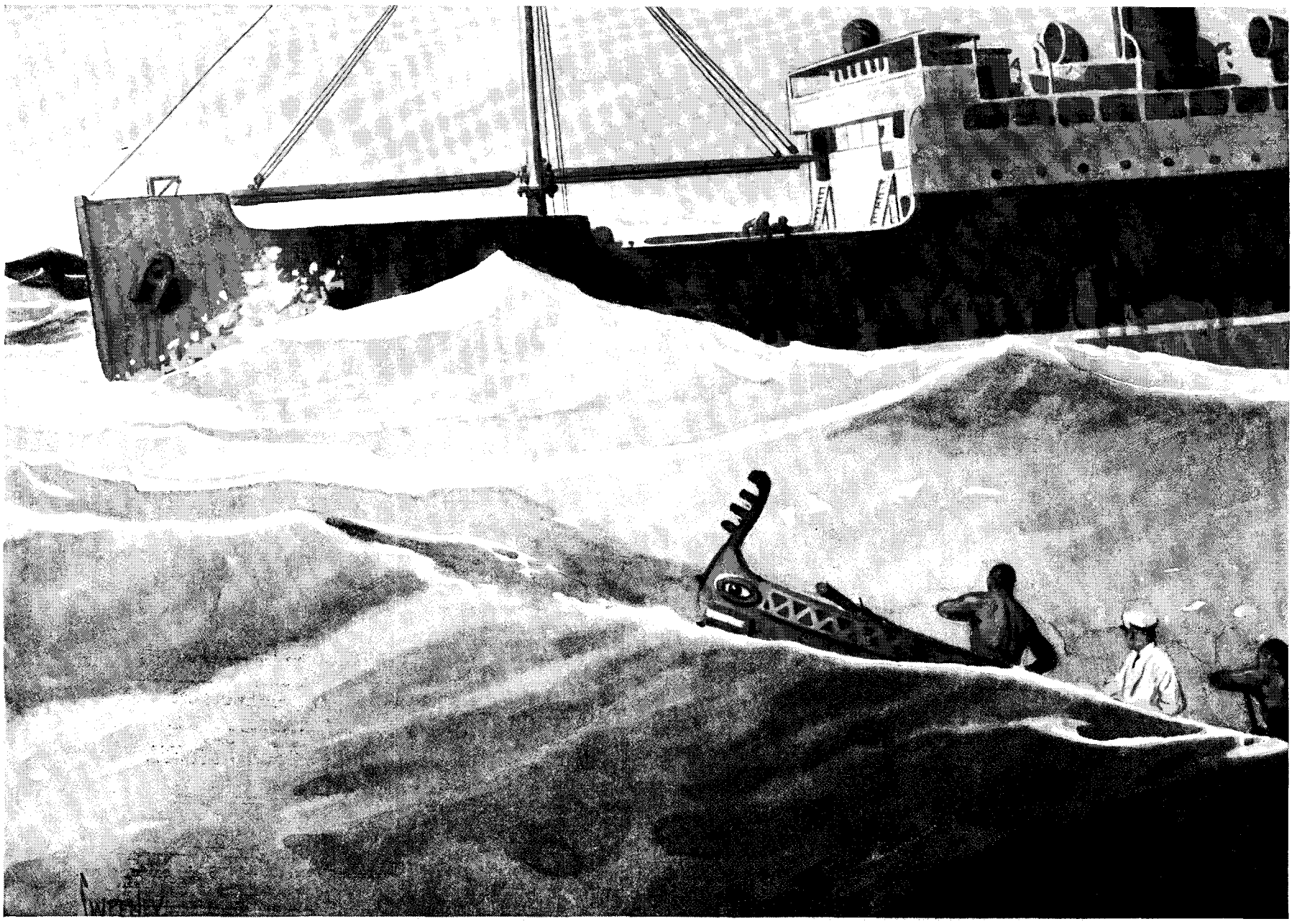

It was fascinating, the way they handled that flimsy thing in that enormous unrest of water

The Right to Command

By Jacland Marmur

The testing of Third Mate Yardley, who had a girl back home

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

THE chief engineer of the S. S. Condore thought it about time they put the green third mate in his place. He didn't like deck officers; he blamed them for all his troubles. He felt he ought to be decked out in inches of gold braid, pacing the promenade of some flash liner with a woman passenger on his arm, instead of sitting on the bunker hatch of an island tramp alongside the jetty of Akuhina, waiting to finish loading a cargo of raw rubber and vile-smelling copra shell. So he nudged his first assistant and poked the stem of his pipe in the air toward Stephen Yardley's back.

"That," he said with a loud and surly banter in his voice, "that's what we got to trust ourselves to tonight. I think I'll sleep on the hatch with a life-belt handy."

Cronin, the first assistant, kept his square jaw working steadily. He was curious to see what the kid would say to that sort of scornful raillery. Men interested the first assistant of the Condore as much as engines. You could never tell what they were made of until a good dollop of spray hit them between the eyes. But Steve Yardley remained standing at the rail without turning, staring shoreward through the gathering haze of evening. The first assistant grunted approval of that silence, and fished with thick fingers in the pocket of his boiler jacket.

"THE ship'll be pretty heavy on his shoulders, Cronin. Hey?" the chief went on with sullen emphasis, disregarding the hiss of the sea over the rocks and the sibilant whisper of the palms along the land. "The second mate knows a place or two in those native huts for an all night toot. Trust him! He'll not be back. And the Old Man off in a droshky chasing a doctor for the mate's busted arm *and* the rest of the cargo. . . . How do you think he'll manage, Joe, with a brand-new third mate's ticket and all?"

He laughed throatily. Cronin found what he was after and crammed something into his mouth. Then he grimaced with displeasure and shook his head.

"Awful," he complained. "Won't do."

"Course he won't! They're all the same, those—"

"I didn't mean Yardley, Chief."

"You—"

"No. This gum, I mean. It's—"

"Gum! Chewing gum?"

"Yeah; sure." Cronin rolled the stuff gravely on his tongue. "Terrible—that gum they sell in Macassar. No flavor. No bloody flavor at all."

The chief engineer stared up at him with hard, cold eyes.

"I see," he said dryly; and he stood up and walked off across the deck, growling sourly to himself.

Cronin looked after him, his jaws working placidly on the Macassar gum out of which he could get no pleasure at all. Then he shrugged his shoulders. He was about to go over and talk to the new third mate. There was something about that youngster he liked. But he thought better of it, and he turned away instead, into the shadows crawling across the ship.

Stephen Yardley heard the sturdy footfalls receding from him. Not consciously, for he was thinking of other things. But he felt himself alone now, strangely alone on the deck of the first ship he served as an officer. In that regard, the chief engineer was right. The certificate in the chart-room rack with Stephen Yardley's name on it was brand-new.

FUNNY, but he didn't feel differently. Only more lonely. Because he couldn't go down the fo'c'stle ladder now and join the carefree men up forward. Steve wished he were one of them still.

If it weren't for Ann, he would be. It was she who had urged him on.

"It will be different, Steve," she had said, with her firm young body pressed to his. "You can't stay a youngster all

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your life, taking orders from other men. And we've *got* to get along."

Different? He smiled ruefully to himself. Well, he was an officer now, and it wasn't different at all. Except he was lonely. And he had never been lonely at sea before, except for missing her. . . .

A breeze came off the land, sweet and heavy with the jungle smell. The land was black now with advancing night. The red eye of a cook fire winked at him from the native village. A bronze gong tolled three times, faint and singularly clear. There was a low murmur of distant Malay voices, and a glint of light like silver flecking the lagoon beneath the thatch huts on their poles. The ship creaked against the aged stringers. The ocean made a great whispering and hissing as it curled along the lava rocks at the narrow entrance to the unsheltered jetty at Akuhina. It would be a nasty hole to get caught in, that, in a southwest wind from the sea. But Stephen Yardley was only a young third mate, and it didn't matter to him. He would go down and write to Ann. That was the thing to do. Tell her how wrong she was. Tell her there wasn't any difference at all, so far as he could see. He had a room to himself now, and he ate at the officers' mess. That's all there was to it. Except he was lonely for her. Lonely as hell. . . .

He was still sitting at his little desk, between the washstand and the bunk, when the gangway watchman knocked and called through the screen door that the ship was "surging pretty bad, sir." Steve grunted mechanically, and went on staring at the bulkhead. The single lamp over his head was swaying a little. It had been still before. It lit up the strong, hard line of his cheek, ranged away into shadow, and then jerked back again unsteadily.

Yardley was smiling pensively. He remembered the times he'd had in the forecastles of so many ships, in the brilliant harbors at the ends of the earth. Before a certificate with his name on it had somehow got itself tacked on the bulkhead of the tramp steamer Condore, that was. The sea was so young in his eyes then. There was nothing to think of at all excepting the trick at the wheel to be done and the lookout's watch to stand, with the flying-fish for company; and then the friendliness of the fo'c'stle house filled with the warm buzz of talking men. And there was always Ann waiting for him. It all got back to her, somehow. Even that wet, salt wind fluttering the curtains of his open port had a sweet, delicious scent about it that reminded him of Ann. Well, he hadn't written very much. A few paragraphs, no more.

"Excuse me, sir," that calm voice insisted again from the alleyway beyond his door, "are you awake? The ship is surging pretty bad."

"Eh? Yes. All right. I'll be up at once and have a look at the lines."

HE STOOD up. Heavy boots went shuffling away unconcernedly along the passageway outside. Steve grinned. Three months ago he would have done the same thing, in the same matter-of-fact way as that sailor out there. Then very slowly the smile left his lips, and he went on deck. The watchman was already standing quietly at the head of the gangway, puffing a gurgling pipe.

Yardley grunted and looked over the rail at the spring lines, and then out toward the open sea, bright with the light of a climbing moon. The ocean was piling in. It had changed its aspect. It glittered weirdly. There was nothing soft and languorous about it now as it thundered against the land. It looked hard and cruel and old. The surf was a shivering line of white. Through the narrow entrance between the lava rocks the mounting swells rushed in, two walls of spouting spray on either side. The Condore ground against the jetty and swung off, straining the hawsers till they creaked their complaint. The wind hit Yardley in the face. There was strength in it, and a low whine as it sang past the funnel stays.

"Second mate come aboard, watch?"

"No, sir."

"Captain Brennan back yet?"

"No, sir."

The new third mate suppressed an oath. Putting an extra hawser or two out would do no good. No good at all. He looked aft along the dark line of jungle that marked the shore. On the lagoon there, beneath the huts on their rickety poles, torches poured smoke and a feebly flickering light on the heaving water. There was an excited murmuring of voices. The canoes were out, stringing hastily for the shore. Something was stirring!

YARDLEY looked up at the moon again. It seemed racing dizzily away from him. A long, soiled smear of cloud was pouring up out of the south and west, cutting the heavens in two. Damn! Where was the Old Man? This was his business. It had nothing whatever to do with a young third mate, living under the bridge for the first time in his life. He remembered now. The Old Man was off in a carriage behind a broken-down Malay pony in search of a plantation doctor for the chief mate's broken arm. A compound fracture. Nasty. And a sailor's arm means a lot to him. . . . Ten miles each way at least.

When the blazes would he ever get back? If that wind got up much more, it could just as well pile trees across what little road there was. And the second mate off on a bat ashore. . . . Well, call them back! That was all there was to do. Yardley went quickly along the deck, climbed the bridge ladder, and pulled on the whistle rope.

His clenched fist swept in a short arc. The chief went down with a broken groan

He hung to it a long time, until the splattering steam exploded into a hoarse and nasal blare. It bounded over the jungle tops, deep and anxious, and came echoing back again, recalling the Condore's responsible officers. And yet, the moment it ceased, the chatter of the wind took charge again, and the loud boom and thunder of the surf. Yardley cursed again, aloud this time, for he was alone up there and no one could possibly hear. He went into the pilot house and looked at the titles of a row of little black books in a rack over the chart table. One of these he pulled out, and fluttered the pages until he arrested them at the proper place. He started to read. It was a pilot book for that coast and that sea, and the things that were written in it were not idle theories, but cold facts beyond the foolish arguments of any man.

He was a little paler when he came down to the main deck again. Somehow or other his face did not look so young, and his tall body seemed more lean. It was the light, perhaps, the eerie light from an obscured moon. He was vaguely conscious of the chief engineer's face, wrinkling sardonically by the hatch, and Cronin, the first assistant, moving his jaws steadily on a mouthful of that very poor Macassar gum. The gangway watchman had propped his elbows comfortably on the rail. He was quite calm. It all was nothing to him. He simply waited for some order or other which he would execute at once, as any sailor would. Yardley's mouth opened. But his lips closed again without giving any command. He peered anxiously down the black reach of the jetty. It heaved up and down alarmingly with the uneasy motion of the ship.

"What the blazes you wasting my steam for alongside a dock?" It was the chief engineer's dyspeptic voice, full of derision behind Yardley's back. "You got nothing else to do," he wanted to know, "but play with that whistle rope and wake the whole damned ship?"

THE third mate turned from the rail. The swells went sucking ravenously along the Condore's hull. He heard the bow line crack taut and sing. The next time that happened it would probably go. If that sea got up much more they'd be picking up pieces of the ship half a mile along those saber-toothed rocks. And it would! He knew it would. That ugly smear of cloud and the making wind were signs Yardley understood.

"Better let that gangway go, watch," he said quietly. "Then rouse your crowd out and keep them handy."

"Ay, ay, sir."

The chief engineer laughed in his throat. Here was what he'd been waiting for. He wasn't going to be cheated out of his fun this time. The overweening pup! Got himself a third mate's license, and there he was carrying the ship around on his shoulders already. They were all the same, those deck chaps. It was funny, all right. It was high time he was put in his place.

Cronin, however, said nothing. He eyed the two of them with keen appraisal as the watchman went smartly about his job, and then rolled off forward to call the hands. There was something the first assistant thought he saw in Yardley's eyes that made him want to grin happily. But he didn't. He stood there, waiting. The third mate stepped up a pace. He was worried. It showed on his taut young face.

"Chief," he said steadily, "if the Old Man don't show up soon, we got to get out of here without him—and we got to do it quick."

"So?" The chief looked up at him with derision and lounged more comfortably on the hatch. "And what the devil do you know about it?"

YARDLEY grimaced. "Look here, Chief, I'm not looking for any trouble. I didn't ask for this. But here it is. We can't sit around while the ship piles up and breaks herself in two."

"And who says she will?"

"Me. I do. Look at it!"

He flung up his arm toward the line of spouting surf that glinted in the night. The ship fell away beneath them, rose, and ground huge splinters from the rotting jetty posts. The wind came pouring in, and the exploding seas made a noise like thunder against the jagged rocks of Akuhina. The sky was black now. Huge, single drops of rain spattered to the deck. A bronze gong ashore was tolling steadily, and a dull murmurous shouting came to them against the rising wind and the frenzied stuttering of the palm fronds.

"I tell you," the third mate said again, "we got to get out of here!"

"Yes? Well, we wait here till the Old Man gets aboard. And that's final!"

Yardley wished he could do just that. But he knew he couldn't. The line of his jaw went rigid.

(Continued on page 41)

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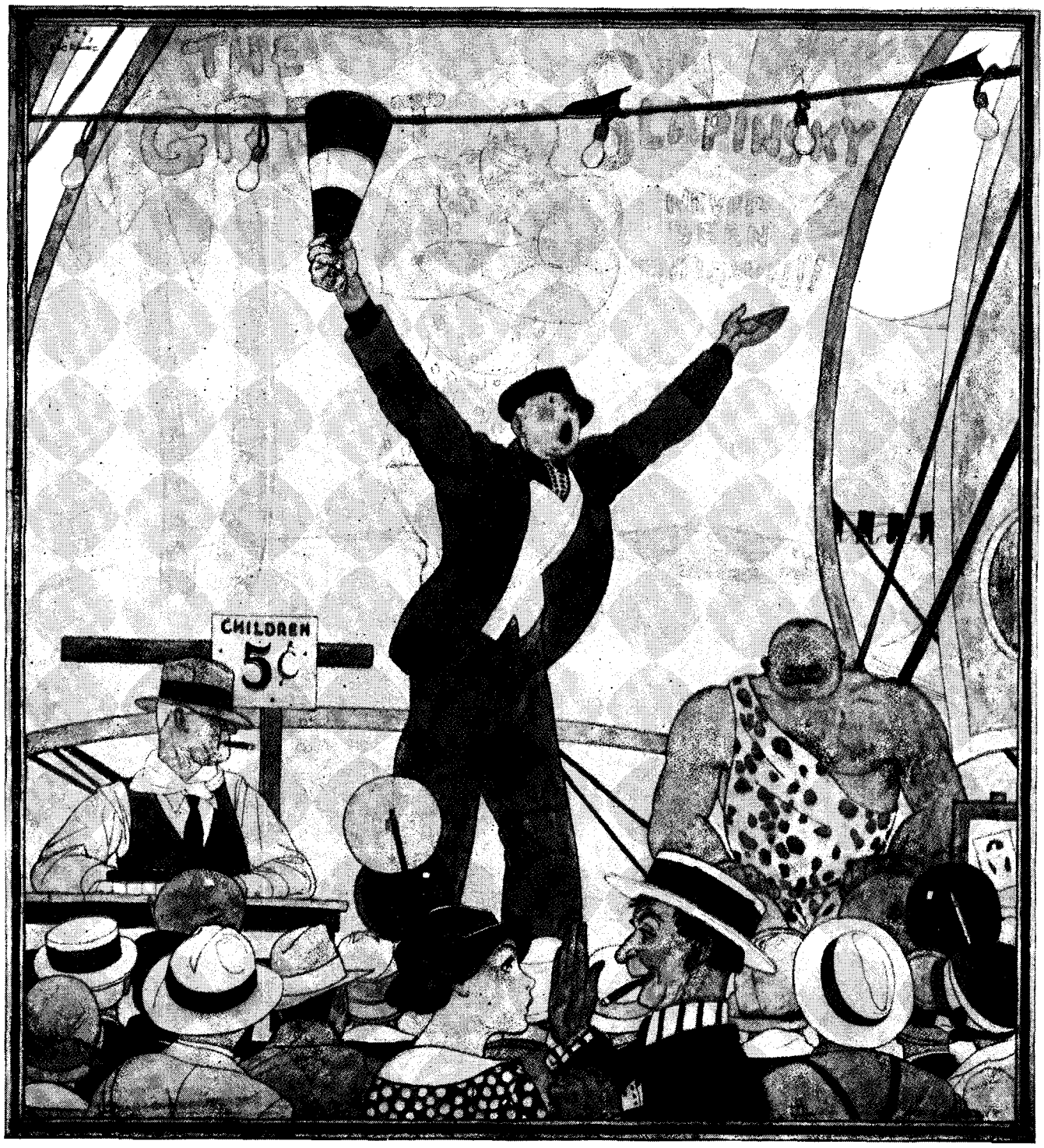

He laughed uproariously. "Say, I could toss him into the cornfield with one hand"

Her Egg Beau

Ruby Foote acquires an "egg beau"—one of those exceptional stories which prove that there are times when fiction is stranger than truth

By Homer Croy

RUBY FOOTE, hired girl at the Holtzclaw farm, walked slowly toward the mail box out by the road, walked slowly because Jimmie the pig walked slowly. Or rather Jimmie walked hardly at all, for mostly he stood still and squealed and grunted and complained, the way pigs do. "Make up your mind one way or the other, Jimmie," ordered Ruby. Jimmie stared after her a moment, very hurt, then trotted in her wake emitting a series of heartbroken *eonks*. When she reached the box, and Jimmie caught up, she picked up a stick and began to scratch his back. Jimmie's gruntings grew less vociferous, the *eonks* shorter and less shrill, until finally he lay down in the shade of a tree with a peaceful and contented *unk*.

She would have a moment to wait before the carrier arrived, so she rested her mighty arms across the galvanized mail box, nestled her chin on them, and looked down the road and speculated, that July noon. A flock of pigeons flew over her head on their downward slant into the feed lot where Jenner, the hired man, was throwing out corn to the hogs.

"*Piggee-piggee—pooooh!*" he called very loud and carrying, for Jenner was the strongest man in the township, and had a voice that went with his muscle. Seeing that Ruby was looking in his direction he shot up his hand and waved. Ruby pretended not to notice, and moved her head so that she could not see the lusty young man at all. Ruby was thirty, and Jenner was thirty-two.

The carrier's car came speeding at a good clip. It stopped, and the carrier handed her a letter. He seemed a bit puzzled. "I guess I'm pretty well acquainted with that handwriting by now," he said. "But why does he always send it from a different town every time?"

Ruby, holding the letter with her name written in a small, cramped hand, glanced down. "I don't know. I guess he moves around a good deal. Kind of hottish today, ain't it?"

Yes, it was, the carrier said; then went back to the subject. "Is he a travelin' man, or something? He must be," he continued when Ruby did not answer, "or he wouldn't be movin' around so much. I notice he always has a lock-box wherever he is." To this Ruby said nothing; after a moment he continued: "You don't seem to lean to Jenner much."

Ruby glanced toward the feed lot where Jenner was strewing another basket of corn. "Jenner's all right."

"Sure he is! He can do the work of two men when he lets himself out. Lots of girls would be glad to have him around so close."

"He's awful strong," agreed Ruby. "I want a money order for ten dollars, and here's the name and address." She gave him a piece of ruled notebook paper on which she had printed the name and address in capital letters.

The carrier looked at them. "I could

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say lots, but I won't," he said. "Ten dollars isn't easy to get hold of these days."

Ruby, when the deal was completed, stuffed the envelope and the slip of blue paper into her blouse and started to the house, Jimmie the pig faithfully *onking* behind her.

"Here's the mail," she said as she came into the kitchen.

"It seems to me you took a long while," said Mrs. Holtzclaw. "Why don't you answer?" she asked sharply when Ruby did not reply.

"We got to gassing."

"What about?"

"About the weather, for one thing. I guess I better get a fresh bucket of water." Picking up the galvanized drinking-pail she padded out to the pump and began heaving at the iron handle.

MR. HOLTZCLAW was the first to come in from the barn, and in his arms he had a lamb. "Ruby," he called through the window screen, "step out a minute."

Ruby came out, a sympathetic expression lighting her face when she saw the sick lamb. "You poor little thing," she said, rubbing its head with her brown, broad hand.

"July lambs never do well," said Mr. Holtzclaw. "Do you think you can pull him through?"

"Oh, you poor darling! Of course I can pull you through. Don't be afraid, sweetie-eetie. I'll go and wash you up a bottle, honey."

Ruby found the bottle and began to feed the lamb on the cement in the back yard.

"It seems crazy to hear big Ruby calling a lamb silly names," declared Mr. Holtzclaw to his wife in the living-room.

"It's just her way," Mrs. Holtzclaw explained profoundly.

"It saves us a lot of money, her always takin' care of anything that's helpless," asserted Mr. Holtzclaw.

Jenner came striding through the yard, seemingly as fresh and as energy-filled as when he had started out at six that morning.

"Hello, Ruby! I bet you can't pull that one through. Say, listen," he continued, lowering his voice and glancing toward the kitchen, "you come to the movies with me tonight."

"I can't, Jenner. The lamb's goin' to be needing me. I'll have to get up with him two or three times, I expect."

"You always have some excuse. Lots of girls I wouldn't have to ask twice."

"Thanks for askin' me, but I can't this time. Get away, Jimmie." Without looking behind her, Ruby swung her hand around and sent Jimmie squealing about his business.

"I'M NOT going to be askin' you always," asserted Jenner, and, going to the pump, filled the washpan, carried it to a backless chair, and plunged in. "I guess you don't think I mean it," he said as he dried himself at the roller towel on the porch.

"Yes, I think you mean it."

Dinner was eaten silently, for the most part, until toward the end of the meal, when they felt more talkative. Mr. Holtzclaw turned on the radio for the live-stock reports and he and Jenner sat listening and commenting, while Mrs. Holtzclaw and Ruby washed the dishes. Going out to the yard, Jenner put his gloves under his head and his handkerchief over his face and was soon asleep. Now and then Ruby peered out the window at the lamb, and occasionally at Jenner's mighty frame stretched out on the ground under the water maple.

"How about a little fresh air?" Mr. Holtzclaw called when it was one o'clock, and, filling their jugs, the two men started for the fields, Jenner glancing through the window at Ruby scraping the doughboard.

"What is this?" asked Mrs. Holtzclaw a bit later, as she picked up from the floor a little blue slip of paper.

RUBY gave a start. "It's mine. I guess I dropped it."

"That's a mail order stub," declared Mrs. Holtzclaw. "So that's the way you 'gassed' with the mail man. Of course, it's none of my business, but I think you ought to tell me what you're sending off for. You know I'm always willing to advise you. Ten dollars, too."

"I know you are. It wasn't anything special. Just some private business."

Ruby shouldn't have said that. "Of course it's all right for you to squander your money and to have private business, but I don't want to feel that you'd do something you wouldn't tell me about. Remember, I'm paying you three dollars a month more than Edie White gets at the Kennedys'."

"I know it, Mrs. Holtzclaw. I try to be willing and work hard."

"I haven't any reason to complain about your work. I've praised you lots of times. I think you ought to tell me why you sent money away clandestine. That's what it practically amounts to," continued Mrs. Holtzclaw, warming up to the injury she had received. "You didn't tell a lie, but you skirted it. I let a girl go once for that. You wouldn't want to go, would you?"

"No!" said Ruby emphatically.

"Well, then, I'm going to leave it to you to decide whether you're going to tell me or not."

"I sent it to a friend."

Mrs. Holtzclaw looked at her suspiciously. "Is that all you're going to tell me?"

Ruby turned away, for her big hands, with little criss-cross marks on the thumbs, were trembling. "I sent it to my egg beau."

"What do you mean?"

"That's what I call him," answered Ruby. "But he's more'n that. I'm engaged to him."

"How could you be engaged to a man? There hasn't been a man here in six months."

"I know it. I ain't ever seen him."

Mrs. Holtzclaw sat down in the kitchen rocker at this. "What do you mean, Ruby? Are you lying to me? That's one thing I won't stand. You ought to know that by this time."

"Yes'm. But I'm engaged to him just the same."

"How could you be engaged to a man you never saw? Is it from one of those matrimonial journals?"

"No'm. I got him from an egg."

"That's ridiculous. How could you get a man from an egg."

"When I was packing eggs one day I got to wondering who would eat them, and I went to my room and got my indelible pencil and wrote my name and address on one. But nobody answered. Then I wrote again. I wrote on five eggs, then I got a letter from a man who said he'd like to know more about me and would I please send my picture."

"You didn't do it, did you?"

"I sent it to him and he said he thought I looked—well, nice. Then we begun to correspond regular."

"That's the reason you always want to go after the mail, is it? Then what?"

"Then he asked me to send him some money."

"So that's what this stub meant! This ought to teach you a lesson. You'll never hear from him again."

"Yes, I will," said Ruby confidently. "I heard from him after I sent him the first money."

"How much did you send him?"

"Sixteen dollars. That was how much he needed."

"Ruby, you make me angry," said Mrs. Holtzclaw severely. "You've been taken in. How could you do such an utterly foolish thing? He's a crook."

"He ain't a crook," said Ruby calmly, her first nervousness having worn off. "I looked him up."

"How could you look him up if you never saw him?"

"I wrote to the references he sent me. They said he was O. K."

RUBY sat down in the upright chair with the newspapers in the seat. "But," she confessed, "there's one thing I don't understand. It's this here." Her paw went into her pocket and came out with a strip of tin three or four inches in length and about as wide as a ribbon of toothpaste. "Sometimes he don't write nothin' a-tall, just sends me a strip of tin. But they always have printin' on them. This one is the last one I got. You can read what it says."

Mrs. Holtzclaw took the strip of tin into which letters had been punched by a machine. "It says," read Mrs. Holtzclaw, *'I love you like the roof loves the rain.'* Ruby, that's silly, especially having it printed, and it's childish, too. He don't want his handwriting seen."

"Sometimes he writes me," explained Ruby. "But sometimes he just sends me the tin messages. Here's another'n." And again her hand dived into her pocket. "It says, *'I love you like the sun loves the flowers.'* No man who could think that up'd be a crook. Here's another'n. It says, *'I love you like the river loves the sea.'* "

"You've been led into a trap, that's all," declared Mrs. Holtzclaw when she had recovered a bit. "No man who meant well by a girl would do that."

"Jimmie would."

"Is that his name?"

"Uh-huh. Jimmie Gee."

"The name sounds fakey to me."

(Continued on page 43)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

"Say, listen," he continued, lowering his voice and glancing toward the kitchen, "you come to the movies with me tonight"

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Shadow of Doubt

By Arthur Somers Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

A FEW hours after Sim Sturdevant, well-known New York advertising man, knocks Len Haworth down in the Merrygo-round, a night club, Haworth is murdered—shot to death with a .38-caliber revolver, in his apartment.

A wealthy man, Haworth has been New York's gayest playboy. The police, directed by the brilliant Sergeant Wilcox, leap into action. They find three suspects, question them: Sturdevant (known to be in love with the beautiful Trenna Plaice, a motion-picture actress who had promised to marry Haworth) and two women—Trenna and Lisa Bellwood, a daring débutante, both of whom had been in Haworth's apartment a short time before the tragedy. All protest their innocence, but are shadowed.

Sturdevant, at least, tells a truthful story. He is not the murderer. And he is sure that the girl he loves—Trenna Plaice, who presently tells him that she loves him—is not guilty. But for a time—after Haworth's butler, Murdoch, is shot to death on the street—he is greatly disturbed. For the actress had once owned a revolver, which (she insists) had been stolen from her in Los Angeles—the same weapon which, found by the police, had killed both Haworth and Murdoch!

But Trenna is exonerated. Investigation reveals that Trenna's butler, in California, had stolen the revolver, pawned it; that the pawnbroker, one Arnheim, had sold it to a mysterious man, whose appearance he remembers clearly. *Who is that man?*

Hoping to answer the question, Sturdevant becomes an amateur sleuth. He follows various trails, interviews many people. Then, with Arnheim in the city, hoping to identify some suspect, he calls on Trenna. They discuss the latest developments; after which Sturdevant mentions Reed Ryan, a brilliant newspaper reporter who has been with Trenna and Sturdevant frequently since the tragedy. "Little Inez Johnson, who sings at the Merrygoround," he says, "has just asked my advice. You know, she's in love with Reed Ryan. But she says he's frightfully jealous—she doesn't know whether she should marry him or not." Trenna smiles. "If she marries him," she replies, "*she* will probably be the jealous one. Too many beautiful Hollywood girls have given him their pictures. His apartment is all cluttered up with photographs!"

Sturdevant rises. Strangely excited, he strides to the telephone. He calls police headquarters, asks for Sergeant Wilcox. "What's on your mind?" Wilcox asks genially.

"Plenty," Sturdevant answers. "*I think I know who killed Haworth!*"

Conclusion

AS HE hung up the telephone Trenna touched him timidly on the arm. Her black eyes held horror.

"Sim, you don't mean that—"

Almost roughly he threw off her fingers as he picked up the phone again. Then he put it down, conscious that he didn't know the number he wished to call. He riffled the pages of the telephone directory, then threw it angrily on the floor. The name he sought was not listed. Again he picked up the phone and gave the number of the Merrygo-round. He asked for Hendricks and in a moment was speaking to him.

"Sturdevant speaking. Do you know the telephone number of Inez Johnson?"

"She's here now, Mr. Sturdevant. Hold the line a minute."

Over the phone Sturdevant looked at Trenna. His face wore that expression of softness that anger or excitement so strangely brought to it.

"For two cents, Sim Sturdevant, I'd break our engagement," she said. "How dare you keep me in such suspense?"

He moved the receiver from his lips and smiled at her. Then he spoke into it:

"Inez? I'm over at Miss Plaice's apartment. Can you come over at once?"

"But I don't leave here until the week is up," protested Inez. "I go on in about five minutes."

"Tell Hendricks that it's important. Tell him that I'll make it up to him somehow."

He heard her speaking to Hendricks. Then she spoke to him again.

"Mr. Hendricks says that if it's for you it's all right. I'll be over in fifteen minutes."

"And don't tell anyone, please, that you're coming here, that I sent for you. Ask Hendricks to say nothing about it."

"You sound pretty excited," she said.

"I am," said Sturdevant.

As he hung up, Trenna put an arm about him.

"Sim, that wasn't a serious fall, and you're all right, but just keep calm."

"Calm? How the deuce can I keep calm when I know—"

She placed the softest palm in the world over his lips.

"Don't tell me what you know. Wait until the sergeant is here. I don't want you to get tired."

"Do you think I'm an invalid?" he demanded.

"You have been," she reminded him.

"But not any more," he said. "Trenna, I've got the goods on the man that killed Haworth."

SHE nodded.

"I know. But why make Inez come over here? Why make her miserable when she had nothing to do with it?"

"Because, you charming little idiot, I want to protect her. Don't you see? I think he's mad."

He picked up the telephone again and asked for the Merrygoround.

"Has Inez gone?" he asked Hendricks.

"Just left," replied the proprietor of the restaurant.

"Then do something for me. Go to her dressing-room and get all the photographs of men that you find there."

"You haven't a chance," said Wilcox. "Where are you going?"

"There must be a couple of dozen," said Hendricks.

"I don't care if there are a couple of hundred. Hustle up and get them and bring them right over to Miss Plaice's apartment. Know the address?"

"Inez will raise hell," protested Hendricks.

"Don't worry about that. Hendricks, this is important. Get a hustle on."

"Okay, Mr. Sturdevant."

"Why didn't you tell Inez to bring them?" asked Trenna.

"It's going to be tough enough for her. I wouldn't want her to bring the evidence."

Trenna sighed unhappily.

"I know what you're driving at, Sim, of course. But I don't see how you got there." She raised her hand. "Don't tell me now. You'll have to tell it all over in a few minutes. Please get rested."

He looked at her smilingly. He rose from the chair where he sat and walked across the room.

"Do I limp?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"I'm well," he declared.

"You've been well before," she said.

"IT'S the actress in you. You want me to have an audience. And I'd rather not have one. Trenna, if it weren't that you were involved, I'd never say a word. But I can't let suspicion hang over you. I could take it, myself. But I won't let you take it."

"You're utterly unmoral," she said. "Murder is a dreadful crime."

"I realize that, but there are things just as bad, and I think that Haworth did many of those things. I think he got what was coming to him."

"But Murdoch didn't," she said.

"That's another thing. Oh, I have to tell Wilcox. But believe me, Trenna Plaice, I'll never join the police force. Crime must be punished, but I hate to sit in judgment on anyone."

He walked restlessly to the window. He toyed with the curtain, lighted a cigarette and threw it away, and was lighting another when Wilcox, accompanied by Arnheim, arrived.

The little sergeant looked curiously at Sturdevant.

"Decided to confess at last, have you?"

But Sturdevant did not respond to Wilcox's gayety.

"Sergeant, a man about my size, wearing a hat and coat something like mine, was seen by Miss Bellwood as she left Haworth's apartment. A man answering that vague description asked the substitute starter at Merrygoround the whereabouts of Peters, the taxi man, at about twelve o'clock. A man whom we do not know telephoned Mrs. Peters at about one-thirty that night and learned where Peters was and the name of his passenger. Just before the taxi starter was questioned, a man went to Inez Johnson's dressing-room at Merrygoround, looking for her. Maybe he went looking for her after he had asked the starter where Peters was. That's unimportant. The chances are that he found Inez had left Merry-goround and then asked the starter where Peters was.

"The man who looked for Inez in her dressing-room was in love with her, was insanely jealous of her."

(Continued on page 36)

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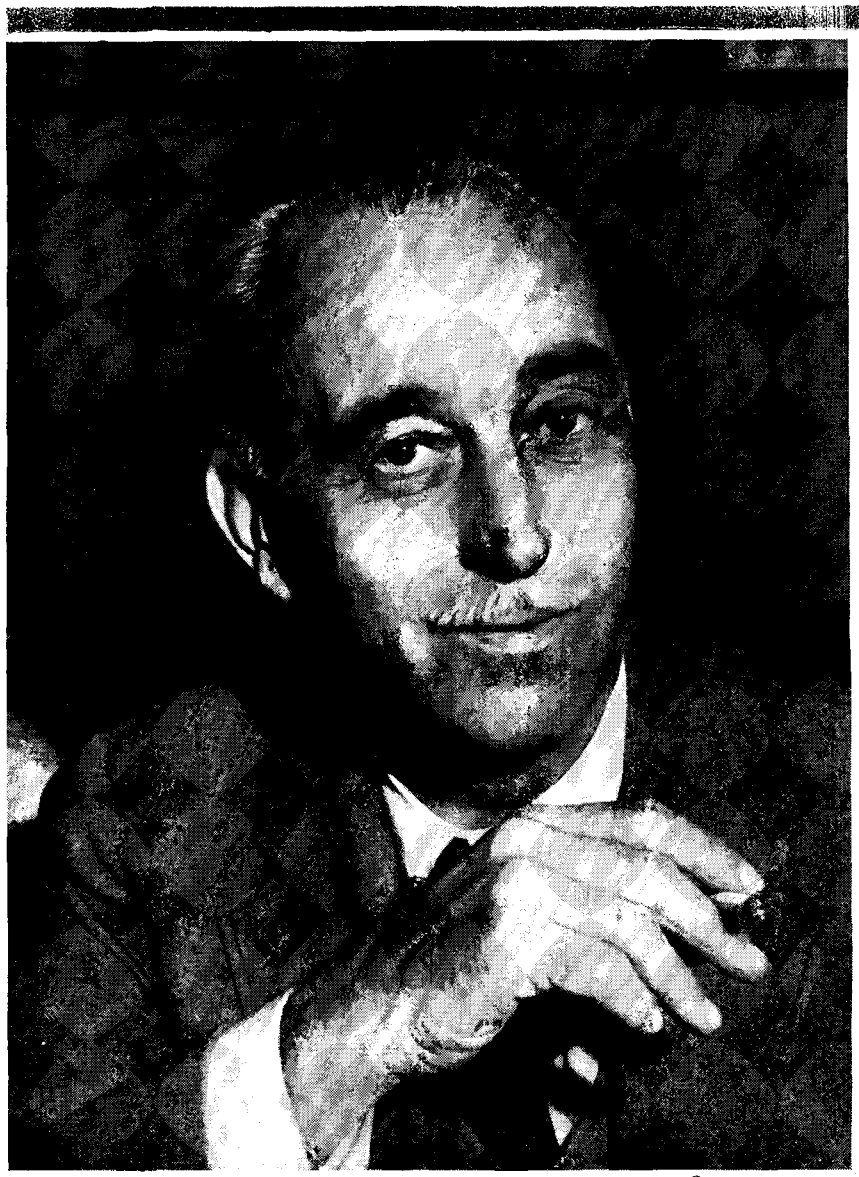
A Regular Guy

By Walter Davenport

The story of Guy Standing, R. N., K. B. E., a Britisher who has painted pictures, stalked submarines and sold trucks. By preference he acts in the movies



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CULVER

Lieutenant Guy Standing of the King's Navy, in 1916, and Sir Guy Standing of Hollywood and London, in 1935

WHEN, in 1914, Guy Standing, actor, set forth for Mother England, prepared and even determined to execute a bold stroke or two for his King, the words of Mr. Adolph Zukor warmed his ears.

Mr. Standing had been doing leading-man rôles for Mr. Charles Frohman, who was later to become one of the victims of the German U-boats. And such are the frivolous caperings of fate that while the defenseless Mr. Frohman was thus being slaughtered, his erstwhile leading man was sloshing up and down the North Sea, his eyes red and his heart sore, because he encountered no U-boats at all—not one. And Lieutenant Standing, R. N., was so desirous of having a go at one of the Hohenzollern submarines that he went after them armed only with a stout walking stick—a circumstance we shall set forth in more detail in a moment. But stick or no stick, it was not to be.

However, our immediate point is that when Mr. Standing departed from New York that afternoon in 1914—lightly dramatic as befitting the fine traditions of English leading men—Mr. Zukor bade him be of good courage and stern fortitude and not to forget to come back to New York in the spring when, as Mr. Zukor and his associates, Mr. Al Kauffman, Mr. Jesse Lasky and practically all the better drama critics knew, the war would be all over and the Kaiser would be sending personal letters of apology to everybody, including play producers with whose plans he had so impertinently interfered.

Mr. Standing promised to hurry back. Then, shaking hands with the Frohman brothers, with Messrs. Zukor, Kauffman, Lasky, Pincus, Wittzwicz, Rosenheim, Laemmle and a colored boy named Watts, he strode up the gangplank to the strains of Rule Britannia, played by Professor Hyman Zugg's Society orchestra, who might not have put so much soul into his art had he known that it would cost him a pretty penny in lawyers' fees to get his money.

For the benefit of those who do not know that the war was not a flop six months later, Mr. Standing did not return in the spring; he did not return until 1928, or thereabout. And when he did return—! But no—we can't let our flashing enthusiasms bounce us around like that. Let us be orderly.

When England had declared war on Germany, Lieutenant Standing, R. N. (at the time a mere Mister Standing), was doing something important in the cast of Daddy Longlegs, in which the late Mr. Henry Miller and the still active Miss Ruth Chatterton were costarring. At the time, too, Messrs. Zukor, Lasky, Kauffman, et al., were abandoning the vaudeville, gents' furnishings, leather findings and penny arcade industries in favor of a young art known to the growing patrons thereof as Moom Picksures but later to acquire the dignity of Movies. At that time Lieutenant Standing referred to them as the cinema, a nicety which provoked one of the gentlemen who desired his polished services to warn him to have nothing to do with any such hopeless experiments but to stick to the Moom Picksures.

Carry On? Oh, Quite!

Messrs. Zukor, Lasky, Kauffman, et al., had formed a company called Famous Players and Lieutenant Standing was scheduled to slay the public with a piece called The Silver King, playing opposite, around and otherwise in the proximity of a ceaselessly delightful lady whose name now escapes practically everybody. It doesn't matter. Lieutenant Standing, R. N., didn't do it anyway.

When presently the ship bearing Lieutenant Standing, R. N., arrived in Southampton escorted by H. M. S. Yarmouth, Invincible, Unquestionable and Impeachable (I seem to have lost my notes) he reported without delay to the admiralty, a procedure said to be quite common amongst those who are at a loss to know what to do next.

He encountered a lacy official who regarded hesitancy and other forms of light living as something only slightly less deplorable than sedition.

"Standing," he brisked, "Standing—Guy."

"Quite," said the actor briefly.

"You will shave," said admiralty. "Your mustache, I mean. Off. No end."

"Certainly," replied the actor.

"Quite," said admiralty. "You will then bathe."

"Right."

"Carry on," said admiralty with unusual clarity.

"And all that sort of thing," replied the Famous Player, accepting from admiralty an envelope which, he dared hope, contained somewhat more detailed instruction—which, happily, it did.

And thus it came about, with true British brevity, that our erstwhile leading man for Mr. Charles Frohman became leading man on a submarine patrol boat—an astonishingly unseaworthy craft which in the less refined language of America would have been known as a subchaser.

An amateur skipper on an amateur warship surrounded by an amateur crew was our hero then. There was but one man aboard who knew a scupper from a dog watch and he was a hairy old bo'sun named Hobbs or perhaps Higgins or some such. A frightful old growler whose fathers had entered the profession of being bo'suns before Trafalgar and wore varnished hats and perukes. A dismal old walloper was Hobbs or Higgins or whatever his dismal name might be—but a sailor, by the Lord Harry, a sailor. Surrounded by valiant amateurs, this solitary bearer of the traditions of Nelson received Lieutenant Standing and we may imagine to what depths his stout old heart sank when, God Save the King, he saw that the lieutenant too was a valeted amateur.

Britannia Rules the Waves

But he (Hobbs, Higgins or what not) was not one to succumb to the first jabs of fate. He stood to attention, pulled his forelock and greeted his new commander with a hoarse "Yessir" before his new commander had uttered a blessed word. And he kept on yanking at his forelock and bellowing "Yessir" for a half hour with such ferocity that everybody else joined him bawling "Yessir" until Lieutenant Standing put an end to it by saying "Quite"—his first word of command as an officer in His Majesty's Navy.

It was night. Lieutenant Standing's orders were to put forth at once for Dover, engaging the enemy instantly wherever found and not to forget for a moment that England expected every man to do his duty. German submarines were to be the particular victims of Lieutenant Standing, his amateur crew, Bo'sun Hobbs, Higgins or however, and the incredibly ill-fitted yacht whose decks they were now treading. But if, perchance, the whole Imperial Navy crossed their path, they were expected to attack the whole Imperial Navy. And no excuses accepted.

Calling Hobbs or Higgins or have it as you will to his side, Lieutenant Standing solicited a bit of information.

"These German submarines, now," said he. "What about them, old fellow? Bless my soul. What I mean is—do they look anything like, dash it, His Majesty's submarines? What?"

"Yessir," roared the bo'sun. "I would say, with your permission, sir, begging pardon—"

"Quite," agreed the lieutenant.

"Thank you, sir," said Hobbs or Higgins (or perhaps the blighter's name was Hogan). "I would say, sir, that there is what one might call a family resemblance, begging your pardon."

"Quite, thank you," said the lieutenant.

"If I may make so bold, sir," went on—(damn it all, really, what was the jolly old perisher's name—Halloran?

(Continued on page 34)

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High Wind

By Ernest Haycox

A romance of a roaring town—Wild Bill Hickok's Abilene, Kansas, where the gusty winds of violence whistled, and where the good women held their breath

ILLUSTRATED BY MATT CLARK

WHEN Abbie saw his big, easy-going shape press through the crowd on the platform, she stepped down from the car vestibule and went directly to him, excitement turning her dark and definite New England face quite lovely. He was enormously smiling; he simply absorbed her inside his arms. They were not particularly demonstrative people but this was the climax of two years' waiting and two thousand miles of westward travel and it made them quite indifferent to the roundabout crowd.

Buck LaGrange said, "It's been a long time, Abbie," and kissed her in a way that erased for a moment her faint dread. Afterwards he stepped back, his deeply pleased glance absorbing this girl who had come from their common home in Connecticut to marry him.

"You've changed," she said.

"Better or worse?"

"You're bigger—you're different."

The train porter had piled her luggage on the platform. Buck LaGrange said to a near-by man, "Put this stuff in my buggy, Pete," and drew Abbie over the platform. Across the way Abilene's frame buildings made a raw, ragged line. There was a high wind blowing up from the south, dust-laden, hot, steady. When they left the lee shelter of the depot it threw her against Buck LaGrange and at once smothered her breathing.

She put a hand on her hat, gasping, "It's been like this all the way from Omaha. Does it never stop?"

He had to shout his answer against the wind. "Can't tell about a dust storm."

They beat across the street, following a weather-warped board walk as far as a small building on a corner; Buck LaGrange opened its door and pushed her in and closed the door again. Two men were standing in the narrow room, and a third man rose from a plain pine table. Buck LaGrange's amusement rolled out of his throat. "She's getting an immediate introduction to our prairie zephyr. Abbie, this is Mayor Henry, and Steve Gearin—and Wild Bill Hickok."

She acknowledged their slow nods with the briefest tilt of her own dark head, knowing nothing better to do. The wind shouldered against the walls and set up a squeezing protest of the boards. Something outside cracked like a pistol's shot. A man's yell whipped down the street, and suddenly she remembered Wild Bill Hickok's name with a sudden start. Even in Connecticut, where the reports of the world seemed to be heard only as muffled echoes, this man's reputation had penetrated and his deeds had become a legend out of the Wild West.

She recalled one thing she had read about him in a magazine—that he had killed nine men single-handed in one bloody fight. It caused her to draw faintly back against Buck LaGrange but she made her eyes remain on Wild Bill. He was very tall and symmetrical, with light hair falling full length to his shoulders and a stringy mustache bordering full, broad lips. All his features were big and bold; yet they were soft, almost as soft as a woman's.

Buck LaGrange's deeply pleased words broke in: "Theodore"—pointing to Mayor Henry—"is a justice of the peace and can perform the ceremony. I asked Bill and Steve to be witnesses. These are my best friends. Well, I left Connecticut and this girl two years ago. It has been a long wait for both of us. Go ahead, Theodore."

The drumming of the wind, the eerie yellow color of the daylight, the strangeness of the town—these things confused her. Buck took her hand and Mayor Henry, not much more than a boy behind his beard, said something about the authority of the state of Kansas. She heard herself whisper, "Yes." Then Buck turned her about in his big arms and kissed her. Wild Bill was watching all this with his heavy, winkless glance. His voice was musical and infinitely courteous. "It is not an easy country on women. Use your friends, Mrs. LaGrange, when you need them. Buck is to be congratulated."

THE other two men shook hands with her, but it was all hazy and hurried, with Buck guiding her through the door. Somebody had brought the buggy around and she climbed to the seat and felt the blast of the wind. A square sheet of paper curled through the half gale, so weirdly that the nervous horses began bucking. Buck's voice lifted. "Steady—steady." He was laughing. He bent over, shouting:

"Write and tell your people the greatest gunman in the West was a witness at the ceremony!"

"A desperado!"

He didn't hear. He said, "What?" She didn't answer. They were careening around a corner, enveloped by a whirling wave of dust and sand. A row of houses, all unpainted and angular, sat along the short street; and beyond lay the howling open country, lost behind the dust. They stopped. Buck tied the reins and got down, handing her out. He led her across a yard faintly marked by tufts of scorched buffalo grass to a house standing square and uncompromising in the yellow light. Nothing distinguished it from the other houses, nothing relieved its barren outline. Buck opened the door quickly.

A hot, trapped air rolled into her face. The smell of dust and baked lumber was overpowering. It moved her backward against him and he had to propel her gently across the threshold. When he closed the door the eternal rush of the wind died to a groaning, rubbing sibilance. A few pieces of furniture partially relieved the gauntness of the room. There was a white cloth on a center table slowly turning gray.

"This is our home?"

"This is it," he said.

She turned toward him and the sight of her eyes instantly sobered him. He delayed speaking a moment, seeking the right words. He said: "I tried not to lead you to expect too much in my letters. It isn't the sort of house you came from. There are no such houses in Abilene. This town's only four years old. About all I can say is that nobody else here lives in any better house."

She came against him, putting her head down. He steadied her. "The zephyr's on your nerves, honey."

"Does it never stop?"

"Maybe tonight. Maybe a month from tonight. Nobody knows."

He went out for her luggage, making several trips of it; and afterwards stabled his horses and rig in the barn behind the house. When he came back he found her in the kitchen, staring darkly at the stove. Wind gushed down the pipe, throwing ashes out through the grating. There was a mat of ashes on the floor.

HE SAID, inexpressibly gentle: "One thing all of us have been forced to learn out here. We haven't the time nor the strength yet to fight the temper of the weather. The land won't change for us. We have to change with the land."

She was still watching the stove. "You have changed, Buck."

"In Connecticut I was a grocery clerk. I never would have been anything better. There's a chance for everybody out here. I mean to take my chance—and make a go of it."

She turned then. His deep pleasure was gone and a shadow hovered faintly across his eyes. She knew what that was—it was the reflection of the doubt he had seen on her face. She had disappointed him. In this first hour of hope and happiness her faint withdrawing had made it less than perfect; and because he was a New Englander she knew the flaw would lie in his memory. The situation had slipped out of her hands. She didn't know how to set the shadow aside.

She said, with a faint laconic drawl: "I had better begin to work."

It continued to lie between them and to chill the intimacy which should have

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She raised the whip, slashing blindly out. She walked on, felt it strike them; she closed her eyes and kept striking

been theirs—the memory of that single instant in which her faith had wavered. Across the breakfast table she felt how easy it would be to bridge that gap with one warm word—and could not find the word; at night she knew he had only to put his arms around her in the rough, hot way of a man and kill the coldness forever. But he did not. In his slow, quiet talk was a perception of her reserve and a memory of his hurt.

This was the fourth day of their marriage, this was the fourth day of the wind. Walking with him toward the stores of Abilene, holding her skirts resolutely against the gusty plucking of that southern blast, she stared at the smoldering yellow sky and the sand-shot air with a feeling of unreality. It was as though she had been transplanted from a familiar world to the howling vacuum of another planet. The train was in from Omaha, spilling out its load of settlers and increasing the confusion in this bustling town. Men on the street spoke cordially to Buck. Everybody knew him, everybody seemed glad to see him. It reminded her more sharply of the fact that this genial, chuckling man was not the diffident Connecticut youth she once had known.

At Herrick's store he stopped. "I'm taking a couple of Dutchmen out to see some land. It looks like a sale. Real estate is on the boom, Abbie. I knew it would come some day." Then his solid pleasure broadened. "Land is our wealth."

Wild Bill came by and spoke. It was morning, with the dust rolling against all the building fronts. Up and down the uneven sidewalks cruised cattle hands in from the Texas trail, restless and reckless in their brief stay here. Steady traffic rolled through the saloon doors studding this street and men's voices were high and rough against the wail of the wind. The smell of the stockyards on the southern edge of town covered everything unpleasantly.

"Just one thing, Abbie. We make our money from cattle driven here, and from the cowhands that come along. They're free spenders—and they're all wild. It's a rule that decent women stay out of this district after dark. But you're safe enough by daylight. No cowhand will presume to speak to you."

HE LIFTED his hat and walked away; she turned into the grateful shelter of the store. She knew some of the women already there and acknowledged their greetings. Flora Gearin, the wife of that Steve Gearin who had been a witness at the mayor's office, came over to talk. She was a comfortably plump woman full of aimless gossip. In a little while Abbie went out, her arms full. Three cowhands rolled toward her and for a moment she felt fear; but it was strange how all of them instantly left the walk and passed by her without looking. Crossing the tracks, she saw Buck standing with a party of new settlers, his big shape rising above them. She had a doormat rolled under her arm. It dropped and she struggled with her skirts and got it again and went on, the wind-driven sand stinging her fresh cheeks. Dust lay thick along her porch. It rose in powdery waves when she arranged the mat in front of the door; it clung to her shoes and left prints across the bare boards of the living-room.

COMING home late in the afternoon, Buck LaGrange found her on her knees with a scrub brush and a bucket of water. She had a towel tied around her head and against its whiteness her face was very dark, very slim. She looked at him, not stopping her work. "Please brush your shoes on the mat before coming in."

He obeyed, and closed the door and stood against it, observing the flush of her cheeks, the fire of energy that glowed through her. He didn't protest. He understood the driving zeal for order and cleanliness that impelled this New England girl to toil on her knees. But he said quietly:

"Don't try to do it all at once, Abbie."

She sat back on her legs, small and indomitable in the center of the floor. "The Gearins are coming tonight. I won't receive them in a dirty house."

"There are no clean houses in Abilene. You'll have to compromise with the dust. It will creep back as soon as you scrub it away. It will be in your clothes and your hair, and in your food."

Her shoulders suddenly sloped, bereft of vigor. Her voice ran low. "Always?"

"No. In twenty years we'll have trees around Abilene to break this wind."

She murmured: "We'll be old people in twenty years, Buck."

He dissented cheerfully. "It will be a grown town in a settled country then. Such riches and comforts as there are, we shall share." He stopped, waiting for an answer that didn't come, then added gently, "The first years are hardest. Don't make them harder than necessary."

She rose and went into the kitchen, not speaking.

After supper the Gearins came. Hands folded across a fresh dress, Abbie sat quietly in her chair and could not make her words seem more than civil. Faint antagonism stirred in her, though she did not know exactly why. Nothing, it seemed, would ever disturb Flora Gearin's placid acceptance of things; her nerves were buried in her large, untidy body and her enigmatic smile repulsed all trouble. There was an indifference to what came along in both Flora and the bony, sprawling Steve that was to Abbie unforgivably close to laziness. Gearin seemed to possess a secret amusement at the world; and his talk was consistently ironical. "Heard you sold a Dutchman some land today, Buck."

"Part of Mike Olin's ranch."

"Another poor devil comes out here to starve."

"Some day you'll see all that section filled with big red barns," Buck drawled. He was in his shirt-sleeves; his body comfortably filled the chair. Abbie watched him closely, this stranger she had married.

"If the wind don't blow the barns away," said Gearin.

"It will pass. It always has." His glance touched his wife and dropped. "I bought the rest of Olin's place for myself. Mitch Sullivan's stringing fence wire around it today. There's a brand of winter wheat being worked out in Minnesota. I'm seeding a hundred acres of it this fall."

Gearin leaned forward. "That's on the trail. You fenced across the trail?"

There was something here, unsaid but expressive. Abbie watched her husband's face tighten. "I know the trail drivers hate fences. But Abilene will outgrow the trail soon enough. When the herds quit coming from Texas we'll have something else better—farms."

"They'll tear out your fence—the first outfit that runs into it."

"I'll have something to say about that."

The Gearins left after an hour. Abbie said, formally, "It was very kind of you to call," and there was a moment then in which the Gearins looked quietly at her and Buck LaGrange stared solemnly at the floor. Mrs. Gearin said, "Come over to our place any time," and turned into the thick, swirling dark. Abbie watched them bend against the rising wind. Dust beat into the room; Buck LaGrange closed the door and filled his pipe, eyes striking across the bowl to his wife, poised rigidly by the table. Her head came around and she thrust a still, questioning glance at him.

"You need all the friends you can get out here, Abbie. Don't lose any."

Her lips barely moved. "Why do you say that?"

"You froze the Gearins out, honey. They won't come again."

She said, "I'm—" and closed her mouth definitely. Her shoulders were very straight; yellow lamplight ran smoothly across her black head. Gunshots raced out of the dark, a half-dozen explosions running together, dying together. Buck saw her flinch. "Texas cowhands," he said. "They're a wild bunch. But," he added patiently, "they will never touch you."

HER hands slowly reached the table's edge and gripped it. "Doesn't anybody care?"

"The house covers us. We're where we want to be. Those men out on the street are where they want to be. A man's his own master. He can take that gamble if he wants to. If he suffers, it is his own fault."

"You've changed. You're gambling, too. In other things. In land and a new kind of wheat—and trees that may or may not grow in twenty years. With the dust and the wind. With your whole life to come, and mine." She pulled up her head. Her arms pushed against the table. "Isn't there anything certain at all here?"

He drew his pipe from his mouth, fist closing around the hot bowl. He scrubbed a broad palm across his jet, unruly hair. He dropped his chin and the light of his eyes was ruffled and harassed. The calmness of his voice minutely broke.

"Well, there is one thing between a husband and wife that ought to be certain. One thing, Abbie—in spite of hell

(Continued on page 47)

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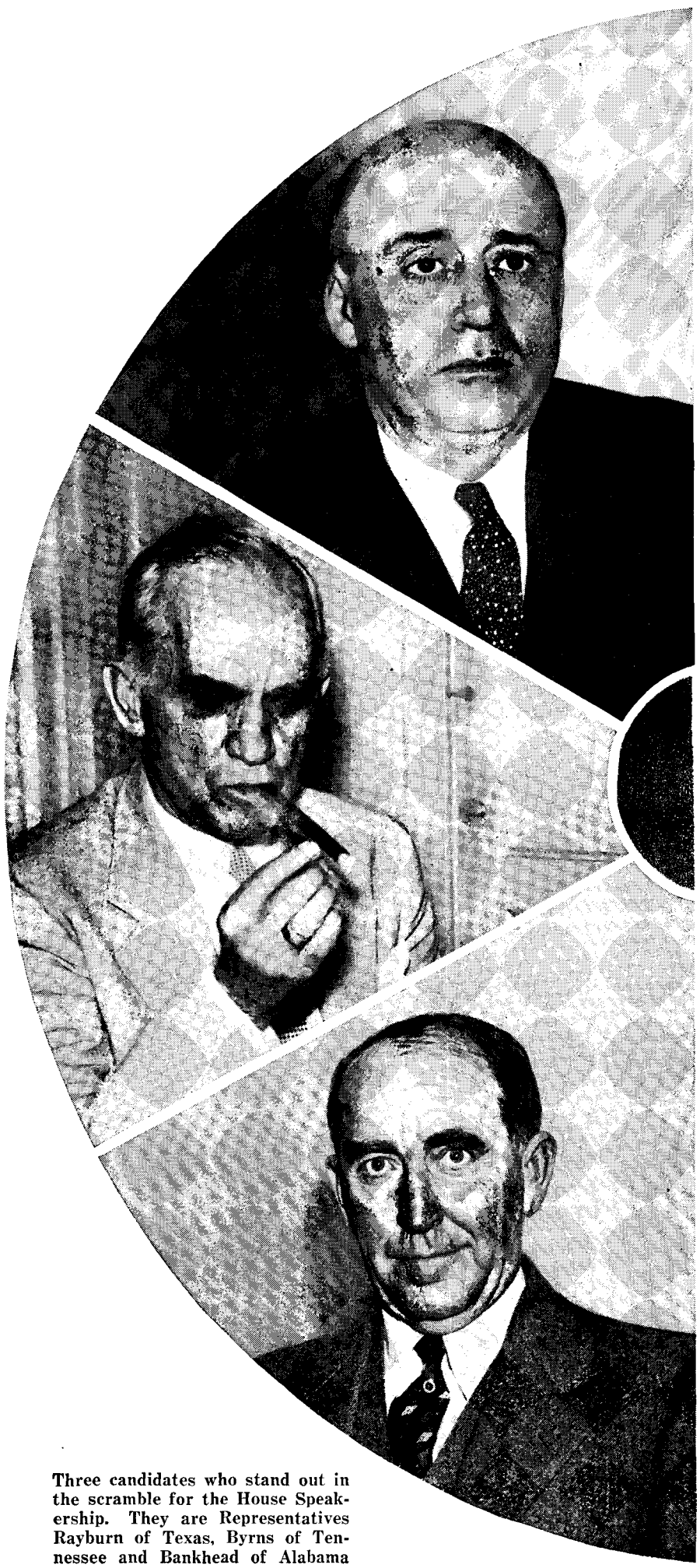
A Master for the House

By Ray Tucker

Wanted: A strong man to run the Seventy-fourth Congress. And each candidate for the Speakership, flexing his biceps, admits that he is it



Three candidates who stand out in the scramble for the House Speakership. They are Representatives Rayburn of Texas, Byrns of Tennessee and Bankhead of Alabama

FOR many years the scramble for the House Speakership settled nothing much except the question of who would enjoy the extra $5,000 salary, the shiny limousine and the handsome office which adorn the man who handles the gavel in what was once known as the "world's greatest deliberative body." Quite shamelessly the candidates admitted that they had their eyes on these perquisites as well as on the prestige and responsibilities. In congratulating Jack Garner on his selection for the post a few years ago, Mr. Longworth abdicated with the message: "The limousine and gas are yours! Come and get 'em!"

The two men, who were playmates on and off the floor, ran things in friendly and familiar style. Nick strolled up and down aisles and corridors, hands deep in his hip pockets, as if he were the genial host of a club—a night club, too; Jack conducted the House as if it were a revival meeting, once exhorting the congregation to arise and sing a hymn entitled, "Let us balance the budget." That was long ago, as the political clock ticks. The House was then a cozy and cheery place where a man could pick up $10,000 a year simply by voting for the Speaker on the joyous opening day and laying hands on babies' brows for the rest of the session.

It's different this year, as are so many old things at Washington. The three leading candidates for the Speakership—Joe Byrns of Tennessee, Sam Rayburn of Texas and Will Bankhead of Alabama—grimly campaign for the office. They extol their strength and forcefulness rather than their dexterity at the wheel of a car. They advertise their distaste for the playboy or social stuff. They let it be known that they don't know which fork goes with salad and which with pie. Mr. Byrns, we are told, spends his evenings in the hilarious study of federal finances; Mr. Rayburn dotes on the safe subject of modern history; Mr. Bankhead cultivates the classics.

A Surplus of Strong Men

Each proclaims himself to be the one serious, strong man whom the hour—and President Roosevelt—needs on the rostrum. Each dusts off his political and parliamentary record and warns the electorate of 300-odd Democratic representatives-elect to mark well that only such a superman can manage the House next year.

Even the second flight of contestants, who are pricked by vanity rather than hope, advance the same argument. Whenever you see a vagrant candidate buttonholing a newly arrived member in congressional corridors these days, it's a safe guess that the ears of Stalin, Hitler and Mussolini are burning. To picture their staying power, their friends descant on their hygienic hobbies, diets and moralities. The Washington woods are stuffed with stronghearts.

They're right about one thing—the next House will require more leading and guidance than a bawling nursery at bedtime. It will have more than its share of "wild men" who know just what ails the country and why. It will have a top-heavy Administration majority in a time of increasing restlessness. The threat of legislation by blocs and alliances and log-rolling is real.

Many were elected on promises which they must know, or will soon discover, cannot possibly be fulfilled. Numerous veterans, including committee chairmen, have quit or fallen by the wandering wayside of the New Deal, and there will be fewer graybeards to counsel restraint. To make it worse, the next Congress is the first to assemble only a few months after election, as provided by the "lame duck" amendment, and it will not have the advantages of a year's sobering up from the intoxication of the pee-pul's acclaim. It comes to the Capital fresh and crisp from the polls.

Our Most Important Congress

Yet this Congress must pass upon legislation more fateful than the batch of revolutionary measures which its predecessor ground out. That body accepted and enacted an admittedly emergency and experimental program because there was nothing else to do. The next Congress must end or prolong or modify many basic experiments which so deeply affect our social, economic and political life. It must lay a firmer and more permanent foundation under the shifting structure of the New Deal. It will be faced with demands for full payment of the bonus, inflation of the currency, inauguration of the thirty-hour week in all industries, old-age and unemployment insurance, and a vast extension of the relief and public works programs.

The behavior of the Seventy-fourth Congress will strengthen or weaken the President in the two crucial years before the 1936 election.

These considerations have introduced new factors into the Speakership race by emphasizing the need for a sure grip on the gavel. They may have a definite influence on the outcome. For one thing they have raised up considerable opposition to Mr. Byrns, whose promotion from his present post of Majority Leader would ordinarily be a mere formality. He is still the most likely winner, but the craving for a tough guy in the chair has transformed the contest into the fiercest and bitterest in many years.

The pre-election charges and countercharges may threaten the chance of any harmony among the leaders, no matter who comes out on top. Although Mr. Byrns' opponents exhibit candidatorial courtesy, privately their enthusiastic rooters canvass for votes on the plea that he did not show sufficient strength in the last session. Joe, they say, is too good-natured and easy-going. He doesn't like to hurt people's feelings. (As if any politician who knows his ballots did.) They love this homely, grizzled old-timer from Tennessee, you understand, but they can't let their affection blind them to his tendency to compromise and say "yes." They must think of the public welfare first.

(Continued on page 49)

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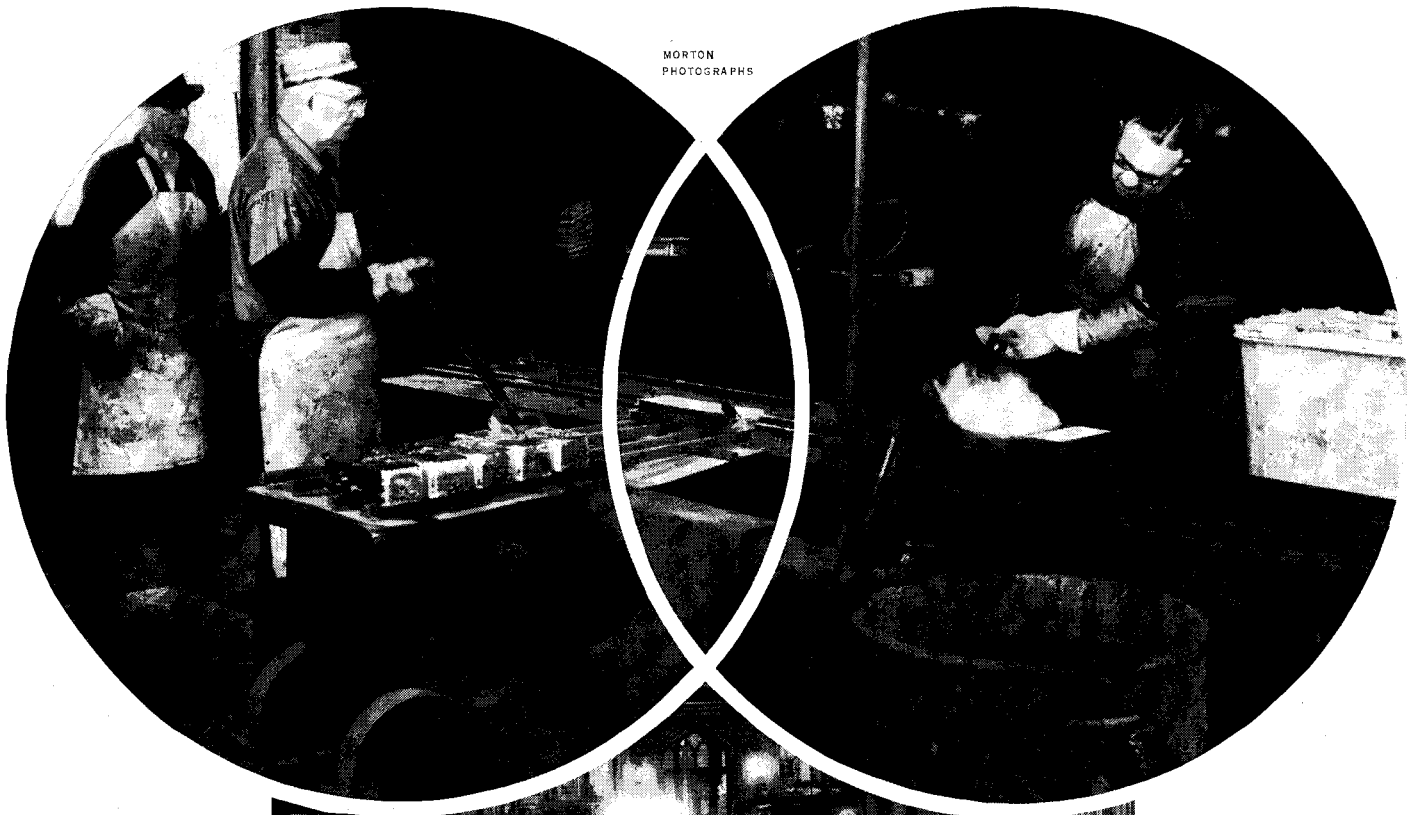

MORTON PHOTOGRAPHS

A gold-melting crew at work in the San Francisco mint. A regulation large-size bar is worth $37,500. A small one sells for sixteen thousand

© FRED BENNETT

A hundred-million-dollar gold convoy leaving the San Francisco mint on the first stretch of the trip to Denver

Too Much Gold

By Frank J. Taylor

Question: Suppose you had two billion dollars' worth of gold bars (two thousand tons!) and wanted to move them 1,600 miles over mountains—what would you do?

Answer: Call out the police department, the firemen, the United States Army, the Post Office Department and—well, that's what Peter Haggerty did in San Francisco

SINCE the day old King Midas was granted his wish that all he touched might turn to gold, seldom has anyone been burdened with too much of the precious shiny metal. But this year there was a man with too much gold, and he knew it. He is Peter J. Haggerty, boss of the world's prize treasure-trove, the San Francisco mint.

For eighty years the gold mines of California, Nevada, Alaska, Mexico, South America, Australia and many another land had poured gold into the massive, dismal, gray bastile at Fifth and Mission Streets in the heart of San Francisco. Year after year the gold streams flowed until the glistening bars were piled ceiling-high like newly baked loaves of bread in a bakery.

In one stronghold, built of concrete and steel, far down in the bowels of this mint, was piled one-half of the golden nest egg patiently accumulated to maintain the value of the currency and the world monetary position of the United States. Here, in an area about fifty by thirty feet, rested two billion dollars in shiny bars, almost one sixth of the entire world's supply of Treasury gold.

Mr. Haggerty was boss of all that treasure.

Every morning when he came down to work he found more gold to be added to the pile. It flowed into the mint at the rate of eighty million dollars a year—coins, bars, nuggets, dust, old watch cases, jewelry, frat pins, or what have you—in response to the President's call for gold. From every country bordering on the Pacific came gold, attracted by the fabulous price of thirty-five dollars per ounce.

The First Billion is Easy

To top it all and make treasure storage even more of a worry for Mr. Haggerty, a tide of silver swept into the mint in response to the new fancy price of fifty cents per ounce. This came in Chinese silver shoes, milady's hand mirrors, loving cups, cane handles, souvenir spoons and silverware of all kinds. All was to be melted down and stored away in silver bars, which are twice as big as gold bars, or about the size of ten-cent loaves of bread. The problem was where to put the stuff.

They say that the first billion is the hardest, but in the mint game the opposite is true. Piling up the first billion is fun. Stacking up the second is harder. The third is still worse. Just as Mr. Haggerty was wondering where under the sun he would lay aside the third billion, Treasury officials took cognizance of his troubles. They told him he could pack up a couple of billions in gold and ship it over to the Denver mint, where the vaults were comparatively empty. Just like that! Easy!

A Job for Experts

Suppose that you were in the shoes of Mr. Peter J. Haggerty, as he sat down to plan the greatest treasure shipment of all time and to work out the details of moving two billion dollars in gold bars sixteen hundred miles over two mountain ranges in such a way that when they were weighed and checked in at the Denver mint it wouldn't be found to be $1,999,999,999 or less. Keep in mind that in the mint they use scales so delicately adjusted that you can weigh your signature on a piece of paper!

Some angles of the job were these: The gold was in the form of bars, ten by four by three inches, each bar worth approximately thirty-seven thousand dollars. The weight and value varied slightly. Each bar was numbered and its weight registered. If some one accidentally dropped a bar in transit and chipped a little nick out of it, that might change its value by a dollar. It might reduce that two billion dollars to $1,999,999,999. There were almost sixty thousand bars to be moved. Sixty thousand chances to go wrong!

Suppose you chartered a special train, loaded the whole shipment aboard, cleared the tracks and highballed the treasure train over to Denver, got the job over with all at once! But wait a minute. The Treasury regulations say that not one single bar may be removed from the vaults without being weighed to the fraction of an ounce and checked against the weight records in the register. Working full tilt, it takes the staff a whole day to check a measly $100,000,000 (yeah, one hundred million dollars!) out of the vaults. Twenty

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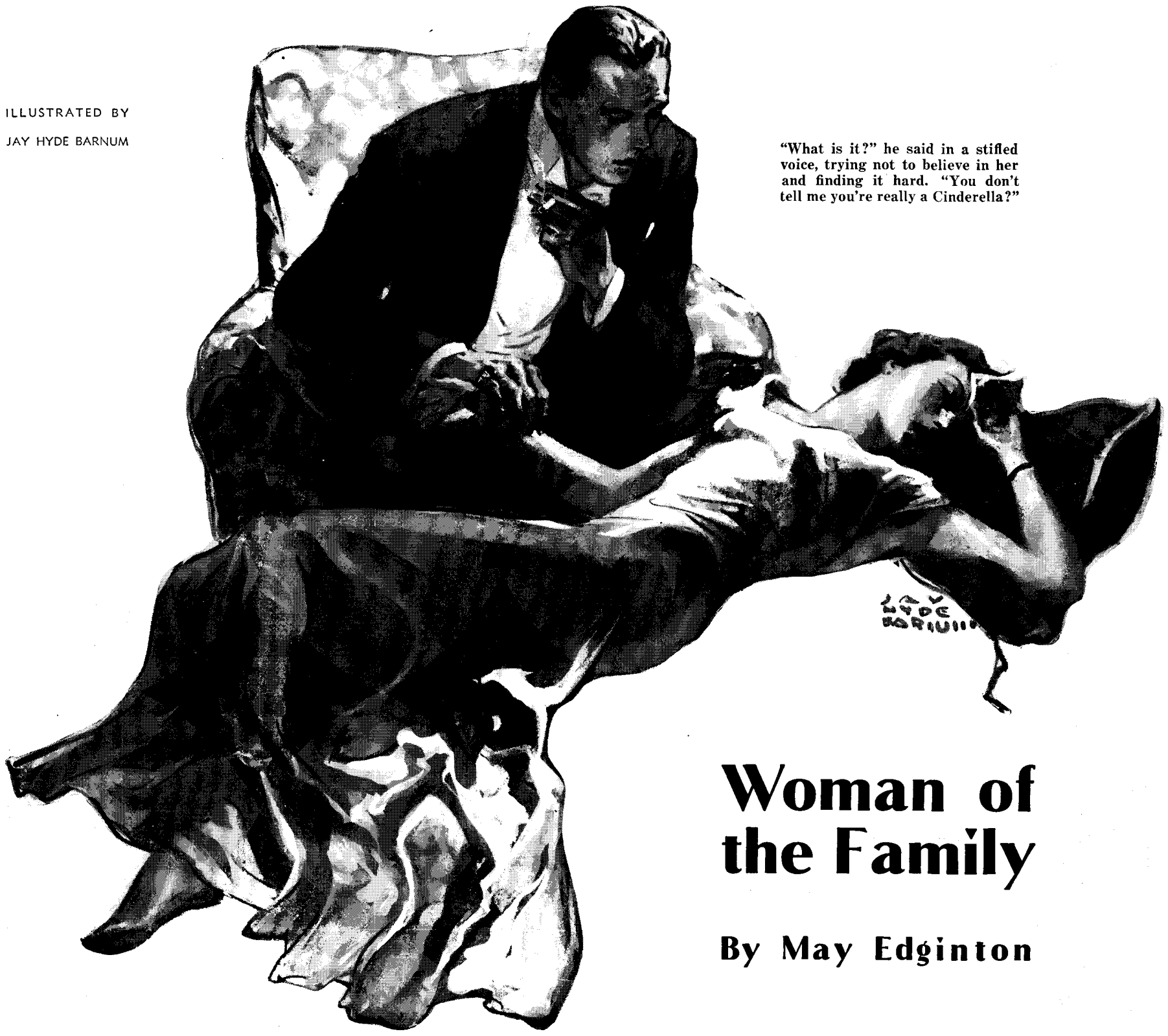
JAY HYDE BARNUM



"What is it?" he said in a stifled voice, trying not to believe in her and finding it hard. "You don't tell me you're really a Cinderella?"

Woman of the Family

By May Edginton

The Story Thus Far:

EVE LANGHAM, twenty-two, beautiful, a talented dancer, lives with and supports the Langham family—her thrifty mother, her weak, ineffectual father, and her avaricious sister, Sophia—in Dulwich, drab London suburb. Private secretary to Sir Edgar Marter, a London business man, her salary is small. She must have more money. *But how to make it?*

The problem, so difficult for her, is a simple one for her friend, Lennie Ward, a sleek young Londoner, who, calling himself a "commission agent," earns a precarious living in very dubious ways. Introducing her at a night club, the "Regalia," he dances with her, under the shrewd, watchful eyes of one Fero, the manager; Captain Hopton, the assistant manager, and Tonetti, the orchestra leader. And within a few days she becomes the club's hostess, at a salary of five pounds a week!

At home, she calmly informs her family that she has been looking for an evening job, that she has found one. She is none too explicit; but the family gathers that she is to make *three pounds* a week, tutoring a group of charming people in French.

Outraged by the brazen manner in which her family has always insisted on seizing almost every penny of her earnings, she tells her story with no qualms whatever. As she drifts off to sleep, a face rises before her; and again, as she had at the Regalia, she finds her thoughts revolving about one of the guests: a rugged, gray-eyed man—Captain Jonathan Horne, explorer.

II

EVE was conscious of an air that was subtly different, this morning, about the familiar room where she sat taking Sir Edgar's letters. That room had so often seemed to close her in and to say to her: "This is the limit of your life." But this morning she was acutely aware of its door, of its windows. That was a strange way to think of the room, but this was what occurred to her: that the windows were wide, that the world beyond them was wider; that the hundreds of thousands of roof tops she could see sheltered a million teeming possibilities.

This morning the letters interested her profoundly.

As she took down a letter to tea brokers in Mincing Lane, she imagined the cargoes which that letter would cause to be shipped, and as she took a terse note to a famous firm of accountants, the figures—vast to her—which would therefore be written in their ledgers, became invested with the thrill of cosmopolite significance.

Money was power! All yesterday she had been thinking that. Lennie was always saying it. It was a refrain with her mother and her father.

Here in this room the figures swelled into a regular *concerto*, and far from being a power at once mean, drab, cruel, banal, she saw that money was a leading *motif* in the melody of life. A *motif* conceived, perhaps, by the acquisitive brain of man, but there just as truly as harmony woven into his composition by a loving musician.

ALSO when she had come on light feet into the office that morning, the usually wooden-faced doorman had looked at her with sudden surprise and smiled and said, "Good morning, Miss," very differently, as if he knew the lilt of her feet; and he too had become suddenly significant to her.

She saw in his quite splendid uniform and his punctilious attitude a direct tribute to Sir Edgar Marter's power and achievements.

She was awake, as she passed through it, to every aspect of that handsome model building.

Marter & Co., General Merchants, designated modestly all that this represented, so that she enjoyed a new and lively interest in the rather stout, bland man talking in his stout, bland voice behind his beautiful, big, ebony writing table. Ridiculous but fascinating visions weaved in and out of her mind, making a shifting background for him.

A letter to the East—and she saw hot skies, palm trees, great scarlet blossoms, tropic seas, brilliant sea creatures, dolphins and flying fish. That letter about tea, and she saw—as she imagined—the streets of Peking, the old houses of mandarins, the delicate pagoda roofs of temples, the monstrous conception of the Great Wall. . . .

And her pencil had stopped at the close of the last letter that morning.

"And that will be all, Miss Langham," said Sir Edgar quietly.

"Thank you, Sir Edgar."

She glanced up in her usual way, but it was not her usual glance. Her eyes were the eyes of an excited, charming girl, and they met the awakened eyes

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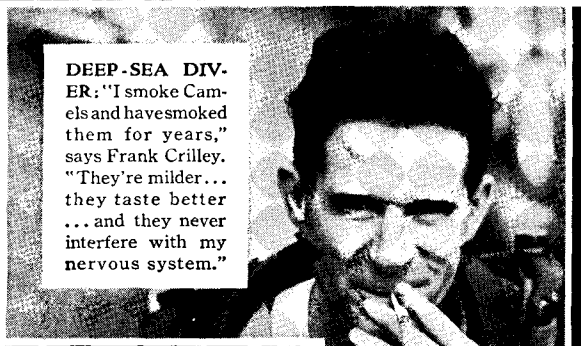
● Whether their daily tasks carry them through crowded city streets, or deep into the trackless jungle, Camel smokers agree on the delightful *"lift"* they get from smoking a Camel. Mrs. William LaVarre, famous explorer, whose treks through the South American jungles have taught her the need for keeping up her energy reserve, says: "We took 30,000 Camels with us on our last expedition. Any time I'm tired, I just stop and smoke a Camel. It wakes up my energy in no time. Smoking Camels steadily, I find, does not affect one's nerves."



DEEP-SEA DIVER: "I smoke Camels and have smoked them for years," says Frank Crilley. "They're milder... they taste better ... and they never interfere with my nervous system."

ACCOUNTANT. Harold D. Yeomans reports: "I smoke a great deal. And I enjoy Camel's flavor. I have noticed also that after sustained mental effort... when I'm 'used up'... if I smoke a Camel, I feel restored."

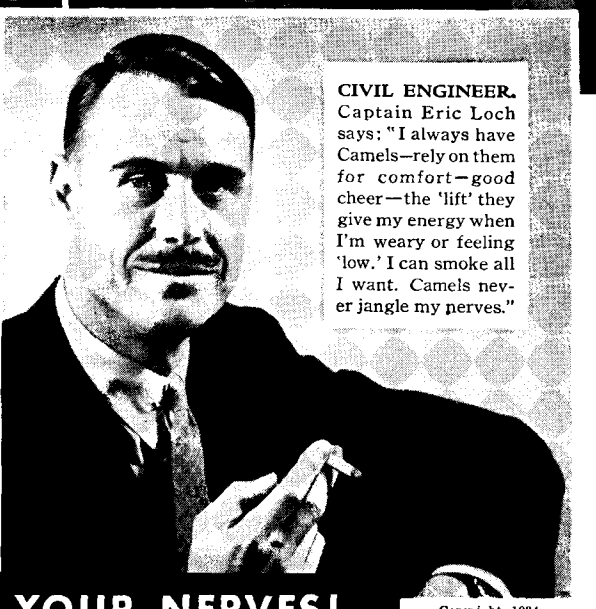
PRO FOOTBALL STAR . . . "Cliff" Montgomery says: "I like Camel's mellow taste! And after a game, or any time when I feel like it, I light up a Camel and in a short time I feel 100% again."

LEAF-TOBACCO EXPERTS AGREE:

"Camels are made from finer, More Expensive Tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand."

Now Share This Refreshing Effect That has Meant so Much to Others!

The key to physical stamina, mental alertness, and a cheery outlook is *energy*—healthful, abounding energy! Hence the importance of the recent scientific discovery that smoking a Camel releases your energy—actually "turns on your steam." Camel smokers in many different walks of life tell how Camels help them to find new energy. Some use up their energy in strenuous physical effort. Others, in exhausting mental work. All agree upon the benefit and enjoyment they find in Camel's "energizing effect." So read what they say—and turn to Camels yourself! You'll find Camels delightfully mild. They never jangle your nerves, no matter how many you smoke!



CIVIL ENGINEER. Captain Eric Loch says: "I always have Camels—rely on them *for comfort*—good cheer—the 'lift' they give my energy when I'm weary or feeling 'low.' I can smoke all I want. Camels never jangle my nerves."

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES!

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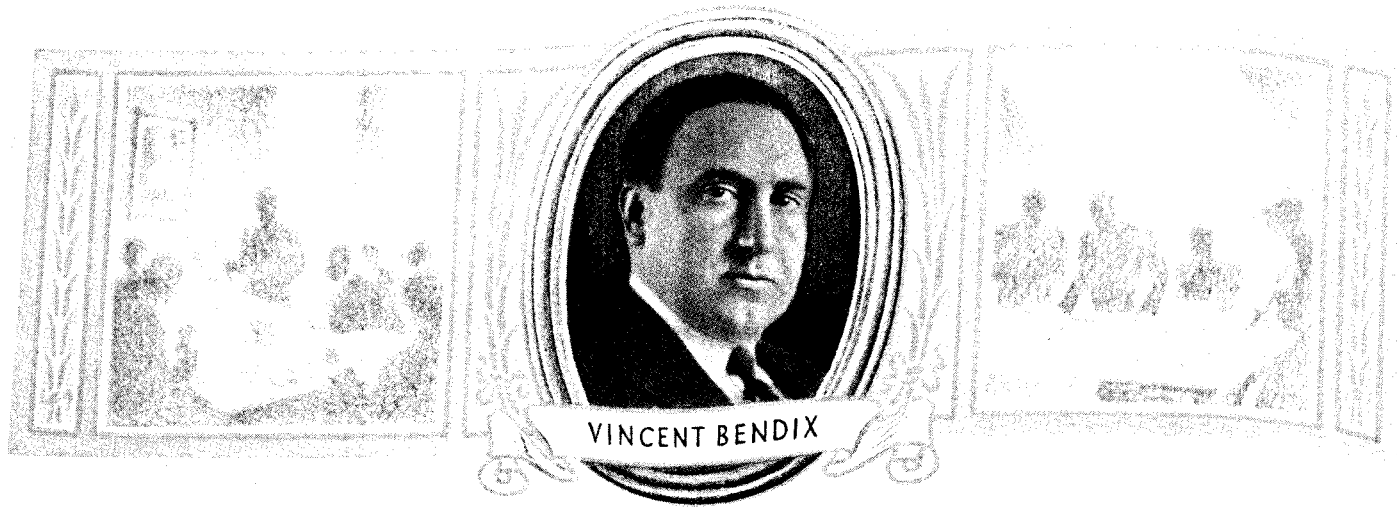
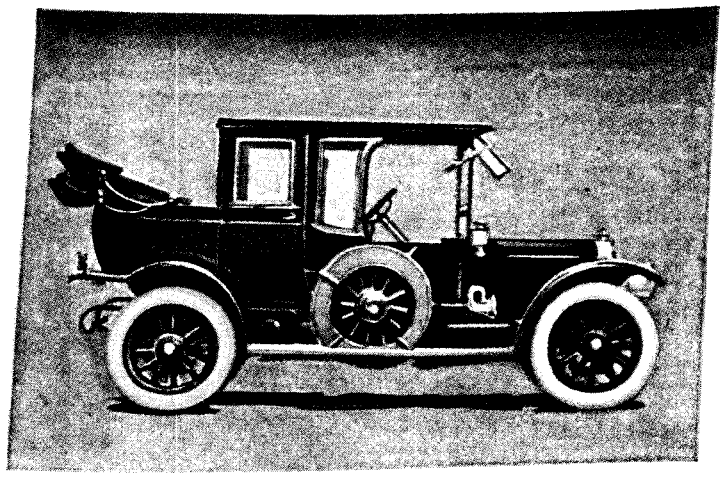


THE EVOLUTION OF THE AUTOMOBILE

YOU have seen the automobile develop from an uncertain, noisy rival of the horse, into the glorious air-streamed creation of today. Probably you have helped make this astonishing development commercially possible, by your successive purchases of these earlier cars.

When you view the splendid new automobiles of 1935, you will find it interesting to contrast these brilliant motor cars at their remarkably low prices, with the sort of cars your money used to buy.



When Bendix Drive eliminated hand cranking

Check off the enormous improvements which are evident in every phase of performance.

Many of the world's ablest engineers have devoted their careers to the motor car. Among these men, whose work has changed the whole tide of civilized human life, the notable group headed by Vincent Bendix has been a prime mover in the development of motoring safety and convenience.

The fact that each year's new motor cars have been able to start better, run better, and stop better has invariably been due in no small measure to the inventive and directive genius of Vincent Bendix, and the unceasing creative engineering of the various Bendix organizations.

1912—Bendix Drive "the mechanical hand that cranks your car"

In 1912, Vincent Bendix perfected the Bendix Drive, which made self-starting practical. This enormous contribution to motoring ease and safety is beyond doubt the most widely used automotive component. More than fifty million cars have been equipped with Bendix Drive.

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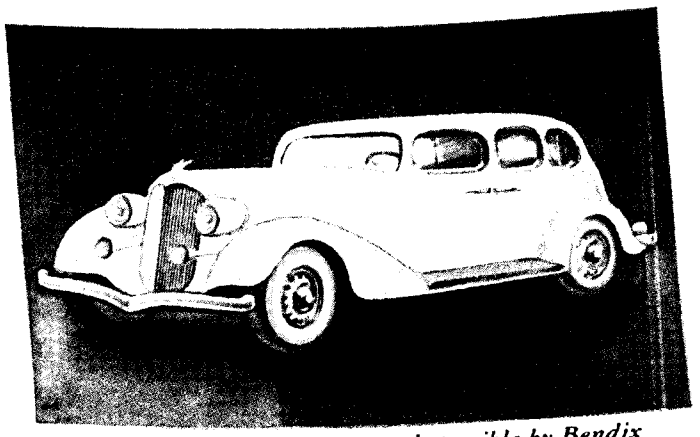
Turning his attention later to brakes, as the key to both safety and full use of the potential speed and power of the automobile, Vincent Bendix spent years of development work, which resulted in the Four-Wheel Brake, pioneered by Bendix. Important in this connection was the obtaining by Bendix of American rights to the Perrot "servo" action brake patents and the Lockheed hydraulic brake patents.

Complementing these two basic braking systems, the famous Bendix B-K Vacuum Power control and the Bendix-Westinghouse Automotive Air Brake were developed, thus adding enormously to braking effectiveness and greatly reducing the pedal pressure.

Bendix Automatic Clutch control followed. This eliminated clutch pushing, provided automatic free wheeling, greatly simplified gear changing, and paved the way for the new Bendix Finger-tip Gear Shifting, in the use of which the driver's hands need never leave the wheel.

Bendix Startix, one of the latest Bendix contributions, is today standard in many leading makes of modern cars. It provides fully automatic starting at the turn of the ignition switch key. Startix takes full control, starts your engine, restarts it if it stalls, repeats as often as necessary.

Bendix Stromberg Carburetors, during these years, have introduced virtually every important advancement in carburetion. They are standard on more makes of cars than all other carburetors combined—and on an even greater proportion of all aircraft, military and civilian!



Today's safe, easy speeds made possible by Bendix

Today—Bendix Automatic Clutch Control, Automatic Starting and Idling, Finger-tip Shifting...Tomorrow?

Thus today's motor car—of whatever make—is notably finer, safer, more obedient, more comfortable, because of the creative co-operation of Bendix with the entire automotive industry. Tomorrow's cars will be, in turn, profoundly influenced by what Bendix is developing today.

Twelve great companies make up the Bendix Aviation Corporation. All are actively headed by Vincent Bendix, who has made a life work of advancing automotive safety and reliability.

There is not a motor car manufacturer in America who does not depend upon Bendix to supply one or more essential chassis units—whether it be brakes, automatic clutch, carburetor, starter drive, automatic starting, or any of the world-leading products of Bendix manufacture.

When you buy a car, or any aircraft, be fully confident of the vital units of Bendix manufacture built into it. The industry long ago learned it could Depend on Bendix—and so may you.

BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION

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AUTOMOBILE · AVIATION · MARINE · INDUSTRIAL

DIX

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of a rich man who had vividly experienced what he thought of as life only for these last five years.

He was gravely anxious for this life; he was feverishly intent beneath his bland business-man exterior on not missing one fraction, one farthing's worth, one possible iota of this life; and his trend was to face all facts. He had actually faced the fact: "I am not as young as I was. I have gained a lot, but I have missed a lot." Then he had made a resolution: "I will make up for lost time!"

He smiled at her.

"You look extremely well this morning, Miss Langham."

"Yes, thank you, Sir Edgar."

"A good evening?"

"Very nice, Sir Edgar."

"That's right," he commended. "I like a young girl to enjoy herself, particularly when she is such an industrious young lady as you are. I appreciate your services. Where did you go?"

Just for a moment she hesitated, because the old anxious fears and prudences, ingrained in her since childhood, cautioned her. "Perhaps he wouldn't like to know that I am hostess at a dance club. Perhaps he would think it would spoil my work next day. Perhaps he would raise some objection" . . . But because it was simply her habit not to lie, as she could so easily have lied, she told him:

"The Regalia Club, Sir Edgar."

"Oh?" he said. "It is not one of my haunts. I don't seem to know it."

SHE was quickly relieved, thinking to herself: "So he is not likely to go there."

She said deferentially:

"I expect, Sir Edgar, that most people go to the places they're used to."

"Quite," he said absently. "That's so."

Suddenly he queried: "I hope you're still happy here, Miss Langham?"

"Quite, thank you, Sir Edgar."

"Perhaps you would like to lunch with me one day," he added. "You have been with me for a year, and I have never had any little personal talk with you as I usually like to have from time to time with certain of my people."

"I should like to very much indeed, thank you!"

"Well, Miss Secretary," he smiled "you have my engagement book; which day shall it be?"

And in a flash there came a natural thought to her mind—in tune with another thought of: "When beautiful things come they don't seem to come singly. It is my birthday on Friday. That is obviously the day."

She was not aware how the color had risen to her clear white face, because it was not a blush that one felt, but a glow of sheer pleasure and anticipation.

"May I get the engagement book, Sir Edgar?"

"Surely."

He remained seated, his elbows on the table, his fingers drumming a little tattoo upon the shining surface. He looked down upon his fingers, thick, square-tipped, well-manicured. He could remember the time when they had been coarse, calloused, the nails not only broken but dirty.

"Friday's free, Sir Edgar," he heard her saying with a thrill in her voice.

Indeed she was thinking to herself: "And he *has* got my birthday free for lunch!" while it seemed to her as if the dark veil, dropped over life by family conditions, was lifting not only on one corner but at all corners.

He looked up and smiled instantly, guessing that Friday might be something of a red-letter day.

"Anything particular about Friday, Miss Langham?"

"It is my birthday."

"The gentleman," said Fero rapidly, "is going to be a very good client. I believe, though, a trifle mysterious"

He went on smiling, then, and his eyes grew very shrewd. Clever girl! the little minx! "Well," he thought, "she shall have what she expects," and he began to consider what it would be, what little birthday gift he would bring to the luncheon.

"Friday suits me splendidly, Miss Langham. We'll make it Ciro's, shall we?"

"Thank you, Sir Edgar." Then she amended rather confusedly: "Or somewhere not quite so smart, perhaps, if you don't mind."

And he knew that the light faded a little in her eyes.

"The question of frocks," he thought, "poor silly girl. I suppose she doesn't realize that if she'd only look as she looked a few minutes ago, she'd knock 'em all, frock or no frock."

He got up; moved a step or two towards her.

"My dear girl, if you'd like Ciro's, I am perfectly sure Ciro's would be charmed with you. What is it? Tell me."

Those eyes, knowledgeable even with only five years' sophistication over intimate female affairs, fell to her office frock.

"I'm afraid I shan't do you credit, Sir Edgar."

"Nonsense," he said, and paused. He would have liked to say: "My dear, it will be your birthday. A little gift—a frock and hat. It's May, just the time when a pretty girl wants pretty things." But some caution, very creditable to a man with that short experience, restrained him. She was not quite the girl. He said in an easy-going way:

"I know you'll manage; and we'll make it Ciro's."

"Thank you, Sir Edgar."

Back at her own desk, typing with speed, she thought to herself as she had thought last night at the Regalia Club: "If mother knew!"

And it was twelve-thirty and lunch time.

SHE had to be very punctual, very quick at luncheon this particular day, for she was to choose the two frocks to wear as hostess at the Regalia Club; so that she was not only astonished but annoyed when, as she was putting on her hat in the excellent cloakroom that Marter & Co. provided for its women staff—Sophia stole in, looking ravishing, petted and childish.

Other girls in the cloakroom at that moment turned to look at Sophia with envy, hatred or admiration.

"Sophia! Good Lord!"

"I thought I'd like to come and lunch with you, Eve."

"Lunch with me?"

It was the first time Sophia had ever thought of such a thing.

"Nothing very funny about that, darling, is there?"

"You should have rung me up and asked," Eve said.

"But then you would have said 'no,' darling, so I thought I'd just call for you."

"Do you mean to say that the doorman let you come up here?"

"Oh darling, I wangled it."

"That is like her," Eve thought, struck.

And it was like Sophia, too, that, as if by some native genius, she emerged into the main corridor, a few yards behind her sister, at exactly the moment that Sir Edgar Marter walked out with a client on his way to lunch.

He smiled ceremoniously at Eve, but he gave the blond girl a quick stare.

"Which was Sir Edgar?" Sophia whispered, squeezing her sister's arm. after the two men had passed.

Eve told her.

"Oh, darling," Sophia said. "I've always wanted to see him, and now I know."

"Know what?"

But Sophia only giggled.

OUT in the street Eve said abruptly: "It's like you to choose exactly today to lunch with me, when you've never done it before."

"Good Lord, Eve," Sophia said abruptly in her turn. "I'm not so far away at the school, and what's more natural than that we should lunch together sometimes? It doesn't matter because we've never done it before. Everything begins sometime, and what is the matter with today?"

"Only that I haven't time for lunch."

"You're not going to eat?"

"Not unless there is time."

"Why, where are you going, Eve?"

"To Shaftesbury Avenue."

"Well, there's food even in Shaftesbury Avenue, isn't there? I know there are snackbars." Back came the little soft giggle, coaxing an offer of a free luncheon.

"I have something to buy."

(Continued on page 38)

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The Railroads Wake Up

Continued from page 8

and transferred to trucks again for store-door delivery? Think of the freight houses that could be abandoned, and the high-priced property in congested city districts that could be sold!

For years it was the habit of steam lines to use block ice for cabbage and lettuce, a process that broke fully seven per cent of the crates. Some research department finally conceived the idea of using electric motor-driven machines, mounted on light trucks for movement to car doors, that pulverized 100-pound blocks of ice, blowing the particles through a hose. The Pullman company discovered that its dishes in a dining-car weighed over seven hundred pounds, but research developed a new ware for aluminum trains that cut down the weight to two hundred pounds. With all the roads joining in research, the discoveries common property, ideas might well cease to be a rarity.

Up to the Government

Economy, of course, will be the main objective of the new Association, and that is bound to mean reduction in employment. The Brotherhoods may be expected to fight to the death against further reduction in working forces, and the government itself will not look kindly on additions to the army of unemployed. The Association can, and undoubtedly will, get around this stumblingblock by a far-flung plan of retirement annuities, unemployment benefits, dismissal wages and special placement services.

Aside from money, there is much that the government can do for the railroads now that they are showing a disposition to help themselves. One of the first pieces of legislation that the Association will ask of Congress is that all competitors shall be subjected to the same regulation that now governs the rails. They want, and will insist, that motor transport, water carriers, aircraft and pipe lines be brought under the law.

The proposal does not mean that trucks and barges and planes and busses are going to be put out of business, but it does mean that America's transportation system will be given some semblance of order. As Joseph B. Eastman, the Federal Coördinator, has pointed out, few things are of larger importance than that the country be given "a well coördinated national system of transportation which will protect each agency in the place it is best fitted to occupy, and curb the waste of unnecessary competition and purely destructive competition."

Another important contribution that the government can well afford to make to the welfare of the railroads is in connection with fitting them for the new equipment now being ordered. To get the best out of light construction, high-speed trains, much will have to be done in the way of straightening curves, rail replacement and the elimination of grade crossings. This last job would seem to belong to the government as a matter of strict justice, for the railroads are correct in saying that the problem of grade crossings is not of their creation. Back in the early days of the Iron Horse, the number of crossings was comparatively few, and travel not extensive. It was the coming of the automobile that compelled an orgy of roadbuilding, multiplying grade crossings a hundredfold.

In this connection, the railroads point angrily at the larger and larger amounts that they have been forced to spend on non-productive charges that add to overhead while not bringing in a penny of new income. Train limit laws, for instance, full crew laws, navigation requirements, civic and public improvements, grading, paving and sidewalks, etc., etc. Between 1927 and 1931 they spent on grade crossings, either for elimination or protection, the sum of $130,000,000 and they are now insisting that it is up to the government.

As a matter of truth, the government could justify appropriations for grade-crossing elimination on the score of life-saving alone, for the last thirty years have seen a steady increase in accidents. In 1900 only 730 persons were killed and 1,297 injured due to accidents at grade crossings. The number mounted until a peak was reached in 1928 with 2,568 deaths and 6,666 injuries. In the ten years between 1923 and 1932, close to 22,000 people were killed and more than 60,000 suffered injuries.

Warning signs, crossing bells and flasher signals only serve to keep down the death toll. Strange as it may seem, the majority of accidents take place at open crossings where the approach of trains can be seen for miles. In the Western states, where railroad tracks run through the open prairie, the locomotive frequently picks up the speeding car of some fool. The one answer is the entire elimination of the grade crossing.

For another thing, a great public works program, providing wage-earning employment for the able-bodied, is plainly indicated as a substitute for relief. Worth-while projects, of course, and not the trivial things that made the CWA futile and ridiculous. As, for instance, picking worms out of golf courses or shoveling sand out of the dry river beds of California. Who doesn't remember the wire that went to Washington from a Western city? It read: "Please ship us four carloads of dead leaves at once. We've swept ours up so many times they're all worn out."

The essential thing in connection with a public works project is that it shall furnish the maximum of employment for human labor, have more than local value, and be susceptible to justification as a public necessity. Grade-crossing elimination meets every one of these requirements, for as Federal Coördinator Eastman has pointed out, such a project "would be helpful to the railroads, permitting the operation of lightweight, high-speed trains; it would provide employment for thousands, not only on the job but in the manufacture of materials, and there is also the larger and more important protection that it would afford to life, limb and property."

It has always been assumed that highway construction work created the greatest demand for skilled and unskilled labor, but the experts of the Interstate Commerce Commission now rise to dispute this assumption, basing their report on an investigation of the cost of thirty-six grade-crossing eliminations. The contract cost for the lot was $1,964,438 with $54,568 as the average cost per structure, and the cost of individual structures ranging from $8,117 to $151,392. The study, therefore, contained typical examples, simple as well as complicated, and the collected costs were for the following items:

Grading	$ 167,070
Concrete	1,024,958
Waterproofing	14,611
Pavement	129,850
Reinforcing bars	253,673
Structural steel	102,761
Foundation excavation	74,746
Miscellaneous	196,769

Driven by a Common Fear

When the figuring was done, the experts reported that "the cost of labor on the job in ordinary highway construction would not run much over twenty per cent as compared with thirty-five per cent for grade-crossing elimination. It should be noted that the estimates developed take into consideration only the labor on the job, and do not contain any allowance for the labor involved in the manufacture, production and transportation of the materials used in construction." It is safe to say, therefore, that fully seventy per cent of the money spent on grade crossings would go to labor.

As for the size of the task, it is almost beyond belief. There are 240,000 grade crossings in the United States, and all authorities differ on the cost of elimination, estimates running all the way from six billions to twenty billions. It is not true, of course, that any such staggering amount would have to be spent, for fully fifty per cent of the crossings are in country districts where section roads cut across the rails at every mile. Such crossings are inheritances from horse-and-buggy days, and being no longer needed, could be shut off without hurt to public convenience. Why not just one crossing every five miles in sparsely settled regions instead of one every mile? And what more nonsensical than to have every city street crossing a track? What simpler than to close off four streets out of five?

The beauty about grade-crossing elimination as the main feature of a great public works program is that the engineering preliminaries have already been done in seventy-five per cent of the cases, so that the job can start off at once. Spread through every state in the Union, it is a project that might well take up the entire slack in unemployment as far as unskilled labor is concerned, at the same time giving a tremendous impetus to capital goods industries.

There is also a distinct possibility that the Public Works Administration may be induced to look on the straightening of railroad curves as a project entitled to federal aid, and a bare possibility that the Federal Emergency Relief Administration can be persuaded to work out some scheme that will permit the use of its millions. Undoubtedly the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, watching the steam lines gain in efficiency and economy, will advance cash for immediate needs, and also continue a generous loan policy until revenues improve.

It will be seen, therefore, that while the Iron Horse was never in worse shape one way, in another way he was never in better shape. The Association of American Railroads gives the unity that has been lacking, assuring coördination and coöperation; every management is sweating to modernize its lines and improve service, and for the first time in history, the government and the rails are pulling together, both driven by a common fear.

The Administration knows, as do the magnates, that private ownership and operation of the lines is being given its last trial.

As a grim matter of fact, there is in the United States right now a considerable volume of public opinion in favor of compulsory consolidations. In England, it is pointed out, one hundred and sixty railroads, having a property value of more than six billion dollars, were consolidated into four great systems in one year and a half, and this was accomplished by an exchange of securities without the use of cash, and also without litigation.

A theory has already been advanced that Congress can (1) require compulsory unification of the railroads; (2) authorize the creation of federal corporations, and empower them to acquire ownership and control of the operating railroad property by an exchange of securities, and (3) forbid companies to operate in interstate commerce unless such ownership or control is conveyed to the federal companies. Thirty per cent of the directors would represent the public interest, and seventy per cent the stockholders, a virtual partnership, in effect, between the government and the lines.

The railroads do not like this plan any more than they like outright government ownership and operation, and, for the present at least, the Administration is disposed to give them ample opportunity to show what they can do for themselves and by themselves, backed by RFC loans and Public Works Administration money as far as consistent with prudence. If, however, the Association of American Railroads fails to meet the high hopes of its founders, either some partnership arrangement or public ownership is a certainty.

With so many cockleburrs under the tail of the Iron Horse, what wonder that the aged animal is doing its best to achieve a spirited gallop?

"You and your home movies!" BUFORD TUNE

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held subject's hand, then they went and had tea."

The only sign of emotion in Jack was in the up-and-down movement of one hand as he smoked a cigarette very rapidly.

"She made a date to meet him by the elevator on the promenade deck. This makes third date she has for tonight." Mr. Duff turned a page. . . . "After dinner, evidently on her way to meet Hunt, Rodman or Beyer—I do not know which by this time—she passed a man I have identified as Parkman Sawyer, stroke of the Walton crew, and a little man strolling along and they turned around as she dropped her handkerchief. Sawyer picked it up, knocking his friend over, and ran after her. He looked over his shoulder at his friend, and then walked on with subject. They walked around deck twice and stopped where it was dark.

"I could not hear all they said but I heard Sawyer say distinctly, 'I have never felt this way before about a girl,' and then they went down to the smoke-room." Mr. Duff closed the black book.

Jack expelled a long breath. The report had been virtually the same in the cases of Beyer and Rodman and Hunt.

"You are wondering," Mr. Duff continued, "why I am giving you all this dope which my client, who will remain nameless, is paying me to collect."

Jack nodded.

"I will lay my cards on the table," said Mr. Duff. "I am retained by a certain young man to report Miss Lynn's contacts during her trip to England and while she is entertaining at the Pip-Pip Club in London. This young man is filthy with oughday but he is dominated by his mother. He is jealous of Miss Lynn—that is why he retained me—but he does not marry her because his mother will not let him. Mr. Braitch, at heart I am romantic. I think love counts for something and it is foolish that this young man does not marry her."

"WHERE do I come in?" Jack demanded.

"I have learned that you are taking the Walton crew to the Henley Royal Regatta. Mr. Braitch, this girl has just what it takes to wreck a good college crew. You've got to show those boys how she's kidding them. Of course, they'll fight over her—"

"What," Jack said, "are you driving at?"

"Mr. Braitch, I think my client should marry Miss Lynn if he loves her. I lay my cards on the table. I figure when I inform him the Walton crew is having a fight over Miss Lynn he will say, 'I don't care what my mother says,' and he will not lose any time in getting to London to marry her, because he is very jealous."

"You are quite a practical psychologist," Jack said, standing up. "Thanks just the same." He let himself out.

Jack thought Mr. Duff was cockeyed. He would have been even less favorable to Mr. Duff if he knew how untrustworthy Mr. Duff was, because the latter did not want to get Lily Lynn married to Filmore Abbot, Jr., on account of his romantic nature. He wanted to get them married because he realized that sooner or later in marriages of this sort there is a blow-out and he could get another job helping to change the tire. Mr. Duff was able to eke out a living as a private detective by this farseeing policy.

Pat Sawyer was sitting on the edge of Jack's bed when Jack let himself into his cabin.

"I guess you did not get the significance of what you came upon in the smoke-room," he said solemnly. "That girl you saw me with is the girl I am going to marry."

A Very Dangerous Girl

Continued from page 11

Jack opened his mouth to speak, and closed it again. He gazed at Pat, and then he started to undress for bed. When he turned around again Pat had left.

He located Duff the next morning up on the sun deck, standing inconspicuously in a corner of the house. The detective held a warning finger to his lips.

"I will try your psychology," Jack said in a low voice, looking around but seeing no one. "I am desperate. How are we going to do it?"

MR. DUFF'S eyes gleamed. "They will play into our hands—" He stopped, clutched Jack by the wrist, and led him catfooting across a space of sunlit deck to a spot by the broad stern of a lifeboat, and inclined his head. Jack looked, but all he could see was a man's arm leaning on the rail.

He heard a sweet, girlish voice saying, "—and I think we can be awfully good friends, Duck."

"Well, I want to be your friend," a male voice vowed.

"What do you let your friends call you?"

"Hoey," breathed the male voice.

"... a dime. But she said she'd be only a few minutes" JAY IRVING

The news association dispatch said: "The Walton varsity eight-oared crew arrived in England today. Amateur Coach Jack Braitch took them immediately to their quarters in Henley." This was a rather crisp report of the whole story.

Two men stood on the towpath that runs along the Thames at Henley. One of them was leaning against a tree, periodically shaking his head with a slow, mechanical movement. The other man had his hands in the pockets of the blazer he wore, with the middle finger of the right hand sticking out, because it was in splints.

The man with the bandaged finger was Rudy Hunt. "Look at him," Rudy said, "he is just putting it in and taking it out. I could pull that oar better than Rodman even with a busted finger."

The other man, who was Jack Braitch, said in a low, hoarse voice, "You couldn't pull a hen off her nest."

The Walton varsity crew was paddling up the river. Rodman was coasting because he had pains in his neck. Also, Bubbles Beyer, engine man at No. 5, who had been reinstated out of necessity, had a stiff knee so that he lost one third of his leg drive; and there were other casualties which you could not discern from the towpath. But that the Walton crew was hopeless you could not miss.

"Fighting over a dame of a chorus—!" Jack snarled at Rudy because Rudy was convenient. "Sure, sure, she is the woman you are going to marry. You're *all* going to marry her—"

"That's a lie." Rudy was pale. "Just because she has sort of an informal manner from her stage training, those other fellows— I have talked to her every day over the phone."

"Everybody has been calling London every time he got a chance."

"That does not mean a thing."

Jack subsided. He waved his hand at Rudy and settled farther into the tree, his dismal eyes on the river. He did not remember all that had happened. The morning he had seen Hoey with the siren he had followed the accursed Duff's directions and had sent Pat Sawyer up to locate him. Later, in the swimming pool, Pat had held Hoey's head under water by stepping on his head. Oh, there will be a little bad blood at first, he had thought. And he and Duff had gone on disillusioning the boys by the same simple method.

He turned and peered again out on the river, with sudden alarm. The men of Walton were exchanging heated words! Jack left.

That afternoon Jack watched the favored English Leander crew win its first heat by breaking the course record.

Walton had drawn a bye for the first round. So it was not until the following day that they paddled out to meet Pembroke. And if you remember that race you remember that Walton won—won by a fluke that Jack publicly deplored but privately relished. The Pembroke No. 2 caught a crab and lost his oar. It put Walton into the finals, where Jack had never thought to be, and that night, looking grim, he took the train to London.

HE WAS going to see Lily Lynn. She was utterly conscienceless. Duffy had told him that. On the boat, when things had got so bad, he had even thought of appealing to her until Duffy had shown him how futile it would be, with a woman who was so conscienceless—only make things worse. That was just after Rudy had got his middle finger broken in a fight with Bubbles one night up on the promenade deck. But what he proposed to ask her to do was directly in line with her unscrupulous nature. She might help. Nothing could make matters any worse.

He went to the Pip-Pip Club. When he went in the first person he saw was Mr. Duff, who was jubilant with news.

"This case is practically in the bag," he said. "I got a cable from my client. My reports about your Walton men slugging each other over Lily Lynn made him say, 'I don't care what my mother says,' and he took a boat which gets here tomorrow."

"When your client gets here," Jack said, "you will not know where Lily is. Tomorrow Lily is going to the races and if you tell your client I will kill you and throw you in the Thames."

He called a waiter and sent his card in to Lily Lynn.

"But what *can* I tell my client?" Mr. Duff wailed.

"I don't give a damn. Duff, don't you cross me up!"

Lily said she recognized Jack from that time in the smoke-room, when he was ushered into her presence backstage in the night club. She was wrapped in a kimono with a towel tied around her neck and she was just starting to make up.

"I thought maybe you would like to go up to Henley to the races tomorrow," Jack said. "Can I take you?"

"Will you?" she cried.

Then he left. Tomorrow on their way up he would tell her what she must do. She would do it, too, by gosh.

LEANDER had paddled down to the starting line and the Walton crew was just shoving off when a girl in a blue dress ran down the steps of the boat club to the landing, pushing her way through the people until she was right on the edge of the dock. She stood there, hands clasped over her head the way the fighters do. There was not much noise because of the English restraint at sporting events, so her voice carried, distinct. "Duck, honey—!" she cried.

The silence was intense. Every man in the Walton crew lifted a face that became suddenly transformed. There poised Lily—*his* Lily—smiling!

Then Hoey Field, who now had proof that it was he whom Lily really loved, turned around to the rapt oarsmen, and roared: "Ready all—row!"

Leander never headed the greatest Walton crew since 1924. The Americans won by a length.

In front of the stewards' enclosure Jack Braitch clutched Lily around the waist and began to dance her around, singing Walton's famous Victory song.

FILMORE ABBOT, JR., sat in the lobby of Lily's hotel, waving his hands at Mr. Duff. "You shouldn't have let her out of your sight—for a minute, for a second! You say she went to the British Museum?"

Mr. Duff mopped his brow. Just then he was paged. It was a telephone call. He dashed for the booth.

"We won," said the voice on the phone. "The greatest Walton crew since 1924, by George—Lily?—she's here—sure she will talk to you—"

"I do not know who you are, Mr. Duff," said a hoarse voice then, which he hardly recognized as Lily's. "Oh, I do not care if you are acting for a Mr. Abbot. No; I am not coming back to London for some time. Mr. Braitch and I—" Mr. Duff heard some excited laughing, and then the phone suddenly went dead.

Well, Jack married her. Maybe he only married her because she was so crazy about crews. But if you remember, they did not come back on the same boat with the great Walton crew.

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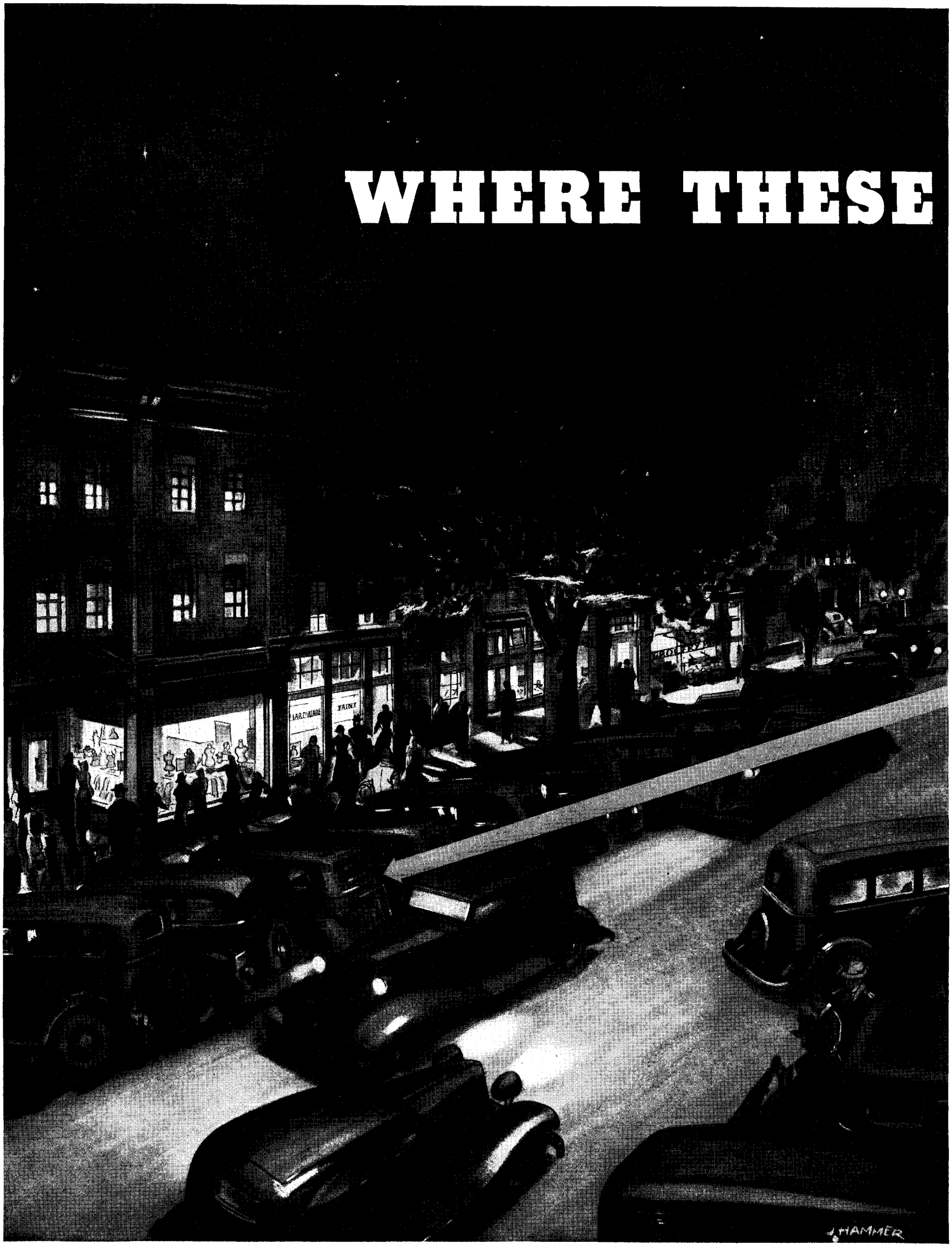

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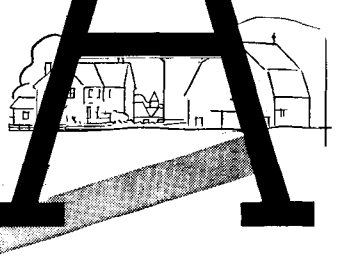
CARS COME FROM A

IS WHERE YOU WANT TO GO FOR SALES

FOR THAT IS FARM MARKET



THOSE cars that line Main Street on Saturdays—where do they come from, and where do they go? Know that and you get the true and up-to-date market-picture of rural America.

For today and every day, forty percent of all retail sales are being made in towns of 10,000 and less. *And over half these sales are made to farmers who drive in from the surrounding countryside in the latest model cars.* While the newspapers and politicians are orating about the plight of the "poor farmers," farmers themselves are enjoying life. They are making money—*and buying things with it.*

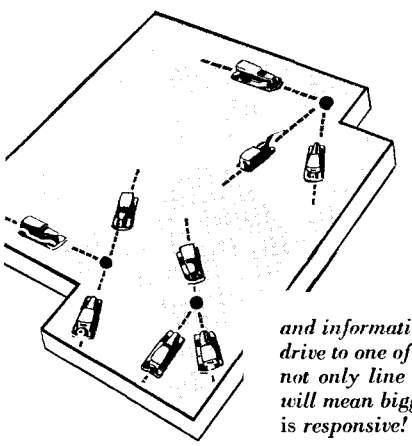
BUT *WHICH* FARMERS ARE MAKING MONEY . . . AND SPENDING IT?

Know that, and you get an altogether new-fashioned idea of the old-fashioned idea of "general farm coverage." One fact gives you the cue: *35% of the country's farms produce 80% of the farm income.* Yes, 80%! But where are these farms? Are they concentrated in any single section or locality? Indeed not. You will find them scattered from coast to coast. They are located in a little more than 25% of the total 3,000 counties in the United States.

In these counties, you will find the greatest number of new automobiles and trucks, tractors and modern farm implements—the largest buyers of branded foods and clothing and other merchandise. In these counties you will find the country's most liquid capitalists—farmers who are leaders in their communities. Men (and their wives) who have a broader vision than those who must pinch-penny a living from less fertile soil. In these counties you will find the nation's rural doers and buyers. They comprise the rich top-soil of buying—they are FARM MARKET A.

The Country Home has carefully hunted out these prosperous farms in Farm Market A. The preponderance of its more than 1,500,000 circulation is distributed among these 35% top-income farmers. The balance is in the towns where these farmers become buyers. Edited with the broad viewpoint of life, rather than the limited viewpoint of making a living, The Country Home's content and format are definitely directed to the upper-class families on the American farm—just as the magazine has been for fifty-seven years. And every advertising dollar invested in its pages will do full duty in Farm Market A—without wasting calls on the B's, C's and D's. Which is something to think about these competitive days!

LET THIS ONE MISSOURI COUNTY *SHOW YOU*



This is a map-view of Macon County, Missouri. It has three trading centers and 3,439 farms. The Country Home's subscription list shows 1,382 readers in this Farm Market A county—1,084 of them R. F. D.

Reach these substantial Country Home readers regularly with your interesting and informative sales messages—and when they drive to one of the trading centers, their cars will not only line Main Street, but their purchases will mean bigger sales for you. Farm Market A is responsive!

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MORE THAN 1,500,000 CIRCULATION

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Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Wild animals are not extinct in the highly urbanized and industrialized northeast section of this country today. During 1934, coyotes killed hundreds of sheep within 30 miles of Pittsburgh, wild timber wolves were seen in the Adirondacks of New York State and many wildcats were killed in New Jersey, virtually in sight of the Empire State Building of New York City.

Despite the fact that astrology has been ridiculed by intelligent people and even banned by law in many countries for 4,800 years, it remains today the most elaborately organized of all superstitions. In the United States, astrologers still are licensed to forecast future events.—*By C. C. Carley, Washington, D. C.*

China now uses a direct and dramatic method of killing the sales of foreign-made products. In several of its larger cities, young men have been organized into "weeping squads," each of which consists of two or three youths who go through the larger stores on certain days, searching for women in the act of buying imported goods. On finding one, they go down on their knees and deplore her shame—with tears in their eyes.—*P. M. Penhallurick, Shanghai, China.*

Among the many strange and unexplainable sounds which emanate from the earth, excluding those made by earthquakes and volcanoes, are the "Barisal guns," mysterious booming sounds, as of distant cannon, which are heard frequently in many parts of the world, especially on or near large bodies of water. In the United States, they are sometimes heard on Seneca Lake, New York.

Not many years ago on the plains of Argentina, the gauchos, or cowboys, used a unique method of conveying their wives to and from town. The lady would sit on a dried horsehide while the gentleman, mounted on his horse, would drag it along the ground by a long rope tied to his saddle. All she had to do was to hang on tightly when going over the bumps and keep from choking on the dust stirred up by the horse.

Few laymen, it seems, can actually identify a criminal or even a corpse. Recently a girl who was found shot to death in Kansas was positively identified as 22 different persons by husbands, relatives and friends through peculiar marks on her body. All "victims," however, were found to be alive. One man, his wife and two daughters swore she was their daughter and sister "Winnie," and were about to get the body when "Winnie" telephoned from a distant city.—*By Adrian Sorrells, Kansas City, Missouri.*

Today magazines, not books, constitute the main bulk of scientific literature. Furthermore a recent analysis of the world's 36,000 scientific periodicals shows that, although only 18 per cent of the earth's population reads and writes English, French and German combined, more than 68 per cent of these magazines are published in these three languages.

One of the grimmest tong wars fought in New York's Chinatown had its climax in the Chinese Theater in Doyers Street in 1909. Things had been quiet for weeks and, as it was a holiday, the audience was in a gay mood. Near the end of the show, someone threw a bunch of loud firecrackers into the aisle. The disturbance was soon quieted and the play resumed. Shortly it was over and everyone arose to leave except five "On Leongs" who, unnoticed during the firecracker explosions, had been shot dead.

Glass, normally considered weak and fragile, is in reality one of the strongest materials known. In the form of extremely fine fibers, it has shown a tensile strength of 492,000 pounds to the square inch, which is nearly double that of the high-strength alloy-steel wire that is used in such heavy construction work as the cables of suspension bridges. —*By R. M. Brick, New Haven, Connecticut.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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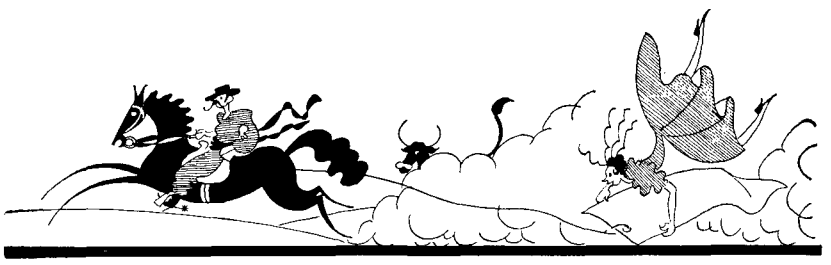

A Regular Guy

Continued from page 19

No. Hughes? No. Higginbotham? No. Silly of me. Only bleeding sailor on the foul craft too. What was that line of Kipling's? "Just a pack of rotten plates puttied up with tar?" What?) Anyway: "If I may make so bold, sir," said the bo'sun, "they are all painted, in a manner of speaking, with the same brush, sir."

"Quite, quite," cried the lieutenant, slapping his forehead, behind which an inspiration had suddenly been born. "Thanks, Bo'sun, awfully. Stand by, will you, like a good fellow? I think I have it. Extraordinary, really."

"Thank you, sir," bellowed Bo'sun Ho—Ho—Hi—oh, what's the bleeding use, God bless him.

And Lieutenant Standing did have it, too. When the bo'sun had said they were all painted with the same brush, he had made a fine round brushing gesture. And that gesture was a bold "U." To be sure, to be sure. The German submarines bore the letter "U" on their funnels.

"Splendid and nothing short of it," cried the new lieutenant. "And no end of thanks to you, too, Bo'sun."

Carry On!

A "U" on the funnel. Tell the bleeders by the "U" on their funnels. Priceless. "The King, Bo'sun, is rightly proud of men like you. Carry on."

That settled, it became more or less necessary for Lieutenant Standing to do something else. Life at sea is like that. One no sooner finishes painting something or taking one's sounding or deciding where one is than there is something else to be done. And so it was with Lieutenant Standing. After some thought he elected to inspect his ship, which had been a nobleman's yacht—a pleasure yacht, you understand. This nobleman—Lord something or other—(See here, my dear fellow, what does one do with a memory like that?)—this nobleman had had so much pleasure on this silly crate that it wallowed like an old charwoman. Leaked like a rumor. What? Groaned like one of your wrestling chaps. Right? Never knew what moment the foolish old sieve might take it into its head to say, "Oh, hell," and simply disintegrate. Carried no lights, of course. Oh, no lights at all. No point in carrying lights and thereby notifying the enemy that there, after all, you were, ready and willing to do them in to a man. Business of a submarine patrol was to pop upon the enemy without warning and teach them a good lesson for King and Country.

So Lieutenant Standing, R. N., decided to inspect his craft—the silly old thing. (See here, my dear fellow, what was that utterly priceless thing of what's-his-name—oh, yes. Edward Lear—you know: "They went to sea in a sieve, they did; In a sieve they went to sea." Right?) Anyway the blithering old pleasure yacht got a thoroughgoing inspection. From bridge to keel she got a businesslike survey, the lieutenant leading the way and old bo'sun—(damn it all) at his elbow tugging at his forelock and bawling "Yessir."

When that was done, the lieutenant called all hands forward, or aft perhaps, and had a word or two with them.

"There is a matter—a small matter perhaps," said he in his best leading-man tone, "that strikes me as a bit—shall we say unusual?"

"Yessir," roared the bo'sun. And as if put there by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, all hands echoed "Yessir."

"In ordinary circumstances," went on Lieutenant Standing, "it would be scarcely worth a second thought."

"Yessir," said the bo'sun so vehemently that it was necessary to suggest to him that a fearful racket like that was likely to carry information as far as any light could.

"Quite," said Lieutenant Standing. "Please don't think I'm peckish or given over to fault-finding."

With difficulty the bo'sun (never mind his name) was restrained from giving three hearty British cheers, and the lieutenant proceeded.

"This," said he as though addressing Mrs. Pat Campbell in a Woman of No Importance—or something, "is a matter, let us say, of ammunition. As I say, it is a matter of ammunition. And I have but one simple question: Where is our ammunition? Or am I becoming offensive?"

There was a rather longish pause, not to say a somewhat embarrassed one. Several members of the crew looked accusingly at each other and the bo'sun had a reverberating coughing fit, in apology for which he yanked his forelock until his cap fell off.

"Quite right, quite right," said Lieutenant Standing mildly. "Any of you Johnnies having our ammunition might be decent enough to say so."

As you may suspect by now, there was no ammunition. In its haste to demolish the German submarines as expeditiously as possible, the admiralty had sent out Lieutenant Guy Standing, R. N., and crew without ammunition, it being hinted later that this omission was at the earnest request of His Majesty's own submarine fleet, which reasoned that being on the alert for enemy craft was about all the admiralty might reasonably expect of it.

A Simple Assignment

Nevertheless, this complete lack of ammunition irked Lieutenant Standing, who with characteristic decision did something about it. There was radio, of course, and a radio operator—an amateur. His name has completely slipped our minds, which is not precisely our fault as he was a diffident chap not given to telling his name to everybody.

At any rate, Lieutenant Standing, R. N., scribbled out a rather tart message and the amateur radio man, after getting a Portuguese cruiser, a French collier, Station X something or other at Daventry and tuning in on an American amateur in Babylon, Long Island, managed to connect with headquarters. In effect the lieutenant's message contained a request for ammunition and so spirited was it that admiralty dropped everything to conjure up a fitting and immediate reply. The reply was brief. It was conclusive. It was unanswerable. It said "Carry on." That's all. And that all the crew too might rejoice, Lieutenant Standing called them all forward again and read the inspiring thing aloud.

"Gentlemen," said he, "this simplifies matters beyond my warmest expectations. Such compliments are seldom paid to civilian warriors such as we undoubtedly are. Without ammunition, on a more than slightly deranged ship, we are bidden to carry on. Bless my soul. To my less than massive intellect this leaves us but two or three alternatives. First, we might rush violently upon the enemy and ram the blighter. This of course would be the last of us. We should disintegrate at once, sinking

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without delay and drowning splendidly for King and Country. If time is limited—a not remote contingency—we might sink for King alone, as there are those amongst us who doubtless would deplore the necessity of dying for certain of the provinces which I, personally, as an actor, know to be a bit short of inspiring.

"Or we might leap upon our guileless victim with our sticks, clubbing him, so to speak, into submission. At least such a course might readily teach him better manners. There are other measures we might take but I shall say no more for the present except, perhaps, to give you The King, gentlemen—The King!"

"The King," thundered the crew, led of course by the bo'sun, who later was heard to remark that there was nothing he enjoyed so much in war and peace as plenty of noise.

For weeks and months thereafter, Lieutenant Standing sailed the ocean blue, peering behind every wave and into all the nooks and crannies of the coast for German submarines.

Goodby to the Navy

But, no. Ammunition arrived after a while but nothing came of it. Not an enemy U-boat nor rowboat did they see. And this sort of thing obtained for a year and a day, until admiralty decided that Lieutenant Standing, R. N. (Royal Navy, not Registered Nurse), be called back to London and assigned to admiralty's own Intelligence Corps. So taking his leave of the bellowing bo'sun and crew, he went hither and thither with ears alert seeking spies and similar nuisances, catching none red-handed, so to speak, but keeping King and Country well informed of what the rabbits were talking about in allegedly friendly countries. And in so doing he made valuable friends, one being that colossal journalist, Northcliffe, who had a secret service of his own.

So the next we see of Lieutenant Standing, R. N., is as he descends the steps of Buckingham Palace on a peculiarly nasty day early in 1919.

No longer was he Lieutenant Standing. By no means, my dear fellow. As we behold him he is leaving the King's own presence—a Knight, no less, of the British Empire. Extraordinary, what?

At any rate there he was Sir Guy Standing, C. B., K. B. E., and heaven knows what—not, mind you, for his work in the theater but, dash it all, for his contribution to Victory, which England was at that moment still celebrating. As he descended those steps, properly elated, you understand, by these honors, a few doubts, apprehensions, misgivings and confusions assailed him. He was possessed of a lovely medal, a diploma attesting to his knighthood, a swell idea and exactly forty dollars. And not the least of his worries concerned how to put these all together so they spelled food and shelter. As a financial venture the war was not one of the man's most profitable enterprises.

To be sure, he might have borrowed passage money and returned to America where (who knows?) Messrs. Zukor, Lasky, Kauffman, ad lib., might still be waiting with the script of The Silver King in their hands. But this perfectly swell idea that lurked in the mind of Sir Guy Standing, C. B., K. B. E., was tolerating no competition. Therefore, seating himself firmly on a Hyde Park bench and counting his forty dollars over and over until there was no further doubt that forty dollars was all he could make of the silly thing, he arrived at the conclusion that any chap who could ply the English coast without lights and no ammunition might be excused for having a go at anything. After all, the blighter he wanted to see could no more than say "No." And the crumpet probably couldn't shout half so loud as Bo'sun—Bo'sun—ah— (I say, old fellow, do you mind if we say no more about that bleeding bo'sun? Thanks awfully.)

Whereupon, forty dollars in pocket, Sir Guy Standing strode to the office of the American Military in London and asked them just how much in dollars and cents, mind you, they wanted for the vast number of unused motor cars and trucks they had in Europe. Most of the dashed things had not even been uncrated. Over in Coblenz, at the junction of the Moselle and Rhine rivers, there was a damned mountain of them.

The American military knew he was Sir Guy Standing—Sir Guy, no less. That helped. They knew he was a friend of Northcliffe and that helped too, although several of the younger and brasher officers were not above allowing that Alfred Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe, was, as they say in the lower elements of American society, a dashed nuisance. But never mind. They thought it better to be nice to a friend of Lord Northcliffe—particularly while they were in England with thousands of motor trucks to worry about. But what they didn't know, my dear fellow—oh, positively did not so much as suspect, by Jove—was that this blighter Standing had but forty dollars to his blessed name. Rather hilarious, eh? Oh, no end of a wheeze. What?

At any rate, dash it, the American general said: "Thirty-seven million dollars," and returned to his thinking, convinced of course that this was the end of the interview.

"And fair enough, if you ask me," said Sir Guy Standing. "Splendid, really. I say—might I have a few hours' option? Let's say a day or so?"

"Why not?" said the American general.

And bless my soul, the next we see of Sir Guy Standing he is lunching with the rich Sir Percival Perry. (By Jove, think of that, old chap—Sir Percival Perry.) The dashed old memory is returning. Does one good to find one's memory roosting on its proper perch again.

Let's All Cheer

Scotch and soda water, and several rousing cheers or something of the sort. Dashed memory quite all right once more. Waiter, please ask all and sundry to be so kind as to participate in the festivities. Silly old memory, right as rain. Cheerio, my lad, and may your slippers be golden ones. Just a minute while the memory's working—that bo'sun's name—the damned old demon—Higgins? No. Hogan? No. Hobbs? No. Head? Oh, damn it. Gone again. Do you mind really? Thanks so much. Suppose we carry on. Fancy.

So the next we see of Sir Guy Standing he is lunching with that great motorcar agent, Sir Percival Perry, at the club. And in a wink another frightfully rich chap is at the table. And, God save us all, in half a mo' we've popped two million dollars into the hand of the American military and have signed no end of papers promising to give the American military $35,000,000 more as we dispose of the trucks. Fancy. I ask you.

And now, if you please, observe Sir Guy Standing, member of the board of Motor Organizations Ltd., to say nothing of director of any number of subsidiary companies. And, by heaven, getting three thousand pounds sterling a year for just sitting there listening to no end of business talk—debentures, stocks, shares, proxies, consolidations—oh, no end, my dear fellow, no end.

Also Sir Guy Standing, K. B. E., with ten thousand pounds in his pocket, paid to him by Motor Organizations Ltd., for that option he wangled out of the American Military—with only eight pounds in his silly wallet at the moment. You know, old chap, it's life—that's what it is—life and nothing short of it. Fancy.

Sold all the cars and lorries? Pay the Americans their full thirty-seven million? Like a shot, my dear fellow. Like a shot. Curious thing really about business—awfully. You do or you don't and that's all there is to it.

It was in 1928 that Sir Guy Standing thought it would be a jolly idea to return to America and see what his friends Messrs. Zukor, Lasky, Kauffman ad infinitum were doing and how they liked it. The Silver King had been produced long since—some blighter named—named—(fancy that, old memory off again)—anyway no Silver King any more. But if it isn't one thing it's another. What? And Sir Guy Standing has been in America ever since. Hollywood no less.

You probably saw and heard the old dog in The Witching Hour. Or in Death Takes a Holiday. Or Hell and High Water. Or Now and Forever. Or recently in Lives of a Bengal Lancer. Splendid. Fancy. Bless my soul—dashed odd all this life business. Working for Messrs. Zukor and Kauffman—Mr. Lasky having gone to another company—after all these years.

Who Needs a Sextant?

But in his heart still a sailor, mind you. Oh, see here—before we forget it—admiralty back in 1914 didn't give him command of that patrol boat simply because he was a good actor. By no means. He was a sailor too. As a mere boy and to the great disgust of his father, Herbert Standing, a celebrated actor, he shipped aboard a collier and learned the sea and all that sort of thing from Captain—Captain—oh, damn it—hold on, hold on—on the tip of the old tongue—I have it—Captain Brewster. (Waiter! I say, waiter! Fancy that. Filthy old memory popping in and out like a silly cuckoo. Waiter!) Now there was a man for you—Captain Brewster. No nonsense about him. Wore a plug hat and a positively frightful array of whiskers. Didn't believe in anything he didn't do himself.

Had a sextant. Wouldn't use it. Oh, absolutely not. Had an astrolabe and no end of charts. Paid no attention to them. Not a scrap, really. Wanted to know where he was, simply heaved the lead and—now mind you I am telling the gospel—simply heaved the lead, which was hollow at the bottom, and when it came up gave the contents of the hollow end a good look. Then just to make sure, he'd taste it. 'Pon my word. And never made a mistake. 'Pon my word. Should have been knighted but wasn't. Guy Standing was knighted for running a patrol boat with what he had learned from old Captain Brewster. Fancy.

Damned odd—life. There you are—you and Sir Guy Standing—sitting in the glory of a Pacific sunset gazing at a sea so blue that, really, old chap, one scarcely believes it. Take a good look at the old dog. Sixty-three or -four years old. Chest like Jim Londos. Straight as a spar. One hundred and ninety pounds and can still box ten three-minute rounds without doing himself in. Knighted for war services, by Jove. By rights it should have been Bo-sun—Bo'sun—Hobbs? No. Higgins? No. Higginbotham? No. Hughes? Oh, damn it all—bleeding memory takes a holiday. What can we do with a blasted memory like that? Headly? No. Hogan? No. Bless my soul—bless my soul. Waiter! I say—waiter!

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Shadow of Doubt

Continued from page 18

"Reed Ryan?" Wilcox shook his head. "You're way off, Mr. Sturdevant."

"Am I?" Sturdevant smiled grimly. "Listen to the rest of it. Arnheim here sold Miss Plaice's revolver on September twelfth. Ryan was in Los Angeles on September twelfth. Arnheim got a price for the gun because he said it belonged to Miss Plaice. The purchaser liked things that had belonged to stars. Ryan's room is filled with photographs of actresses."

"I've got a few myself in my apartment," said Wilcox. "That doesn't mean that I like articles that actresses have owned."

"If you'd bought Miss Plaice's revolver, the presence of those pictures might mean something," said Sturdevant. "But that isn't all. Ryan was the only person in the world who knew that Miss Plaice had an engagement with Murdoch. Now, he's one of the best reporters in New York. He knew that Murdoch had something of terrific importance to tell Miss Plaice. You know perfectly well that a reporter like Ryan would have followed Miss Plaice or Murdoch to that restaurant. Why did a great reporter like Ryan profess to be satisfied with Miss Plaice's promise that she'd give him a break on the news angle? Because he wanted her —and everyone else—to think that he didn't go near the restaurant where she was to meet Murdoch. Remember that no one else knew that Murdoch and Miss Plaice had an engagement."

"What else you got?" asked Wilcox.

"Ryan is about my size, wears a dark overcoat and turns down his hat brim."

"There are thousands of men in New York who dress like that and who are about your size," said Wilcox. "Just because a man is jealous of a girl doesn't mean that he'd do a killing."

"So I suppose you don't want Arnheim even to look at Ryan, eh?"

"I didn't say anything like that," said Wilcox slowly. "I'll take Arnheim around to see Ryan."

The maid admitted Inez to the apartment.

"What's all the excitement, Mr. Sturdevant?" She looked in surprise at Wilcox. "Are you going to arrest me?"

"Mr. Sturdevant thinks your boy friend killed Haworth and Murdoch," said Wilcox brutally. It was the calculated brutality of the police officer trying to surprise a witness into an admission.

THE pert face of the little blues singer grew white beneath her make-up.

"Not Reed," she whispered. The color of anger flooded her cheeks suddenly. She glared at Sturdevant. "Did you bring me over here to tell me this? Why? Do you think I know anything about it? Do you think I had any part—" Her voice broke.

"I want you where Wilcox can look after you," said Sturdevant quietly. "Inez, Reed is mad. At least, if he's guilty, as I think he is, he's insane. He's jealous of you. If he finds he's at the end—God knows what he'll do."

"But he's not a murderer," cried Inez.

The doorbell rang and the maid ushered in Hendricks. He had a bundle, newspaper-wrapped, in his arms. Sturdevant took it from him. Without bothering to introduce the restaurant owner, he placed the bundle on the table and opened it. He spread a score of photographs on the table.

"Some of these, most of them, are inscribed. I'll show you one picture at a time, Arnheim. I'll put my hand over the names that are written on the pictures. I want you to tell me if you recognize any man in this group of photographs."

Carefully he shielded the signatures on the pictures. And at the fifth photograph Arnheim uttered an exclamation.

"That's the man," he cried.

Sturdevant handed the photograph to Wilcox.

"Is that the answer?" he asked.

The little sergeant stared at the photograph of Reed Ryan. Trenna put her arms around Inez.

"Don't you cry," she said softly.

"Cry? I won't break down," said the little blues singer. And instantly she burst into tears. Trenna led her from the room.

"Reed Ryan," said Wilcox softly. He stared at Sturdevant. "We still got a lot to prove," he said slowly. "Motive—we got that. Jealousy. But opportunity? That's something else."

"Ryan knew that Peters was Inez's favorite taxi man. Let's assume, for a minute, that it was Ryan who asked the starter where Peters was. Why would he ask? Because he would think that Peters had driven Inez away. The chances are that he had phoned her apartment and, having received no answer, decided that she'd gone out with some man."

"And finding out that she was outside Haworth's apartment—or that Peters' taxi was—he went nuts. That it?"

"WHAT else?" asked Sturdevant.

Wilcox shrugged.

"If this starter recognizes Ryan's photograph—well, maybe the case is solved."

"It'll take us ten minutes to ride over and show these pictures to Mackey," said Sturdevant.

"Well, what are we waiting for?" cried Wilcox. "Let's get going."

"Not until you have a couple of men up here to look out for Inez and Miss Plaice," said Sturdevant.

"You mean that he might somehow get on, and might run amuck?"

"Only this afternoon he quarreled with Inez. He was jealous of old man Saunders, the soap man, who was a drummer boy in the Civil War, I think. Inez came to see me about it. He was even jealous of me. I think he's been breaking under the strain."

Wilcox called the nearest police station. He gave orders and then hung up. As he did so the telephone rang. Sturdevant answered it. Ryan spoke to him.

"Just dropped in at the office and found you left word for me to call you up. Your man told me you were dining with Miss Plaice. What can I do for you, my jolly suspect?"

Sturdevant whitened. That Ryan should dare to jest argued an incredible callousness plus an unbelievable cunning, or sheer insanity.

"Wanted to talk to you about a proposition. When can I see you?"

"You couldn't drop down to the office, could you? That is, if it's important."

"I can come down," said Sturdevant.

"Okay. I'm doing a feature for the Sunday edition, and it has to be finished by ten. If you could make it right after that—"

"I'll be there," said Sturdevant.

He hung up and looked at Wilcox.

"He'll be at the Crier office until ten. It's only nine now. Let's go and get Mackey."

Trenna entered the room as Sturdevant was putting on his coat. Her lovely black eyes were sad.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To arrest Ryan, I think," said Sturdevant.

"But you don't have to go, do you?" she protested.

Sturdevant looked at Wilcox.

"I'd rather not," he said.

"Listen," said Wilcox. "I don't like this. I've known Ryan a long time. We're pretty good friends. Arnheim's picking out his photograph seems like a clincher, but I don't feel sure yet. And Ryan is a newspaper-man. What a bird he can give me if this thing slips up somewhere. I want someone else to share that bird. You come along with me, Mr. Sturdevant."

Sturdevant looked kindly at the little sergeant. He had never been deceived about Wilcox. He knew that the sergeant could be hard as nails. But he knew that Wilcox preferred not to be hard as nails. He knew that in the little man's mind and heart was a feeling of self-hatred that he should have to arrest a friend, in the discharge of his duty, for the gravest crime in the Decalogue.

Wilcox wanted with him someone to bolster him up spiritually. As one hates to break sad news alone, so Wilcox hated to do his duty, on this occasion, by himself.

"I'll go with you," said Sturdevant.

The maid admitted two plain-clothes men, who looked inquiringly at Wilcox.

"You two men stay right here," ordered Wilcox. "You're to let no one in here until I give you the word. Miss Plaice's lawyer, or someone that she vouches for—that'll be all right. But no one else. Have you got that?"

The two men nodded. Wilcox and Arnheim started for the door. Sturdevant held out his hand to Trenna.

"I want to cry," she whispered. "I lunched with him only yesterday. And poor little Inez!"

"Don't fret about her," said Sturdevant. "She'll be all right. It's tough, but it's one of those things."

"You really think Reed did it, don't you?" she said.

"I'm no detective, but if he didn't I'll be terribly surprised," said Sturdevant. "It dovetails so perfectly. But, my God, it's the most terrible thing I ever went through. I feel like a Judas. He's waiting for me at his office. He thinks I'm coming down on some business proposition, and what I'm going to do is show him the electric chair."

A POLICE car was waiting on Park Avenue and as the three men climbed into it Sturdevant gave the driver Mackey's address on West Sixtieth Street. Wilcox settled himself between Sturdevant and Arnheim. He sighed loudly.

"Sometimes this racket of mine is pretty trying," he said. "Most of the time I can fill myself full of hop, the hop of public service and duty and stuff like that. I can look around at the men I work with and feel that they're as honest and conscientious a bunch as anyone ever looked at. People read about an occasional copper that goes wrong and they think we're all tarred with the same brush. They forget the cop on the beat that risks his life many times a year protecting people from thugs, pulling people out of burning houses before the firemen come, jumping into the East River to save people from drowning. Because a traffic officer, whose dogs are barking from having stood on them for eight straight hours, is a little grumpy, people knock the force. And it isn't right. They're swell men."

He puffed at his cigarette before he went on.

"It's an honest-to-God patriotic service as an army defending the country. But once in a while a time comes along when I wish I'd begun as an office boy in some business. Tonight is one of them. . . ."

Sturdevant led the way up the stairs to the Mackey home. Mrs. Mackey opened the door for them. Her husband came from the little kitchen.

"Hello, Mr. Sturdevant," he said. He looked inquiringly at Wilcox.

Sturdevant opened his bundle of photographs.

"Know any of these men? Ever see any of them before?" He spread the pictures on a plain deal table.

"Well, I've seen a couple of these people in the movies," said Mackey.

"Recognize anyone else?"

Mackey's forefinger hovered above the photograph of Reed Ryan.

"Why, that's the young fellow that asked me about Peters on Monday night," he said.

"You're perfectly certain?" asked Wilcox.

"Absolutely," said Mackey.

Wilcox shrugged.

"I guess that settles it, Mr. Sturdevant," he sighed. He turned to Mackey. "You stick around until you hear from me," he ordered.

"THIS is Sergeant Wilcox, in charge of the investigation of the Haworth murder, Mackey," said Sturdevant.

"Is that the guy—the one whose picture I recognized—did he do the killing?"

"Don't ask questions," said Wilcox. "And don't do any talking to anyone. Hear me?"

"Yes, sir," said Mackey. He looked at Sturdevant. "Looks like I don't get to that farm for a while," he said.

"If you don't, I'll get something else for you in the meantime," promised Sturdevant.

In the police car, as it sped downtown toward the Crier office, Wilcox showed none of that gayety to which Sturdevant had become accustomed. To any attempts to start conversation he returned monosyllables. But as they alighted in front of the Crier Building, Sturdevant asked a question that drew an answer from the sergeant.

"Aren't you going to get any help?"

"Why?" retorted Wilcox. "Just because I wasn't smart enough to find him out, don't you think I'm able to take him?"

Sturdevant felt bitterness in Wilcox's speech.

"You'd have got to the bottom of it," he said.

"Well, I didn't," said the sergeant. "Here's a case that would have made me a lieutenant if I handled it right, and an amateur puts his finger on the guy I want."

"Don't be ridiculous, Wilcox," said Sturdevant. "I didn't have a thing to do with it. You figured every bit of it yourself."

Wilcox looked at him.

"Did I?"

"You did," said Sturdevant.

"Much obliged," said the sergeant. He walked toward the revolving door that opened into the Crier Building. "At that, I hate to step up a grade over Reed Ryan. But what the hell! That's life, if you happen to be a cop." He looked at Sturdevant closely. "I'm bringing this lad in by myself. I brought you down here because I sort of hated to give Ryan the works. I wanted you along to sort of—oh, hell, you know what I mean. But he may have another gun. If you'd like to stay down here?"

"I'll go with you," said Sturdevant.

"Maybe," said Arnheim, "it would be better if I saw him at the police station?"

"If there's any trouble, Arnheim, you fall flat on your face. But do you think I'm going to pinch a friend of mine un-

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less I *know?* Do you think I'd bring another detective along when I don't *know* yet? I'm not going to get the laugh. You recognized his photograph, Arnheim. So did Mackey. But until you recognize the man himself—well, I won't *know* until then. Sometimes people identify photographs but slip up when they see the person in the flesh. Hell's bells, what are we chewing the rag for? Let's go upstairs and get it over."

THEY alighted from the elevator at the twelfth floor and an office boy directed them to the Sunday room of the Crier. There, another office boy told them that Ryan was in the Sunday editor's office. Together the three men walked to the indicated door and Wilcox threw it open.

Ryan was sitting at a typewriter, his back to a window. He looked up in anger at the interruption; then dismay crept into his expression.

"Hello, Sturdevant," he said. His effort at lightness was not convincing. "Evening, Sergeant."

Wilcox stepped aside, revealing fully the pawnbroker.

"That the man, Arnheim?"

"That's the man," said Arnheim.

Wilcox swept him through the door with a movement of his left arm. Arnheim was out of danger, if danger there was.

"Well, it's all over, Reed," said the little sergeant.

Ryan tilted back in his chair. One hand, his right, had dropped below the level of his desk and was completely hidden.

"What's all over, Sergeant?" he asked. All signs of perturbation had left his face. Only his sunken eyes showed strain; they gleamed strangely.

"The little man I just pushed out of here identified you as the man to whom he sold Miss Plaice's revolver on September twelfth."

"Well, what about it?" asked Ryan.

"Another man has identified your photograph as that of the man who, at twelve o'clock on Monday night, asked him where Miss Johnson's taxi man was. A witness testifies that a man answering your description was outside Haworth's apartment later that night. Bring that right hand up where I can see it, Ryan."

"Aren't you jumping at conclusions? Why should I kill Haworth?"

"Why did you tell me you went to the Merrygoround at one-thirty and not mention that you were there at twelve?" asked Sturdevant.

Ryan shifted his glance from Wilcox to Sturdevant.

"So it was you, eh, Sturdevant? I didn't figure Wilcox smart enough to do it. I wish I'd thought about you, Sturdevant. If I had— What do you think you can prove, Wilcox?"

"Motive, for one thing. Possession of the weapon, for another thing. A great interest in the movements of Peters. That interest was prompted by your interest in Miss Johnson. You were jealous of Haworth. Ryan, opportunity is the only thing left. Where were you between the hours of midnight and two last Tuesday morning?"

"I can prove I was in the Merrygoround at about one-thirty," said Ryan.

"Having found out, or having thought you found out, where Miss Johnson was, you went into the Merrygoround, talked to some people to establish the hour, and then dashed over to Haworth's apartment and killed him."

"Says you. But will a jury believe it?"

Wilcox shook his head from side to side, very slowly.

"On my word, Ryan, I wish I could tell you that they wouldn't. It's circumstantial evidence, but one of the strongest cases I ever heard of. I'm sorry, Reed, but I think any jury in the world will bring in a verdict."

"You wouldn't kid me, would you, Sergeant?" Ryan's words were light but his voice was deadly serious.

"I wouldn't kid you, Reed. Bring that right hand up where I can see it."

"What's the hurry?" asked Ryan. "You think you have the goods on me. Well, Sergeant, I think so too. I could put up quite a battle, but I don't think I could win out. I've thought about this, wondered what I'd do if somebody pinned the goods on me. I've wondered what it would be like to write a daily account of my own trial. It would be a novelty. The best reporter in New York, on trial for his life, writing an account of the trial for his paper. I'll bet the Crier would go for that. But I'd be confined in jail all the time. Some damn' alienist would prove I wasn't sane and get me off. I'd hate that."

His right hand appeared suddenly above the desk. A revolver was clenched in it.

"You're a nice little copper, Wilcox," he said. "But don't make a move. I'm pretty good with a gun. If Haworth were alive he'd tell you so. I was a fool. Murdoch came in while I was still in Haworth's apartment. I'd walked up the stairs and no one had seen me. I should have killed Murdoch then and there. But I had nothing against him. Haworth was a rat. He tried to get Inez and I believed, until yesterday, when Inez confessed to me why she'd been watching Haworth, that he had got her. I believed she'd been in his apartment Monday night. So I killed him. But Murdoch begged for his life and I had nothing against him. He swore he'd never tell. And I let him live. I told him to say what he did say, that he came in and found the apartment empty except for Haworth's body. Then he lost his nerve and phoned you, Sturdevant.

"You were sick and he talked to Miss Plaice. I knew what he wanted. He wanted Miss Plaice to get him a lawyer who would protect him and then he was going to squeal on me. The ignorant fool. All he had to do was go to the police, but he thought because he'd lied in the beginning he might get in trouble. So he wanted a lawyer. At least, I guess that's what he wanted. Maybe I was wrong, but what difference does it make? If he wanted to talk to anyone, it was up to me to see that he never opened his mouth. So I went to Dooman's restaurant before nine, walked a few blocks north, then walked a few blocks south. I saw him and let him have it."

"WHY did you throw away the gun?" asked Wilcox.

"I didn't know but that someone might have seen me shoot Murdoch, might be trailing me. I wanted to get rid of it. I didn't know you'd be smart enough to bring on the man that sold it to me. And if I had guessed you'd do that, I'd have taken a vacation while he was here. How could I know that you'd ever think of checking up on me? That's the trouble with crime. I rather wish I hadn't gone in for it. And now, if you two gentlemen will kindly stand with your faces against the wall, and not move, you won't get what Haworth and Murdoch got."

"You haven't a chance, Ryan," said Wilcox. "Suppose you get out of here. Where are you going?"

"I should tell you that," jeered Ryan. "Wilcox, I'm a very strange man. All my life I've been jealous. It's made me abnormal. I'm not right mentally. I know that. I'd just as soon kill you and Sturdevant as not. If you don't believe me, make a move. I'm not going to the chair. I wasn't smart enough to anticipate being accused of these killings, but I am smart enough, with two minutes head start, to keep away from the police for the rest of my life. You're going to give me that start—or else. I'm going to leave this office, lock you two inside, and then—catch me if you can."

He rose suddenly and took one step around the desk. Then, before Sturdevant realized what was happening, he heard a report beside him. Ryan pitched forward on his face.

"God, I hated to do it," said Wilcox. "But I'd rather give it to him this way than send him to the chair."

Deliberately he replaced, in the pocket from which he had drawn it with unbelievable celerity, the police revolver with which he had killed Ryan.

"Sometimes this is a hard racket," said the sergeant.

TRENNA opened the registered special delivery letter. She drew out a sheet of paper and read it.

"Allied wants me for three more pictures," she said.

"How interesting," said Sturdevant.

"They have an option on my services," said Trenna.

"So have I," said Sturdevant.

"They'll sue me if I refuse to work for them," she told him.

He shook his head.

"No, they won't. They can only sue if you work for another company. If you just quit the screen they can do nothing about it."

"Do you think it's honorable to break a contract?" she asked.

"It's thoroughly dishonorable," he grinned.

"You wouldn't want me to do anything dishonorable, would you?"

"Certainly not," he replied.

"Then you want me to make pictures?"

"Certainly not," he said again.

"You don't make sense," she pouted.

Across the breakfast table he smiled at her. She wore the most entrancing negligee he had ever seen.

"How can I make sense now?" he demanded. "I'm on my honeymoon. And you expect me to be sensible."

"You can at least answer a question sanely," she told him.

"What's the question?" he asked.

"What do I tell Allied?"

"Do you want to make more pictures, Trenna?" he asked.

"I don't know," she replied. "I don't think so. But suppose you get tired of me? I'd want something to do in that case."

Over his coffee he nodded judiciously.

"That's so. But you'll be pretty old, then."

She leaned across the table.

"Are you honestly going to love me that long, Sim?"

"Oh, much longer," he laughed. "How about you?"

"For ever and ever," she answered.

"And Allied wants to interfere with a perfect marriage. It wants to put you to work. I'll tell you what to do. Let's write them a letter and ask them to release you from your contract for as long as we love each other."

"That's the silliest thing I ever heard of," she cried.

"But I feel silly," he grinned. Then he sobered. "Darling, I'll call up Allied. I'll tell them we got married last night and ask them to release you."

"Will they do it?" she said.

"They'd be glad to if you'd broken a leg or lost your looks or suffered some disability like that. Perhaps they'll consider marriage a disability."

"I hope they do," said Trenna. "But it isn't," she added quickly.

"You couldn't be righter, Mrs. Sturdevant," said her husband.

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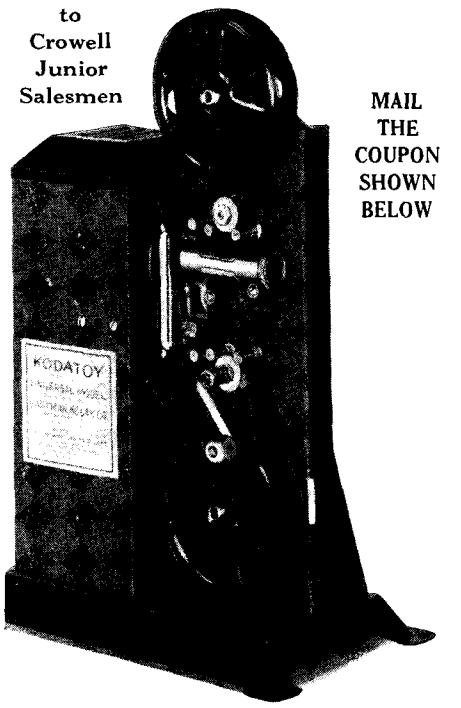

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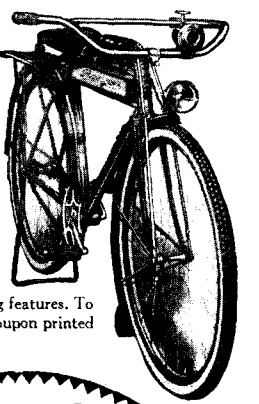

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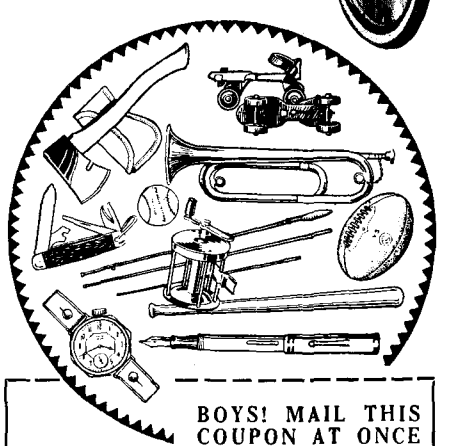

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Woman of the Family

Continued from page 28

"I'll go with you, Eve. What are you going to buy?"

"Mind your own business."

"I'm coming with you, Eve. You can't shake me off. You may as well tell me. What are you going to buy?"

"Clothes."

"Clothes, darling? With what?"

"Money."

"Whose money?"

"Mind your own business," Eve repeated.

She knew why Sophia had come. Last night the soft blond thing, with her innocent air, had suspected what her far more inquisitive-seeming parents had never sensed. She had guessed that her sister was making a secret and exciting change in her life, and she wanted, if not to share, at least to know all about it.

"Look here, Sophia," Eve said, "my evening work—"

"Isn't quite what Mummy thinks," Sophia finished.

"My evening work requires two evening dresses. I'm going to get them."

"Well, don't tell me what you don't want to," said Sophia very sweetly. "But I will come and help you with the frocks, and I won't tell anyone anything."

"What is there to tell?"

Sophia said: "I don't know, and I shan't ask, but I think you ought to tell me if it's nice. I'll keep it an *absolute* secret."

"It will pay you to keep it a secret, Sophia."

"Oh, will it, darling?"

"Yes," Eve promised.

For the moment satisfied, the younger girl asked no more.

They left their omnibus and hurried along to the little dress shops.

"You're going in here? But this is the most expensive of them all!"

"I've been told where I am to go," said Eve shortly.

"Oh, darling, I should wangle it somehow. I should pretend I'd gone here, and then I should go somewhere cheaper, and then I should keep the change—"

"What you would do has nothing to do with me."

"You're the nicest sister!" said Sophia, with another little good-humored giggle, and pressed after Eve into the shop. . . .

EVE went into the Club that evening as if she belonged to it.

Indeed, someone must have been at work instructing the staff, for she was greeted everywhere with affable deference, and called "Miss Langham" without query as to her identity.

It was Tonetti who had prepared the way for her, but she did not know that.

Just for a moment, as at 7:30 she stood on the edge of the dance floor in the white gown, which was the most daring, most subtle and most ravishing thing that she had ever dreamed of, she was afraid. But the white gown gave her courage, or perhaps it was the easy good manners of Captain Hopton as he received her, or perhaps it was Tonetti's flashing smile from his dais.

Lennie had not yet arrived to give her confidence, if indeed that were to be his mission here as far as she was concerned, but suddenly she felt confidence. She found herself beginning the strange, exacting, delicate—yet unfastidious—duties of a dance-club hostess, as if she came naturally to it.

Seated alone at the little table allotted to her, she began her dinner—and again hoped that no one knew how hungrily.

But the two managers were soon introducing such male clients as came in alone, or were waiting for parties, and she was caught up easily into the flow of the dance-club life.

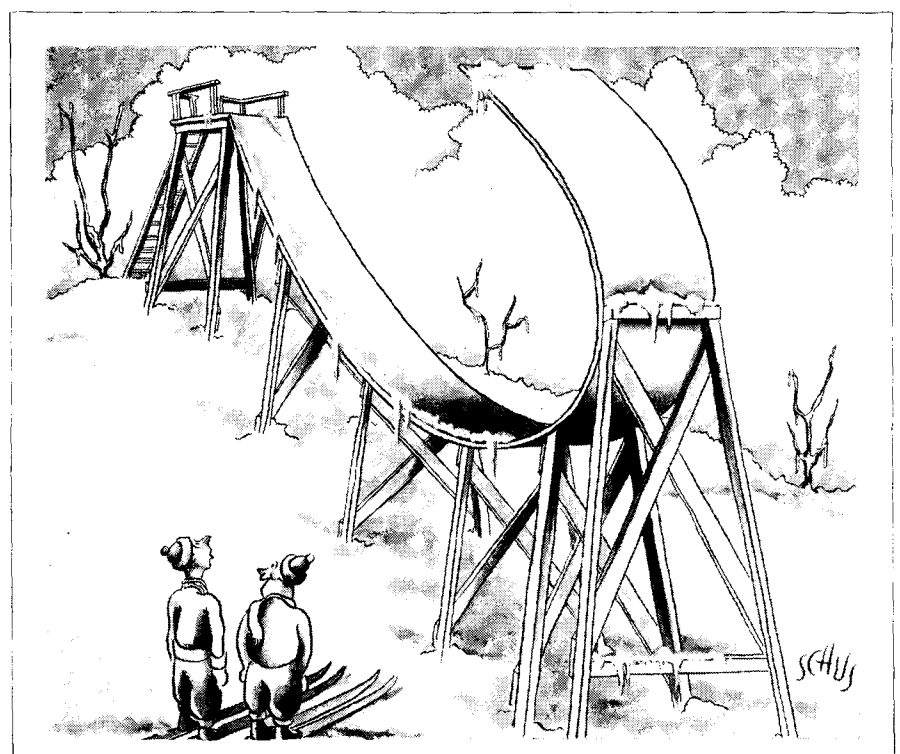
Between courses she danced once or twice as she had danced last night, but these partners were vastly different from Lennie! Older, stiffer . . . richer. They had to be richer in the Regalia Club.

She caught sight of the prices on the menu and had to caution herself not to be startled.

Soon she was meeting and being faintly snubbed or patronized by women who were with the easy-mannered men; and soon the manager, Fero, that dark Mediterranean, to whom little Captain Hopton was now merely assistant, had insinuated her close to the table where Louise Poinsetter sat with a friend, eating a hurried theater dinner before rushing out, and he had asked, bowing:

"Mrs. Poinsetter, may I introduce Miss Eve Langham, who will be here every night ready to be of service to us?"

They greeted each other but faintly: "How do you do?" before she was moved on by Fero, and in a moment was dancing with a lonely man just home from the East, cynical, yellow and disappointed, like all returned exiles, with the welcome of his native land.



"It's a little idea of mine—you don't have to walk back!" ADOLPH SCHUSS

But while she danced with him she felt that Mrs. Poinsetter's eyes followed her. They were very dark, secret eyes; eyes of hard experience, yet strangely kind.

And indeed Louise Poinsetter was saying intently to herself: "She oughtn't to be here—that girl. It's wrong . . . wrong. Though she'll do for us quite well if Fero is careful," and adding casually aloud to the fresh-faced guardsman who escorted her: "What a nice little hostess if she doesn't make herself obtrusive."

HER eyes, which had traveled often to the high arched doorway, rested on Horne.

He was entering with that slightly limping gait which, queerly enough, did not detract from the virility of his bearing, and on the threshold he paused for a moment and surveyed the room.

"What's he here for?" Fero muttered to Tonetti, and Tonetti muttered back: "Let her find out."

"You've been lovely to me," said the man from the East to Eve.

And he stared too at the tall, limping man.

"Why," he said, with respect, "that must be Jonathan Horne! I saw him in Rangoon. . . . He's a man who's always cropping up on some special service. A very fine fellow indeed."

SHE heard herself contradicting almost willfully: "He looks a bit of a brute."

"There are brutes and brutes, you know."

Her companion spoke again: "I remember Horne as one of those fellows who likes to be left alone. Not his beat—this, I'd imagine, and I wonder why he's here."

When he escorted her back to her own table, and with a little bow left her there, she began to comport herself as a solitary woman does in such a place, being busy with this or that little preoccupation, patting her hair, looking in her mirror, speaking to a waiter, sending a smile to the orchestra—all this came naturally; and all the time she thought of Jonathan Horne; and then Fero stood beside her.

She expected the close and acute scrutiny of employer for new employee, but there was something in the special closeness and caution of his Mediterranean gaze which left an impression like an indelible mark upon her mind.

He purred softly: "Quite happy, Miss Langham? Things going well, eh? Your friend Mr. Ward has just arrived, I believe, and is in the bar, and there is a client who is alone tonight, and who particularly wishes to meet you. He told us so last night. Captain Horne."

"Yes?" she smiled.

"The gentleman," said Fero rapidly, "is going to be a very good client, we think. He has been here nearly every night since the Club opened after the redecoration. He is quite a well-known gentleman, I believe, though a little mysterious. Yes. A little mysterious. Captain Hopton and I have made a little sporting bet that you will never be able to find out anything about him, however clever you are, and you are clever. Oh, I know that!"

He laughed a little thick, pleasant laugh, and rubbed his hands.

Little Captain Hopton, walking by, paused at her table too.

"I hear you've made a bet," she said to him.

"Bet?"

"With Mr. Fero."

"Bet?" said Hopton.

Fero's little thick laugh did not change, nor his voice, nor his eyes, and yet inscrutably he changed, and she felt it. It was as if his mind and nerves tensed to meet a sudden contingency which, though small, might be vital.

"A little joke, Captain," he said affably. "A little joke. You have spoiled it. I told Miss Langham that you and I have made a bet that she will never be able to open that very close oyster, Captain Horne."

"Well, why should she?" said Captain Hopton gruffly.

"Exactly," Fero smiled. "Exactly. Just a little joke. It fails. You spoil it, Captain." He looked playful. "To prolong a little joke makes heaviness. We do not want to be heavy in a place like this. Captain Horne asks if he may join you, Miss Langham, and of course I say that I must ask you, although I know that you will agree."

"Horne is a darned fine fellow, I believe," said little Hopton, and he looked at Fero with, Eve thought, a faint distrust as he moved on.

"Miss Langham!" said Fero sharply, glancing after that soldierly receding back. "Work of the kind I offer you requires discretion. It is part of your duty—the part of every good restaurateur which you, as my ally, will help me to play—to know such personal details as you can, of clients."

"I will do what I can."

"Listen. We don't talk about things like this. They are understood—by people who wish to learn this work."

"I'll understand!"

SUDDENLY a fear came to her, a fear of losing this lovely job for some inscrutable reason known only to Fero. "I must please him!" Aloud she repeated, "I understand."

"Very well. It is the kind of thing a clever and ambitious girl should like to be asked to do. . . . Find out all you can for me about Captain Horne. Does he like my club? What brings him here? And so on." He shrugged. "And so on."

"Yes, certainly."

Fero's blandness vanished for a moment only: "I'll try you. Have those two questions answered tonight. A little trial of your abilities."

The blandness came back.

Fero turned, looked in Horne's direction, made a slight deferential sign.

Jonathan Horne rose and, with that memorable gait of his, approached them.

Eve Langham was aware, for no reason at all, of a strong tumult in her breast.

And Horne stood beside her.

Two questions to be answered—unimportant test questions. Tests of herself. "They shall be answered," she thought.

"Miss Langham will be very charmed, sir," said Fero bowing. And he was gone as if by a trick of magic.

She heard Horne's voice for the first time, very deep, rather ironical, quite gentle:

"This is kind of you. May I sit down?"

"Please do," she smiled.

They were side by side, not looking at each other, glancing out over the room, and she hoped that he did not guess the high beat of her heart. She was afraid that its beating showed in the pulses of her throat.

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"I watched you dancing last night," he said in that deep, gentle voice. "Mostly I think with the man who's now coming in."

She glanced to the high doorway again, and saw Lennie, sleek and pleased and alert like a young tomcat, making his way straight across the room to one of his "old girls."

She replied to Horne evasively:

"Yes. He dances extremely well. . . ."

"So I noticed. I," he said, "am unlucky in being debarred from asking you to dance with me."

"His lame leg" . . . she thought, with a pang. Yet, it was impossible to pity this man. One felt that no mere physical infirmity could impair him.

"You, too, dance divinely—that is the current word, isn't it? 'Divinely.'" He laughed a little at the word. "A life's occupation—dancing."

"It's a very happy one."

"I've no doubt."

He beckoned a waiter.

"You were dining with a fellow home from the East, I noticed; but you didn't drink."

No. She had not accepted the invitation pressed upon her by that stranger to drink champagne. Why? She could not have said exactly, unless it were because some echo of Lennie's promises about probable wine and the donors thereof lingered unpleasantly in her ears. But because she was no fool, Eve realized in this moment her duty towards Fero and his club.

"You will now?" Horne asked.

"A little, perhaps, thank you." Acquiescent, she heard him order champagne.

"I haven't had anything either," he said.

HE HAD been wondering about this girl. He was going to drink very, very little still; hoping that she would be more indulgent with herself. Her white face—which had a glow and radiance behind the skin; the whiteness of a white rose—was an enigma. He had not yet "placed" her. And he was reckoning in his mind: "If she stays with me, doesn't bother about the others, if she tries to get me to talk, if she won't drink when the fizz comes—that's a fair enough clue to begin with."

He superintended the opening and pouring of the wine.

"A woman's drink, isn't it?"

She could have laughed at that—she, who now tasted champagne for the first time—but she did not laugh. Deprecatingly, excusing her sex, she agreed.

He saw easily that she was unaccustomed; and contemplated her anew.

He liked a knotted tangle, an intricate puzzle, with a good fight at its unraveling; and his interest quickened.

He meant, of course, to get her talking first. What she said would be lies, but that was a trivial fact, of no account. He wanted to watch her face and gestures, her eyes.

"How long have you been doing this?"

"Not long."

"Is that so? Your charming face"—she knew a little fastidious chill at the prompt easiness of that—"seems familiar to me. Didn't I meet you in Bucharest?"

"I've never been there, I'm afraid."

"Was it in Paris? I have it! Paris! You were at Prunier's, sitting up at the bar, looking perfectly ravishing."

For a moment she hesitated. Then she remembered that she must take a plunge to follow him in strange waters.

"Very likely," she nodded.

"She has never been to Prunier's; probably not to Paris," he decided. He went on: "It was in April?"

She nodded: "Probably."

"The day poor George Pensill died suddenly there; awful, wasn't it? That collapse—yes, now I remember, you turned round; you were the first off your stool. . . . You looked so *sorry* among all that hard-baked lot. I longed then to know who you were."

She thought: "I can't back out of Prunier's now—what does it matter, anyway?" She answered: "I didn't know him. But it was so shocking. And he was a friend of yours?"

"A friend."

She sighed sympathetically.

"Were you a dance hostess then?"

"I was—just—between engagement and engagement," she replied.

Lying appalled her till she thought: "I'm acting a part. I mustn't be silly."

"Tell me more," Horne begged. "Modern women lead such fascinating lives."

She slipped in: "Not so fascinating as yours, Captain Horne. *I* want to ask *you* a thousand questions."

His eyes glinted like steel.

"My lovely lady, pray begin."

Feeling more adroit, she said confidentially: "I'll begin at home. Do you like this club?"

"Of course. Do you?"

"Also, of course. . . ."

He invited: "Tell me who people are."

"Oh, Captain Horne, I want to ask you that."

"But you're hostess!"

"But you're an older client than I am a hostess, Captain Horne."

He glanced around.

"I'm afraid I don't trouble very much about people."

She exclaimed naturally: "Oh, yes, you do!"

He turned a smile to her: "Not when I am exclusively interested in the most desirable companion in London."

"Oh. . . ." She was at a loss; and only managed a little laugh; cool and easy.

She wished that she were more used to attack, to badinage, to encroachments, to conversational rallies. Lennie, Sir Edgar, the various business men who had tried their crude approaches and had been rebuffed, were no preparation for the Jonathan Hornes.

"You were here alone last night too," she tried again.

"I was. I am often alone."

"You're abroad a great deal, aren't you?"

He agreed.

"Last night I thought you were waiting for someone. . . ."

He was prompt.

"I was, without knowing whom, till I saw you."

"Oh. . . ." she faintly laughed again.

He did not say these things with the ardency of a Lennie or the insinuation of a business man looking for an evening's fun; but coolly, ironically, very adept. No woman would have felt any more flattered than he meant her to be and he did not mean to flatter her at all.

"Tell me," she tried, "is another exploration planning?"

AND then suddenly and very quietly he began to talk, for in his mind he decided that polar seas would do as well as any other topic. And she was to talk with him till midnight, *without looking at the clock*. . . .

The city receded from her; the passing figures of dancers became phantoms in eerie snows; the lighting of the dance-room froze into the cold northern moon; the music changed to the sound of seas awash on ice. She felt the solitude, she saw the high stars, the endless shining floes; she heard the crack of axes; the strain of harness; dog teams ran by; there were broken boats—a fire rose in the white darkness, and men bent by it. It was a world of terrible, beautiful stillness. . . . Fero interrupted them not at all.

This man, this Horne, had a magical voice, assisted all the while by his sparing gesture, his still ice-gray look. But as soon as the voice stopped at the close of the story, the music returned, the phantoms were living revelers, the silences were broken, the Regalia Club raised its walls about them. For nearly two hours she had been sitting there, making soft little ejaculatory answers only to that very quiet, magical voice; spellbound.

And it was midnight.

Jonathan Horne was looking straight into her eyes.

"Oh, heavens!" she cried.

"What is it? It is your turn to tell me something, at least."

He was clever, this man. Without her knowing how, he suspended formalities, the artifice that would return between them, till she had told him:

"My—my last train! Gone!"

"Train?" he said keenly. "Train—to where?"

With that question, the artifice came back. She pulled up the barrier between them hurriedly.

"Oh, I—I was going on elsewhere."

"Surely not by a train?"

"Yes. Yes." She smiled, white and bright. "Out of London, you see."

"A roadhouse? The River Club?"

"'M," she smiled. And her thoughts raced about the essentials of her dilemma: "Last train gone. I shan't be paid here till the end of the week. I haven't the taxi fare to Dulwich. I haven't the price of a night in Town. I haven't time to waste either."

TIME and energy. The value of bodily energy was before her always. It was a skeleton at every feast. She must not squander time or energy—more than she spent them at the Regalia—or she could not be fresh and quick at Marter's the next morning at nine.

She was unused to the problem confronting her. It struck her like a blow on the heart. Anxiety—poverty—dilemma—nothing of this must be shown here.

Lennie danced by with a bediamonded "old girl"; graceful, with his catlike alertness. He smiled at her approvingly but jealously.

"I noticed you left early last night," Horne was saying. "You modern girls never stop, do you? River Club next! Ye gods! May I not drive you down?"

"Yes!" she said daringly.

Time to explain something to him on the way, if need be. . . . She could see her mother waiting, listening for her; angry, irritably hysterical. All unnecessary, but none the less distressful.

She could not read Horne's face. He was all right, wasn't he? She must take a chance. She rose hastily, nodded to Fero, who was watching with approval; and with Horne's hand lightly guiding her by the arm, hurried out.

The tweed coat and her dispatch case, to be retrieved from the cloakroom and wondered at by this excellently tailored, groomed, now silk-hatted man awaiting her in the vestibule.

One or two late-comers were entering.

Horne directed her attention, in spite of her hurry, to a man.

"Miss Langham."

"Oh, what?"

They must hurry! hurry!

"You see who that is?"

"No! No! Who?"

"George Pensill."

Without change of countenance he took the case from her and ushered her into the taxicab which the big commissionaire had already called.

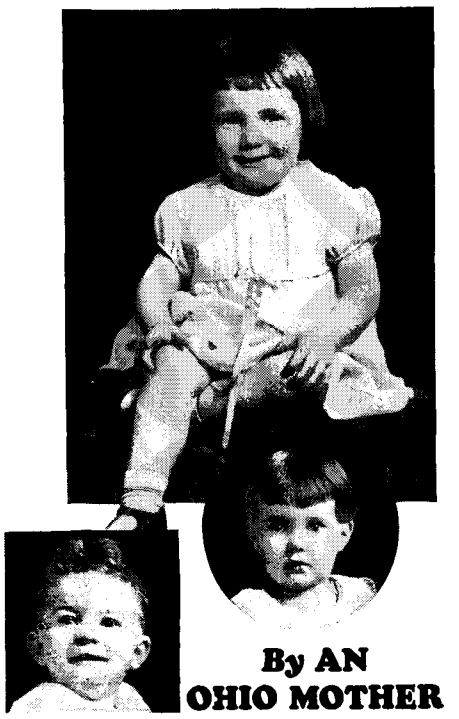
The tip which he gave to the servant was half a crown. She couldn't see that. "George Pensill" whirled in her head, distracting her.

"You won't mind waiting in my flat while my car is brought round from the garage, Miss Langham? I'll telephone for it directly we get in."

"Thank you so much."

(Continued on page 40)

A TRUE STORY



By AN OHIO MOTHER

Who tells of a simple aid to good health and a beautiful complexion

When children grow up with fine complexions and are "pictures of health," mother usually has contributed some good sound advice. We thank Mrs. Leo Platteborze of 22 Euclid Avenue, Struthers, Ohio, for her letter, below, telling what she found so essential in bringing up strong, healthy children:

"I am enclosing a photograph of my two oldest children in babyhood. They were both Nujol babies.

"I started my newest baby on it when she was three months old and she has a fair complexion and is just as regular as the rest of us.

"The only disease the children have had has been measles and no bad after effects developed. They certainly are the pictures of health and I have always felt that we owe our gratitude and our 'regular health habits' to Nujol.

"We are constant users of Nujol. I always have an extra bottle on hand. It has kept us healthy all through the long hard winter we had. Our habits were regular.

"I really do think all children would be healthier if they were given Nujol—also grownups. It has done wonders for me. I have used it for a dozen years. Our boy is 12 years and sure is strong and very healthy. I really just *couldn't* keep house without Nujol."

Nujol, "regular as clockwork," now comes in two forms, plain Nujol and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavored and often preferred by children. You can get it at any drug store.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been using Nujol for ten years or more, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address Stanco Inc., 2 Park Avenue, Dept. 2-X, New York City.

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(*Continued from page* 39)

Her voice was hurried, fervent, grateful; the voice of an anxious girl.

But "George Pensill," she thought.

He pinched the tweed of her sleeve between a finger and thumb.

Poor, shoddy stuff. Unsuitable coat too. Yet she was no Cinderella—this girl. She was an adventitious little liar and who-knew-what.

She had had the grace to look startled over that "George Pensill" business.

Her mind swayed between confusion, humiliation, vexation with Horne; but the predominant anxiety was the dismal flat at Dulwich.

"Captain Horne—I made a mistake—"

"And you are going to forgive me for pointing it out? You sweet child! I'm only teasing you, of course."

"I can't be teased," she thought. "I'm too tired and bothered as yet."

She put her hands over her face, put them down again and sighed. He looked at her discerningly. They drew up at a block of flats.

He was not definitely sure—though almost sure—that this last-train scare was a ruse. A ruse to secure, in securing his assistance, his company and, more, his talk. As he ushered her into his flat on the ground floor and switched on lights, he was making up his mind as to his procedure.

Only the tweed coat now upset his reckonings. It was so old; unthinkably uninteresting for a lovely girl to wear over an attractive evening gown.

"Will it take long?"

"Take long, dear child?"

"To get your car."

"It'll be round in a few moments. I'll telephone." He shut her into a room and left her.

THE telephone installation was in the hall. He got the garage; said: "Captain Horne speaking. Bring my car round in half an hour; sound the horn once; if I don't come out, take the car back."

And for a moment he paused, receiver in hand, listening intently. He was listening for the faint click of the receiver of the extension, in the room where he had left the girl, being lifted from its hook.

But that sound did not come. And, still listening for it, he got the operator instead of dialing, and gave a code number. In a moment he was speaking with Scotland Yard.

He returned to her, cat-footed in spite of that lame leg, opened the door suddenly. She had not moved.

She had looked round that room. Excellent; luxurious in an austere masculine way; planned for comfort. Deep, solid chairs and couches; whisky and sandwiches on a great Georgian tray; and a telephone extension.

"Why didn't he telephone in here?" But on her thought he was with her.

"When is the car coming?"

"Soon, impatient lady. Soon. A few minutes more or less will make no difference now, will it? We'll drive fast."

"Oh, thank you *so* much."

Her eyes fell before his. "Why, *why* did I say I'd been to Paris? To Prunier's?" she thought.

Suddenly he was close to her, putting fingers under her chin, lifting her face so that she should look at him. And that smiling, familiar gesture humiliated her further.

"About your friend Mr. Pensill—" she began.

"There's no such animal, my dear!"

The blood rushed into her face. Her heart leaped with anger—at herself, but at him too. And then—for, with her exit from light, music and revel, the gayety had drained out of her and she was tired! tired! tired!—tears welled to her eyes and blinded them.

These tears were like the old tweed coat—a disconcerting surprise.

In spite of himself his face changed; he caught his breath a moment, as he looked at her, frowning. He had not known how this listening girl had stirred him while he talked to her of polar seas. He wanted to take her with quiet violence into his arms and kiss those tears dry. Why not? He was going to keep her there with him somehow. She was going to reveal to him what he required to know, but he would not reveal to her any of what, undoubtedly, she had been primed to ask him.

"My dear!" He laid a hand on each of her shoulders, lightly. He did not know that the hands became heavy. Heavy; heavier.

He wanted to make love to her and he was going so to do.

For a second they stood thus. He drew a long breath, listening, watching, becoming sure that she meant so to be kissed and loved—and to exploit him. She was thinking that each of them played the same game. Or why this easy visit to this flat by the dance alry, to fool him and play him? *There should be no appeal.* Still. . . .

She was lying on the couch; tweed coat pulled off; slippers pulled off; handkerchief soaked in soda water from the siphon on the tray, folded on her brow. Horne had her wrist.

"Keep quiet."

She kept quiet.

"What is it?" he said in a stifled voice, trying not to believe in her and finding it hard. "You don't tell me you're really a Cinderella?"

SHE did not answer, because of the surging in her ears that still confused her.

"Why do you wear that coat?" he asked.

His voice was brusque; no gentleman in it.

"Because I haven't another."

His eyes changed, then, though his voice remained incredulous and hard; they became gentle, and surprised.

"The truth?"

"How dare you!" she stammered. Then she whispered: "Oh, of course.

"I'm afraid the Colonel's too tired, sir—he's been hitching wagons all afternoon!" JACK MARKOW

hostess picked by Fero for the Regalia?

Picked by Fero. . . .

She was an actress—with her old tweed coat, her tears; delectable little adventurer.

SHE read his eyes, having her cautious knowledge of men, and anger whipped into hers. He read it exultantly. They were going to play the play through? He was willing; and that she'd be beaten was in the very nature of the contest. And then he heard her sigh; he heard her gasp. Her eyelashes flickered. The unresting day had been long—seventeen hours now since she had got out of bed to eat an inadequate breakfast, an inadequate lunch, a dinner the progress of which must be interrupted by dancing as required. Her breath came quickly, suffocatingly. Looking at Horne, he seemed to grow dim, to sway; the room swayed.

"I'm not faint!" she managed, even as Horne caught her as she fell.

"Yes, you are, you little fool," he answered, and swept her up into his arms like a baby.

Though maybe the actress persisted—even to fainting point?

She thought to appeal to him, to chiv-

I've been lying already, haven't I? You don't believe anything I say."

She began to laugh rather weakly.

He waived that: "Where were you going, really?"

"Home."

"What's home consist of?"

"People."

He listened: got her story—some sort of story anyway; and then. . . .

"Any of 'em dependent on you?"

"All."

"What's all?"

"Three."

His voice hovered back to its deep, gentle note, and off it again.

"What do you do in the daytime?"

He listened, eyes on her face, finger on her pulse. The pulse was bad—but then a woman could do even that. He had known it to be done.

"Work. Marter & Co. In the City."

"Why d'you take on this extra job?"

"Money."

He laid her hand neatly beside her on the couch and walked about.

He had a bit of a story to go on with? Not good enough for Pensill—otherwise Inspector George.

No. Maybe this intimacy wasn't . . . any good . . . to Pensill.

"I catch a train before midnight," she vouchsafed. "The fun is worth it."

"*The fun is worth it!*" he repeated.

Standing beside her: "I apologize for deliberately arranging for you to miss your train in these sad circumstances!"

He watched her.

"You. . . ? You didn't know—when we talked at the Regalia—I had a train to catch."

"My dear, I found out beforehand exactly when you were timed to leave the club." He thought of that ready doorman with his knowledgeable face; Fero's pick too, no doubt. "And I kept you amused."

"Why?"

"The answer's obvious. Isn't it?" "I was going to offer to drive you . . . and bring you here. I hoped to bring you here, like this."

"How dared you!"

"My dear. You came."

"I'm a fool," she cried passionately. The faintness was over. She arose.

"Sit *down!*"

"I won't. Is the car coming soon?"

"Just what have you eaten today?"

"Is the car coming soon?"

"I'll answer your question when you've answered mine."

Amazing man—so she thought afterwards. She told him her day's fare.

"*Now,* is the car coming soon?"

"*Now,* it is not coming at all."

He picked up the telephone receiver. . . . "Captain Horne speaking. Cancel the car altogether for tonight."

HE HUNG up the receiver and thought he had never seen so lovely, furious and indomitable a tired girl.

"It would have gone back anyway—I meant it to."

"I'm going—somehow—anyhow—"

"Wait." He rang the bell steadily for a minute.

"Servants are in bed, no doubt. They can get up."

That confused her again. "Not on my account!"

"Entirely and particularly on your account. *Sit down!*"

"*I'm going.*"

No taxi fare, nor other accommodation. And he had exhausted her—this big, overwhelming man. But:

"*I'm going, I tell you!*"

What on earth could one do when one walked out of this flat, away from this overpowering Horne? For one *must* be fresh for work next morning under the accurate eye of Sir Edgar Marter.

She thought frantically of Sir Edgar.

Time and energy. . . . Energy, the capital of the working girl; to be conserved.

"*Sit down!* Or I'll lift you back on that couch again."

Trembling, she knew he could and would. She sat rebelliously, distrustfully, upright in a corner.

Now there was a movement in the back region of the flat; a door opening.

"You can telephone your people from here," Horne was saying peremptorily, as a manservant came in.

"I want your wife here, Pearce. A dressing gown will do."

And so in came a housekeeper, dressing-gowned, ready as her husband to attend Horne's lightest behest.

"Mrs. Pearce, this lady has missed her train home. She will stay here for the night. Get her what she requires. Give her some hot soup or something now. A solid breakfast in bed. My orders. She'll have my room." He turned to Eve. "Bachelor quarters—no guest accommodations here!"

She answered in a suddenly small voice: "But you?"

"Oh, I always keep a bag at my club. I'll get a bed there. Good night."

He picked up the silk hat, adjusted it and strolled out.

(To be continued next week)

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The Right to Command

Continued from page 15

"Chief, I want steam on the windlass at once. And I'll be ringing the engine telegraph. Have a man there right away. That's an order."

The engineer leaped to his feet and came into the white light of the gangway lamp. His thick hands were clenched at his sides.

"An order, is it?" he shouted hoarsely. "Any time I take an order from a green-eared whippersnapper, you let me know! This ship stays where she is! And if anyone asks you why, tell 'em it's because I said so. On my responsibility. Now run along and play somewhere."

STEVE YARDLEY paled. For a fraction of a moment he saw a way out, marked plainly. He had ordered steam: it had been refused. He could go up and ring the telegraph. After that, if the ship piled up, he was technically in the clear. And without the necessity of taking any risk. The risk of taking the Condore through that hole between the rocks and out to the open sea on his own. But something turned inside of him, as if he had suddenly become nauseated. He couldn't do it. It wasn't in his nature. It was a singularly personal matter. And he realized for the first time that there wasn't ever any possibility of responsibility without risk, without danger, without disaster even. That's what a license meant. He saw that plain paragraph, written so simply, that he had read in a pilot book for that coast.

"*Southwest winds occur in this season,*" it said quite clearly, "*with alarming suddenness and of great velocity. All shipping is cautioned against remaining in open roadsteads or at unsheltered anchorage during the time of their prevalence.*"

All shipping is cautioned. . . . There was no dodging that! The third mate half turned toward the first assistant.

"Mr. Cronin, you heard what I said. I want—"

Cronin clamped down his jaws. "I'm sorry, Yardley. I'm only the first assistant. The chief's boss below, you know." He hesitated, then added in a husky growl as he turned with purpose for the rail: "But I can't see very good in this blasted light."

He leaned far over the bulwark, as if intent on inspecting the overboard discharge. There was no mistaking his meaning. The ship lunged down. Yardley heard the bow line strumming wildly. The chief engineer still leered at him with parted lips. Yardley stepped up, a short, quick step. His clenched fist swept in a short arc. The chief went down with a broken groan. Cronin heard the impact of fist on jaw, and turned. His jaws were working placidly.

"Fell down, did he?" he asked gravely. "These iron decks are slippery. Man ought to be more careful. . . . By God, Yardley, I think he's unconscious. I guess I'll have to take over now."

Steve was panting. "Help me get him into his room before—"

"You get out of this!" Cronin bit off with sudden savagery. "Get up on the bridge where you belong. Steam's ready whenever you want it. Understand?"

The third mate looked at him and turned away at once. He felt the weight of the wind on his cheek. It was wet and strong, and it shocked him into activity. He raced for the ladder. His brain spun dizzily. But in a professional way. It was strange, the way he remembered things now. Three months ago he wouldn't have known or cared. Now he knew the port anchor was down. The ship's head was seaward. Cast off forward and bring the cable up smartly. That would swing her head for that hole in the rocks. Hold on easy aft till she shaped up right; then full ahead—and God help him! Get a quartermaster up on the monkey bridge at the searchlight. He had to see those rocks somehow. It was so dark, so dark, so dark. And Lord! He was all alone.

On the open wing of the bridge he could hear the roaring ocean very plainly, and the loud whine of the onshore gale. He had stationed the bo'sun to tend the after lines; Chips and four men were on the forecastle head at the windlass. He could see them there in what little light there was, black silhouettes crouched about the anchor engine with their faces lifted to him. They knew what it was that had to be done to save the ship. Yet they waited for him to give the command. Because he had accepted the risk and the danger and they had not. And in that single instant before he opened his mouth, Steve Yardley realized in a flash of bright lucidity all that was involved in the right to give a command. He braced himself as if against an act of physical violence. He must not quaver!

"Heave away for'ard!" he shouted through trumpeted hands into the windy darkness. "Lively!"

Then he stood there, waiting, while the steam hissed and the ship's head swung. He felt the vessel shuddering under his feet. It was his to do with as his will dictated and his skill allowed. The searchlight went stumbling over the spouting surf until it found the edges of jagged rock between which the channel roared and foamed.

She was all clear now, fore and aft, with her head aimed for that narrow hole beyond which safety lay. His fist closed on the telegraph handle. He clung to it desperately, for he found quite suddenly that he was trembling violently. Then he jerked it quickly to full ahead and grabbed the bridge rail with tight-knuckled hands.

He heard the answering tinkle of bells. The Condore gathered way, moving swiftly away from the dangerous rim of the land where the rickety native huts were toppling already before the gale. She slid with a great hissing between the exploding rocks, with the thunder of the storm all about her and the chattering wind streaming past. Steve Yardley felt the spray on his cheek, the harsh bitter spray of the sea. Then the rain came before a savage squall, slashing in torrents and leaping up in huge drops where it struck the deck at his feet. He remained standing on the open wing with the water streaming from him. He was in command.

ALL that night he kept the lonely watch, ratching the ship back and forth off that dangerous lee shore. Toward morning the wind fell away, almost as suddenly as it had come up. But the sea ran green and bubbling with white in the strange, weird light of a stormy dawn. Then the sky swept clear; the stars appeared for a moment before the east light put them out.

He saw the land rising up out of night, misty and dark, with a white line where the surf still curled. Through his glasses he saw the devastation the gale had wrought. Thatch huts waterlogged in the lagoon. The huge, wooden flanks of jungle giants lying prone with their topmost branches in the wash. Half the jetty of Akuhina was gone to remind him that the Condore would have been gone, too, if she'd stayed there against that monstrous force of sea and wind. Then the sun shot up suddenly, flaming crimson and gold and violet into the third mate's weary eyes.

Some time later he saw a native canoe poke out between the rocks. He shaped the Condore to it. It was a fascinating sight, the way they handled that flimsy thing in that enormous unrest of water. But Steve Yardley said nothing as the master came aboard and climbed the ladder to the bridge of his command. He was a short man, very gray. His face was wrinkled and lined with anxiety. They looked at each other for a moment of silence.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Yardley," Captain Brennan said simply at length. "I'm sorry I let you in for this. I . . . it took me half the night to get back. The second mate, he . . . I understand. . . ."

He let his deep voice trail off. The third mate was grateful the Old Man put it that simply. He couldn't have stood heroics.

"The chief mate, sir?" he asked dully.

"Doctor says he is in for a siege. But he'll do. Just saved his arm, and that's all. A tight squeak."

"Glad of that, sir."

"You—you have any trouble, Mr. Yardley?"

"Trouble? None at all, sir."

THE master looked sharply at him. He knew his chief engineer quite well. A faintly whimsical smile twitched the corners of his lips.

"You'd better have a spell below," he said. "I'll take over, Mister."

Steve Yardley nodded and went down the ladder. He held on the handrail all the way. He felt a little bit groggy. But he didn't mind it now. He didn't mind it at all. Cronin came in to see him almost at once. He pushed his huge frame through the screen door and stood there, grinning and working his jaws with grave severity. Looking at him, the third mate was afraid of what the first assistant might say. But Joe Cronin knew better than that.

"By Jimmineey!" he growled. "She certainly shipped 'em green for a while last night. Hey? . . . You don't happen to have any gum around? Do you now, Yardley?"

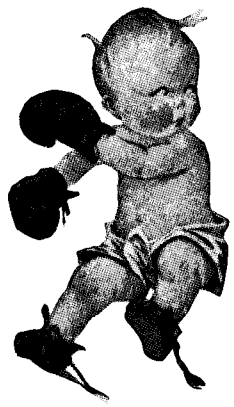
Steve grinned. He felt better already.

"You might find a pack or so in the top drawer of that locker there."

The first assistant pounced on it. "Mint flavor, at last! Just right. That confounded Macassar stuff! Thanks, Yardley." He paused to cram two sticks between his teeth. "Good Lord!" he exploded suddenly. "I just remembered. The snap lock to the chief's room slipped closed last night, after he had that nasty fall. I guess I better go see if I can't let him out."

He was gone. The third mate heard him rumbling along the alleyway. He turned to his little desk, between the washstand and the bunk. A leaf of paper still lay upon it, soiled with drops of spray that had spattered in through the port before the steward thought of coming along and closing it. He picked the thing up. It was that letter he had started writing to Ann.

He was telling her how wrong she was; how little difference there was in his feelings since he'd left the forecastle crowd and stuck a third mate's ticket in the chart-room rack. He read it through carefully, and his haggard eyes blinked once. Then very slowly he tore the sheet in two and dropped the pieces to the deck. He would have to write that letter over again.



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Too Much Gold

Continued from page 23

days to check out two billion dollars! While the second billion is being checked out, the first billion lies down there in the express cars in the railroad yards. Not so good, with Scarface Al Capone, Machine-Gun Kelly and the rest of the country's worst bad men, by odd coincidence, only two miles away in Alcatraz Prison, and San Francisco said to be the rendezvous of their cohorts and molls!

Two billion dollars in gold bars weighs about two thousand tons. It takes about eighty specially armored express cars to transport that much gold. Where would you find eighty of them at one time? Furthermore, an eighty-car train is pretty unwieldy to high-ball over the Sierra Nevada and Rocky Mountains anyway. How would you guard them? The whole staff of the San Francisco mint is less than two hundred strong. At that point, you reach the same conclusion that Mr. Haggerty did, that this gold-moving business was a job for experts. He called up his old friend, Postmaster William J. McCarthy.

"Send over some mail trucks," he said. "We're shipping some gold to Denver by registered mail."

"How much are you shipping?"

"A couple of thousand tons. Can you handle it?"

"We can handle anything. What's it worth?"

"A couple of billion dollars."

"Holy saints! I'll be right over."

Moving Day

And he was—not once, but a dozen times, as the strategy of the world's greatest gold movement was worked out to the last detail, with a corps of men, not only from the mint and the post office, but from the U. S. Army Post at the Presidio, the San Francisco police and fire departments, and the Denver police and fire departments, each synchronizing their efforts and assuming all the while that every gold shipment would be open to attack, anywhere in the streets of San Francisco or Denver, or along the sixteen hundred miles of railroad connecting the two cities, by the toughest gang of hold-up men that the underworld could muster.

Here's how you move two billion dollars—in case you ever have to do it:

Work starts in the San Francisco mint two days before the treasure train is to pull out. A dozen picked postal employees appear, show their credentials and establish their identity. In the anteroom, just outside the gold vaults, they set up a temporary post-office substation.

Each man has his place and duty in the crowded room. One sits behind big scales, much like those that the statue of Justice is forever holding. Another sits in front of them. At the end is a mint man, with a big book. In it, the number and weight, to the fraction of an ounce, of every bar of gold to be moved is entered. Near by another man with another book records the gold bar numbers and weights for the post office.

In front of the scales three men stand by a wooden slide not unlike a miniature playground slide. Beside it a pile of small sacks, each just big enough to hold a bar of gold. On the other side a stack of half-portion canvas mail pouches. Behind that the custodian of the locks. Beside him a tier of crates containing rotary padlocks. These are tricky locks on which the combination changes every time they are used. Only a post-office lock man is wizard enough to know how to open them. Beyond this cluster of men extends a long row of dollies, lined up far into the cellar corridor. These are low trucks with heavy iron wheels, sturdily built, and with uprights of iron at each end.

At a signal the mint workers trundle one of their dollies into a vault which is about as big as a good-sized bathroom. It is piled to the ceiling with tier after tier of gold bars, glistening like the midday sun.

A regulation large-size gold bar of the U. S. Mint is all a man can lift. You might be willing to do a lot for $37,500, the value of a bar, but you would have a hard time toting it away.

When the dolly is loaded a man pulls it out to the anteroom, parks the shiny load near the scales, takes an empty truck and goes back for more. Out there the gold bars sparkle just as the cartoonists picture them. A man lifts one, places it gently on the scales. Another man sings out its number. In front the chap watching the scales register calls out its weight. The fellow with the big book says, "Check."

The gold bar is lifted off the scales and onto the slide. Two men shoot it down into the small canvas sack, tie the neck, then pass it to the fellows waiting with an open mail pouch. In it goes, one bar to the pouch, then the rotary lock is snapped and the pouch lands on the post-office dolly. That gold bar is the post office's worry from then on until it is checked out again inside the mint in Denver. At the Denver mint the small inner sacks are burned to recover the gold dust that wears off in transit.

Hour after hour the shiny bars move through the group of men as the weighers drone numbers and weights. When a hundred postal trucks have been loaded and lined up in the corridor outside, the men knock off and call it a job. A hundred postal trucks with a hundred million dollars, lying there in a row. Let the outside boys do some worrying.

Lost—$37,500

They're already worrying. Outside, on the city streets, is where the ticklish job begins. Seven o'clock in the evening is the zero hour for moving the gold a mile through the streets to the armored cars on the railroad siding. At that hour the street by the mint is cleared. Squads of police, some on motorcycles, some in cars, some on horses, others on foot, appear out of the night to keep everybody moving on Fifth, Mission and Fourth, all the way to the railroad siding. Army trucks, loaded with troops, bayonets fixed, roll up to the intersections along the route. Floodlights glare along the way.

At the mint an electric winch rigged up on a heavy platform outside the building begins to grind. A million dollars on a dolly rolls up the wooden incline. On the platform two men push it to a post-office truck, shove it in. The truck body drops four inches as the gold rolls in. That gives you an idea of the weight of the metal. A ton of gold to each dolly, one dolly to a mail truck. A convoy of eight trucks is loaded. Four of them move off, surrounded by police on motorcycles and in cars. A floodlight truck from the fire department swings in behind the mail trucks. Then the other four trucks and another floodlight truck. The convoy speeds off, as another set of trucks rolls into place by the mint and the act is repeated until in about three hours a hundred million more is off the shoulders of Peter J. Haggerty, the man with too much gold.

At the railroad yards the gold train is surrounded by troops and postal inspectors. As each mail truck backs up to the open cars, the million-dollar dolly rolls from the truck into the car. The gold sacks are checked off. The dolly rolls back into the truck, which returns to the mint for more gold. No chance of a slip-up anywhere. Oh, no? On the first night when they counted the pouches in the gold train one was missing!

Lost! One gold bar, worth $37,500, in spite of every precaution. All the ingenuity that man could muster had been outsmarted by someone who wanted a brick of gold. A hurried consultation was called at the mint. The postal inspectors, the police, the army prepared to ransack the city, round up all suspicious characters. But just before they launched the search a truck driver found a pouch, containing one $37,500 bar of gold, in his mail truck, just where it had fallen off the dolly.

The Silver Lining

In transit the gold special follows a secret route and schedule to Denver worked out in advance for each train. It stops only for fuel and water. The train is in charge of a postal inspector. Every car is locked and armored. Each train is equipped with machine guns and enough other wartime equipment to withstand a siege. At Denver the train rolls onto a creamery siding, where post-office trucks await the treasure. In less than an hour it is stored behind the heavy doors of the mint, where postal clerks check each bar by number of the rotary lock, by weight and by registry, over to the staff of the mint, working under direction of Mark Skinner, who assumes the rôle of the boss of the biggest pile of gold.

Your gold! Up there in Denver Mark Skinner holds an eagle and a five-spot for every man, woman and child in the country. Of course, your eagle and your five-spot are no longer in the form of gold coin. It is just a corner or a slice in one of the big gold bars. It seems a mighty waste of effort, considering that it has taken the San Francisco mint eighty years to mint $2,055,000,000 in gold coins (and that is more than any other mint has minted in gold) but all the eagles, double eagles and fivers that Uncle Sam can lay hands on are being melted down and molded into bars.

In the big gold-smelting room of the San Francisco mint, they have a double crew of men working overtime, doing that and nothing else. In one corner a great stack of canvas bags of gold. Along one side a battery of roaring furnaces. Into the red-hot crucibles go the coins, bags and all. In a few minutes everything is liquid. A sweating furnace tender grasps the crucible with a pair of long-handled tongs, pours the liquid metal into a mold. Out it comes, a red-hot, glowing brick, looking more like a steel ingot than gold. But as it cools, the golden gleam creeps into the bar, and shortly it is ready to be numbered, weighed, registered and added to the ever-growing pile of gold in the vaults down below.

Old-timers in the mint say they will never live to see the day when they are turning out gold coins again. Gold coinage has been the favorite of most peoples since time immemorial, but gold coins present their problems. They can be nicked and reduced in value. They are too easily melted down and destroyed. In the mint and the Sub-Treasury, they are hard to check and store and handle. Their face value may be one amount and their value by weight another. So the Treasury is going to keep all its gold in bars, and issue paper currency against purely theoretical gold coins.

If gold coinage is on the wane, silver is on the up and up. In the coinage room of the San Francisco mint the stamping machines are going full tilt. Each of eight machines is turning out fifty thousand silver coins a day. In the Philadelphia mint, twenty machines are stamping silver.

But the demand for small change in this country during the past few months has been astonishing. The market absorbs half-dollars, quarters, dimes and nickels with an insatiable appetite.

"That means the depression is over," the old-timers in the mint declare. Several of them have weathered from three to five depressions in the mint. You would think that the sheltered isolation of the thick walls of the mint would be the last place in the world to study economic conditions. The old-timers say no. When a depression starts, the gold flow picks up. When the depression wanes, there is invariably this demand for new silver coinage. Gold and silver are barometers of business conditions.

Stand in the receiving-room of the mint any day and you form some vivid ideas of how people are getting along throughout the world. In the mint receiving-room they receive precious metals for coinage or for purchase. Packages come in by express, by parcel post and by hand. Every one must be accompanied by an affidavit stating where the owner got the gold or silver. This results in some curious clashes. Miners and other treasure bearers are cautious about revealing their sources of wealth. Veteran mint workers are canny. They can look at a package of raw gold and tell you where it was mined.

A Nevada miner had been sending in packages of gold which the mint experts insisted was not Nevada gold. It was California gold, they said, though his affidavit reported the metal as Nevada gold. Either this gold shipper was trying to hide his source or seeking to boost the rating of his gold. Either way, it bothered the mint. The Treasury finally investigated. The case came out as the mint experts suspected. A miner near Dutch Flat, California, was sending his gold over to Nevada for reshipment to the San Francisco mint.

The mint buys all gold and silver offered. It also sells—to legitimate dealers, the arts and crafts. Also dentists. Of the eighty millions in gold purchased, refined and melted into bars by the San Francisco mint in a year, one third is sold back to the public for use in arts, crafts and teeth.

A Costly Move

One night about ten o'clock after the floodlights and the fanfare of the thirteenth gold shipment had died down, and the police and firemen and postal inspectors, the troops and the mint workers had gone home, I met Superintendent Haggerty and one of the executives of the post office coming down the twenty-one steps of the mint.

"Getting all the dope you want?" the boss of the mint called to me.

"All but one item," I said. "How much postage does it take to ship that gold to Denver?"

Before he could answer, the post office man spoke up.

"We've got it all figured out," he said. "It'll cost Haggerty about four hundred and ten thousand dollars."

So, in case you ever want to ship two billions in gold bars anywhere, that's how many stamps it takes—if you stay inside the third zone!

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Her Egg Beau

Continued from page 17

"I think it sounds pretty. I keep sayin' it over and over to myself." She paused and a look of puzzlement came into her stolid face. "There's one thing I don't understand," she confessed. "Why he moves around so much. He's always on the move, but he never says why."

"Haven't you ever asked him?"

"I never ask him anything. If Jimmie wanted me to know he'd tell me."

"Oh, of course not! Is that why you named the pig 'Jimmie'?"

Ruby glanced at the floor, embarrassed. "You don't think it is disrespectful, do you?"

"Decidedly not," declared the firm-minded Mrs. Holtzclaw. "I think you paid him a compliment."

Ruby Foote did not move, except possibly a little tightening of her fingers as they were laced on her stomach. "I'd like to go out and gather the turkey eggs now, if you don't mind."

"You stay right here. You've got yourself into a mess, and I'm going to help you get out of it. Jenner'd marry you in a minute, if you'd let him. That girl from Quitman called him up last night when you were out milking. Why won't you marry him?"

"Jenner's too coarse. I mean inside," she added hastily when Mrs. Holtzclaw leveled a look at her. "Jimmie ain't that kind."

"How do you know he isn't?" she demanded. "You don't know anything about him. Not a thing in the world, except that he's got your money."

Ruby looked around the kitchen, then out at the waving cornfields. "He'll come to me some day."

"You'll never see him in this world."

"Yes, I will," said Ruby earnestly. "I'll see him next week."

"What makes you think that?"

"He said it in his letter today." Her hand went into her blouse, and this time brought out the letter she had received at the mail box. "He never writes much, Jimmie don't."

"That's only a blind," asserted the worldly wise Mrs. Holtzclaw.

"He'll be here next week," repeated Ruby doggedly.

"You can't put me off that way," said Ruby's protector sternly. "I'm going to get to the bottom of this. *How* do you know he is coming next week?"

RUBY couldn't answer that. Jimmie had said he was, and that settled it. She got up. At the door she paused. "He might send me a telegram. I never got a telegram before. If the phone rings for me that'll be what it is. I want to go to town and buy me a dress to meet Jimmie in."

"You can have your new dress, but you won't meet Jimmie in it. I keep telling you that over and over."

"If you'll let me off this afternoon I'll take the bus in and get the dress."

She took the bus and she bought the dress.

"Ruby, I'd like to see you in your new dress," said Jenner. "Mrs. Holtzclaw told me about it."

"It's not for you to see," returned Ruby politely but positively. "I've got to keep it for Jimmie."

Jenner laughed greatly at that. "That egg beau of yours could live to be a hundred and he'll never see it. Listen, Ruby, why don't you cut out this monkey business and wear it to a picture show with me tonight? Afterward, I'll take you to Tommy's Tavern and we'll have some beer and listen to the music."

"That wouldn't be right, Jenner. I belong to Jimmie."

Jenner didn't laugh at this. "You're goin' to wake up some day and be sorry for this," he said exasperatedly.

"I'm awake now."

"I could take awful good care of you, Ruby," he urged.

"Please don't ever mention it again, Jenner. It's all settled."

"Like mush!" said Jenner, bitter again. "I've got something to tell you. I'm going to call up on the phone and go over to Quitman. You can listen if you want to."

"The lamb needs feedin'," said Ruby.

But the telephone did not ring, and each day Ruby walked hopefully out to the mail box and came slowly back. The bus did not stop, nor did a shiny car drive up.

"It's two days over the week," said Jenner. "That beau is a bad egg."

"He'll come," said Ruby, and he did, but not as Ruby had visioned it, nor as anyone else in the family had, for that matter. The news was contained in a letter. "If you will come to the carnival and go to Mr. Beasley and ask for me he'll tell you where I am."

RUBY was delighted, but that was strange, very strange, it came to her on second thought. Why must she go to somebody else to ask where Jimmie was? But Jimmie had told her to do that, so it was as it should be.

"Will you take me to town in your car, Jenner?" she asked.

"No, I won't," he said shortly.

She went by bus in her new dress, her heart rustling in her bosom. There it was—the Greater Midway Carnival Company—with a million flags floating, a merry-go-round giving out nice music, a machine with pink candy turning over and over, and girls dancing before the Little Egypt show. She turned her back upon the Little Egypt show and walked down the Midway to where a barker was bawling about an elephant-skinned girl. When he had finished and the crowd had gone in, she spoke to him.

"Can you tell me where I can find Mr. Beasley, please?" she asked politely, smiling at the man with the megaphone.

"He's the man with the big black hat," the barker replied, jerking his thumb in the direction of Mr. Beasley and his big black hat.

"Are you Mr. Beasley?" she asked, and when the man said he was she explained what she wanted, which made Mr. Beasley look at her closely.

"Haven't you ever seen Jimmie Phipps?" he asked.

"Oh!" she said, catching the name Phipps. "No, not yet."

"Don't you know anything about him?"

"I know lots about him, but I have never seen him."

He looked her over curiously. "No, you can't see him," he said firmly.

"Why can't I see him?"

"He's our buried-alive-man," explained Mr. Beasley. "He's down in the ground now, over there where the crowd is. You can talk to him through the funnel."

She walked unsteadily to a half-dozen persons standing around a little wooden funnel which rose out of the ground like a periscope. Now and then one of them spoke into the box, and a faint, ghostly voice answered. A funny man gave a roaring yell into the box. "Come up and see me sometime!" he called, being a humorist.

She stood a long time looking at the wooden snout, then walked away, very slowly and heavily, and went to the church booth, near the Little Egypt show, and sat down to think. From where she sat she could see the people coming and going about the wooden funnel, and when the dancing girls came out she could hear the weird music.

"Hello! I thought this'd be where I'd find you."

She looked up to see Jenner standing in the door wearing his blue serge suit and smoking a big cigar. And it was the middle of the afternoon.

"Where is Jimmie, your two-row wonder?" His eyes grew big when she told him. "Now I guess you'll get your sense back! Honest, Ruby, you must be plumb nutty. Have you had your supper yet? I like to eat away from home, don't you? Always tastes better."

"I ain't hungry."

They walked up and down the Midway and went into the sideshows (except Little Egypt). They played Karno and the corn game and ring-toss, then went in to see the two-headed calf. Jenner was tremendously impressed. "I've always thought they were a fake. I've seen lots of five-legged calves, but I never saw one before with two heads."

"I don't like two-headed calves."

He looked at her amazed. "You don't like anything today, Ruby." They paused before the carnival wrestler where the manager was bawling through a megaphone that he would give ten dollars to anybody who would go three minutes with Slapinsky without being thrown. "That guy ain't so much," declared Jenner. "I bet I could stay an hour and come out as fresh as a daisy. Feel that muscle." He brought up his arm impressively.

"He might hurt you."

He laughed uproariously at that. "Say, I could toss him into the cornfield with one hand and pick my teeth with the other! You don't know what a man I am." He looked at his watch. "Gee! I've got to dust for home. But before I go, Ruby, I want to tell you something. Listen. Mr. Wilcox stopped me comin' in. Wants me to buy his east eighty. It's got a house on it, too. I wouldn't be surprised if I would. Then I'd be farmin' for myself."

Ruby did not answer.

"I'm not coming back tonight," Jenner announced as he got into his car. "I think I'll drive over to Quitman for a spell."

HE DROVE away in a very business-like manner, leaving Ruby gazing after him. Then she turned and looked at the wooden funnel sticking up out of the ground.

She walked around it as she had before, this time a little closer, but she could not quite bring herself to come up to it. . . .

When the night was silent and the streets deserted, a man came and took off the top section of the wooden funnel and lowered something into the rest of the funnel. Then he went away. Ruby left her bench in the shadows and went to the wooden funnel and stood beside it, her heart pounding ridiculously.

"Jimmie," she said softly into the spout.

No answer.

"Jimmie Gee."

There was a ghostly stirring. "Is that you, Ruby?" a hollow voice asked.

"Yes, Jimmie. I've come."

"I knew you would. It made me happy to go into the ground." There was a silence, neither being able to

(Continued on page 44)

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(Continued from page 43)

think of anything to say. Then his voice with a choked note in it: "Did it disappoint you to find me in the ground?"

"I thought of lots of things," she confessed, "but I never thought of thi . Is there something I can do for you?"

"There isn't much to do. I just lay here and kind of doze, except when people holler down. I have to talk back to show I ain't dead. Mr. Beasley is particular about that."

"Don't you get lonesome?"

"Yes, I get lonesome. Then I try to remember all the poetry I can."

"When I get lonesome I go out and look for turkey eggs. Of course," she said, laughing at the ridiculous idea, "you couldn't go out and hunt turkey eggs."

"It must be nice to hunt turkey eggs in the sunshine," said Jimmie with the wisp of a sigh.

"It is!" declared Ruby heartily. "I'm the happiest then of any time, I expect. Sometimes a weasel gets there first and eats the eggs, but mostly they don't. Sometimes I see a snake running along."

"Do you kill it?"

"No. It's got a right to live."

"THAT'S the way I feel, too. I have plenty of time to think how it'd feel to be dead." A silence rose up after the snake talk, until Jimmie said: "I guess you wondered why I moved around so much."

"I did think of it."

"It's because we're always on the move wherever we can get a date. When we get to a town I'd get me a lock-box so's nobody could see your letters till I come out."

"I liked your tin messages."

"Did you!" said Jimmie more animatedly than he had yet spoken. "I thought 'em up down in the ground. I'd think up lots of them till I found one that was exactly right."

"I always took them with me when I hunted turkey eggs. Jimmie," she said, then, for she could stand the mystery no longer, "why did you always print them on tin?"

Jimmie gave a hollow little laugh. "I expect you did wonder about that. When I come out of the ground my hand's so shaky I can't write good. Then I go to one of Mr. Beasley's punching machines. He lets me have slugs for that. Mr. Beasley's good to me, mostly."

"Wouldn't you like to give up this work for something else?"

"No," said Jimmie decisively.

"Oh!"

"It's pretty good work," he continued, "except people holler such foolish things, and always ask the same questions. They try to drop things down on me. That's the reason we have to have the screen."

"How do you feel when you come out?"

"I can't stand for a while, then I get my legs back. I always come out on onion soup. I mean, that's the first thing that goes into my stomach."

"Where do you get it?"

"Usually Mr. Beasley brings it to me. After I have rested a spell, I go to a restaurant for some more."

"Oh!" exclaimed Ruby as she thought of a tired man dragging himself into a restaurant. They talked about other matters until Ruby said: "If you had a nice job working on a farm, don't you think you'd like it?"

"I was born on a farm, Ruby, but I never liked it. I'm considered a pretty good buried-alive-man. I have a record of two hundred and eighty hours in the ground. If it gets too much for me I'm goin' to try cataleptics—you know, in show windows. That ain't so hard."

"But," persisted Ruby, "you don't favor the farm?"

"No, I don't favor it," replied Jimmie firmly. "Besides I ain't as strong as I ought to be."

"Oh," said Ruby, instantly stirred. "How long you goin' to be down?"

"Four days."

They talked until the clock on the courthouse tower struck.

"If I don't go I'll miss the last bus."

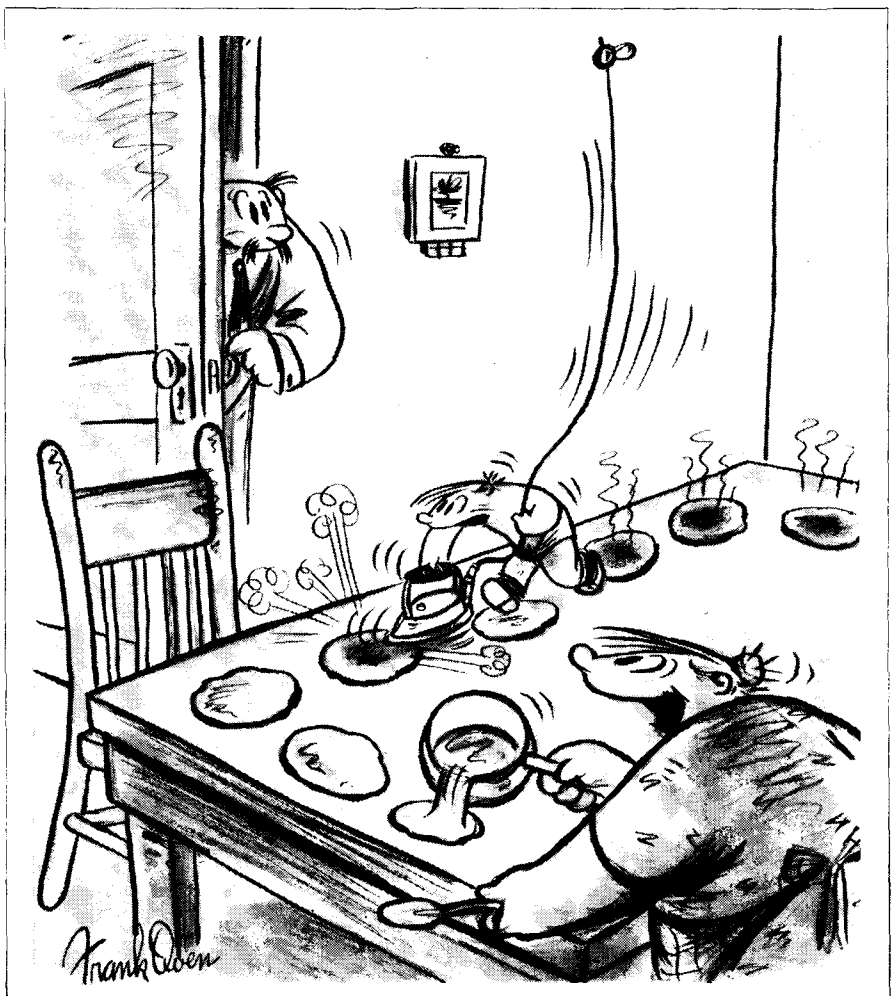
"Will you come back?"

"Yes, I'll come back," she said.

RUBY returned to the little wooden box the next night, and the next, and the next, which did not please Jenner at all. He spoke to her, finally, as she bent over a new sick calf with her finger in its mouth and her hand in a pail of milk.

"Are you goin' to set up with your egg beau tonight?" he demanded.

"Yes. He's comin' out tomorrow."



"Come look! He's showing me a new way to cook pancakes!"

FRANK OWEN

"Mr. Wilcox is after me for my answer. I'm goin' to give it to him tomorrow."

"What're you goin' to tell him?"

"I don't know yet. I'm just makin' up my mind." And with that Jenner pumped himself a jug of water and started for the fields with long, firm steps.

Ruby put on her new dress again, on the day Jimmie was to come out, and went to the carnival grounds. As the hour approached, the crowd grew and grew, urged on by the spieler with his amplifying horns, and, when the diggers started to work, the people pushed in so fiercely that Ruby had a hard time keeping her place by the wooden spout. Towering above the lesser souls was Jenner, his hat set jauntily on the side of his head, and coolly smoking a cigar.

Her heart began to pound when the spades grated with a hollow sound on the wooden box. One of the workmen peered into the face-hole, then turned and said something out of the corner of his mouth to another workman who, too, craned his head into the opening.

"I've got to look!" cried Ruby.

"You keep back," warned a workman. She flung him aside and bent over, but could see nothing, for others were pushing and shoving and bawling at her for being a fool. She looked and on Jenner's face was a smile, and then he calmly thumped off another fleck of ashes. The workmen began to heave at the ropes and the box came up, inch by inch, first one end tilted, then the other, while clods of earth, freed by the workmen's feet, rolled back into the grave-hole. Ruby pushed against the ropes when the workmen began to unscrew the lid, an ominous, sinking feeling in her breast. "Jimmie! My Jimmie!" she whispered to herself over and over as the screws came out of the box.

His eyes were open and ghastly when the lid was off, and his cheeks were sunken and covered with whiskers.

"Hello, Phipps! How are you?" one of the workmen called, but there was no answer, and then the workman turned and said something to Mr. Beasley, who took off his hat. "Is there a doctor in the audience?" he asked in a hushed voice.

"Yes." A man began to thread through the crowd, which had grown silent and breathless.

"Let me to him," said Mr. Beasley, and began to make his way through the crowd, his hat held across his body at the height of his shoulder. He arrived first, and gave the figure a shake. As he did so, his face lighted up. "He's alive! He's moving!" he cried. "Thank God!"

THE carnival people helped him out, slowly and impressively, and as they did so Jimmie's hands made little fluttering movements. His eyes brightened and moved over the crowd until they came to rest on Ruby, who was holding up her hand as she had promised. He looked at her a long, breathless moment, then smiled. The excitement for the crowd being over, the merry-go-round blared forth, the barkers took up their megaphones, the girls came out in front of Little Egypt, and the carnival was again under way. Mr. Beasley fed Jimmie the onion soup, talking professionally, and then started with Jimmie toward the rooming-house, Jimmie leaning heavily upon Mr. Beasley's arm; while Ruby stood watching them and especially the twitchings in Jimmie's legs. As he passed, Jimmie smiled and the smile said: "I'll be back as soon as I can."

Jimmie's fast had made her hungry and so she bought herself a frankfurter and ate it, then walked about the grounds, thinking of Jimmie limping off on Mr. Beasley's arm. The barker, alive to the opportunities of the moment, bellowed through his megaphone that he dared anybody to wrestle the man who had become the great Slapinsky. Jenner threw his stub on the ground.

"I'll take him on."

"You better not," said Ruby. "He might hurt you."

"Seems to me I've heard that before," said Jenner, pulling at his tie. "I'll make sausage out of him. An' I won't need any onion soup, either."

Ruby could not bring herself to go in, but stood outside the tent where she could hear the crash of flesh on flesh, the heavy tortured breathing of the men, the yells and hisses and jeers and curses of the crowd behind the swaying brown wall. There was a profound, breathless silence, then a terrible moan that tore through her like a finger through a paper napkin. She stood at the tent door as they filed out, but could not bear to ask how it had ended, for she knew in her heart. She walked slowly away and bought herself some pink candy; then suddenly, as if he had popped up out of the ground, Jenner was standing before her smoking a fresh cigar.

"Well, there she is!" he said, hauling a crumpled ten-dollar bill out of his pocket. "Didn't I tell you I'd hang him on the clothesline!"

"I thought you was being killed."

HE LET out a guffaw at this. "Not for a minute! I could of smoked my cigar if I'd had it with me." Then he grew serious. "Mr. Wilcox is expectin' his answer. This gives me ten dollars more to put with it. I thought of that while I was wrastlin'." He paused and pulled awkwardly at his mighty hands. "I was really wrastlin' for you, Ruby."

"I want time to think," said Ruby.

"Do that, Ruby. I'll be walking around." And off he went, a veil of smoke floating behind him, pausing now and then to shake hands with his admirers.

Jimmie came after a time, freshly shaved and in a new suit, and walking more steadily.

"It was awful, when you came out," said Ruby as they sat down on a bench. "I—I thought," she quavered, "you were dead."

"I ought to told you about that," he said, disturbed at the agony he had caused her. "That's part of the act. Mr. Beasley says it thrills the crowd, and that's what they want." He breathed heavily. "It sort of got me this time," he confessed. "Comin' out of the ground among strangers, except Mr. Beasley and the boys, that's the hard part. Then settin' around in a room for two or three days restin' up . . . that's hard, too. Always goin' places by myself."

She looked at little Jimmie sitting beside her on the bench, his clawlike hands resting in his frail lap.

"You won't have to go places by yourself any more, if you don't want to, Jimmie. You oughtn't to, anyway," she declared firmly. "You need somebody to look after you."

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Up Above the World So High

Continued from page 13

It appeared as an incandescent disc, sharp in outline and much whiter than when seen from the earth. Away from the sun the light in general seemed to be about one quarter of the intensity of the light on a bright day on the earth. Both the commander and myself were silent as we looked. My thoughts were that I really had a peek at infinity. After a few moments he said: "This is great!"

I agreed, but time was fleeting. While our goal had been reached the most important part of our mission had yet to be accomplished. The most valuable observations were to be taken at peak altitude. We made our color comparisons with the sky. The commander agreed that the sky was almost a dead match for the "sky blue" trousers of the Marines.

This important finding was sent to Colonel Knox in a radio broadcast as follows:

"Up above—a very clear, beautiful blue sky and I say *blue*—very definitely."

The Gondoliers

We had been under closed hatches for about three hours but were very comfortable. I wore uniform khaki trousers over cotton underwear, with a service O. D. flannel shirt and a regular issue jerkin. The commander was dressed as I was except that he wore blue serge trousers, an ordinary shirt and sported a red and white necktie. We had donned ordinary fur-lined flying suits after closing hatches. He wore tennis shoes and I a pair of leather moccasins to facilitate climbing in and out of the gondola while under way. The air was pure and fresh. Our air-conditioning apparatus was functioning perfectly. The pressure inside had dropped on one occasion to that corresponding to 14,000 feet, due to a slight leak which we had fixed at once. Then we had to evaporate a few cups of liquid oxygen which brought up the pressure to that corresponding to 11,000 feet. The carbon-dioxide content of the air had risen on one occasion to two per cent but was lowered to one per cent when we evaporated some more liquid oxygen.

The temperature inside the gondola varied between 46 degrees and 50 degrees Fahrenheit. This comfortable temperature was due to a very simple but effective heating system. The outside of the upper hemisphere was painted white so that, as Dr. R. T. Stephenson—Dr. Compton's assistant—put it, we would not get too hot, and the lower hemisphere black so that we would not get too cold.

The energy which comes to us from the sun is partly in the form of radiant or solar energy. As this energy travels through space in a wave motion it furnishes no heating effect until it strikes something. Solar energy is like light in that it may be reflected or absorbed. When absorbed it turns into heat energy. At high altitudes solar energy is more intense than at the surface of the earth.

The white hemisphere reflected most of the radiant energy but the black paint on the lower half of our gondola absorbed energy which was transformed into heat. I placed a thermometer against the lower shell of our gondola and it registered a temperature of 103 degrees above zero, Fahrenheit. The temperature of the metal of the upper part of the shell was below zero.

At about 3:30 we had to give our attention to ballooning. While the air in the stratosphere was smooth it was by no means at rest. Radio reports, supplemented by what we considered then our rather imperfect ground observations, indicated that we were drifting south and east at the rate of about 50 miles an hour. The Atlantic Ocean was coming our way at what seemed to us a lively rate of approach.

The temperature of the outside air was about 60 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. It was important that we know the temperature of the gas in the balloon. Our balloon was made of a white fabric so that it would reflect radiant energy and not absorb it—at least to any great extent. Two thermometers were placed inside the balloon suspended near the top to indicate the temperature of the gas. The balloon fabric was thin enough so that the interior of the balloon was well illuminated. We could look through the port in the top of the gondola and see the inside of the balloon through the four-foot opening of the appendix. The top of the balloon was about 170 feet above the gondola. By using our monocular glass we could read the temperature indicated by the thermometers in the bag.

The temperature indicated by the thermometers (there were two of them for purposes of check) was 28 degrees above zero. The gas was about 90 degrees warmer than the outside air. This was a help in gaining altitude, but this high temperature might cause us some embarrassment later on.

A hurried but accurate computation was made and it might be of interest to note that a slide rule is a very important piece of high-altitude ballooning equipment. We knew that as the sun went down our gas would cool. As the gas cooled it would contract and a part of our buoyant force would be taken away. We now had a full balloon, 600-000 cubic feet, but the solution of our little problem in thermodynamics showed that when we got down to an altitude of 1,000 feet, our gas would have contracted to a volume of only 33,000 cubic feet—about one fourth of the gas with which we started from the ground. It was not difficult to compute what load could be carried by 33,000 cubic feet of hydrogen. It was considerably less than the load which we had after our service ballast had been dumped.

Going Down!

This had been foreseen before we left the ground and to provide for this a part of our load was put in the classification of "disposable" ballast. This consisted of instruments, equipment and supplies needed during the trip but which are not needed upon landing. The scientific observer was classed as an item of disposable ballast.

The sun was getting down in the west. At 4:20 it was partially obscured by the haze in the tropopause, which diminished the supply of solar energy. The temperature of the gas was lowered and contraction of the hydrogen took place. The amount of air displaced was lessened but the weight of our balloon and gondola remained the same. Our statoscope indicated that we were dropping—slowly.

There was nothing to be done about the matter, however. The four bags of ballast which the commander had saved were to be reserved for use near the ground as landing ballast. As we sunk leisurely more haze came between the sun and ourselves and our rate of descent increased. The skipper took post at the variometer, an instrument having a glass tube inside of which is a carmine-colored column of oil, the position of which indicates the rate of rise or fall in meters a second. The carmine column moved to 6 meters, about 14 miles an hour, and held there as we reached the ten-mile level. We experienced no sensation of motion.

It was getting dark inside the gondola. The radio called: "Calling W9XZ! Calling W9XZ!" The commander cursed a little. He went to the microphone and acknowledged the call. The announcer was polite but insistent in his questions regarding our welfare. The skipper told him that we were preparing to descend and that he had no time to talk. He stated that the radio would be thrown overboard in a few minutes. Would the commander wait until a network connection could be established and tell the radio audience about the matter? One look at the variometer, which indicated that we were dropping about twice as fast as the fastest passenger elevator in a modern office building, caused the commander to give an answer very decidedly in the negative. He pulled loose the battery connections and our radio contact with the earth was broken. He seemed annoyed.

Faster and Faster

As we passed the 35,000-foot level, I chanced to look out toward the east and saw a most interesting phenomenon. A wide band of colors was visible against the background of the mist. The colors were like a rainbow but ranged only from the violet to a saffron yellow. The band was almost horizontal and was probably due to the breaking up of the light of the sun by distant alto-cirrus clouds. These clouds are composed of tiny particles of ice.

It was impossible to check our descent by throwing disposable ballast overboard, for we were too high to open the gondola. The pressure on the outside was increasing but still considerably below our pressure inside the gondola. At 30,000 feet the commander opened a valve slowly to allow the escape of air so that the outside and inside pressures would be equalized. As he opened the valve the air rushed out and a dense fog was formed inside. This was due to the rapid lowering of pressure which condensed the water vapor in the air in our gondola.

The variometer indicated that our rate of descent had increased to 8 meters a second, or 18 miles an hour. At that rate we would reach the ground in 15 or 20 minutes and there would be no slowing up unless we got about 900 pounds of ballast over the side before we hit the ground.

At 26,500 feet, about five miles up, the skipper decided to open hatches. The pressure inside and outside was now the same, about 5½ pounds a square inch. The inner hatches came off readily but the outer hatches would not budge. The commander braced himself on two stanchions and kicked—but the hatches held. Some water vapor had seeped past the gaskets and had frozen.

We had been apprehensive about such a condition and had carried, as part of our emergency equipment, a short crowbar. A few blows and the hatches were open. The liquid oxygen went over first and after that the 200 pounds of lead shielding for Dr. Compton's cosmic ray machine.

An important item of ballast was 300 pounds of dry batteries carried in the

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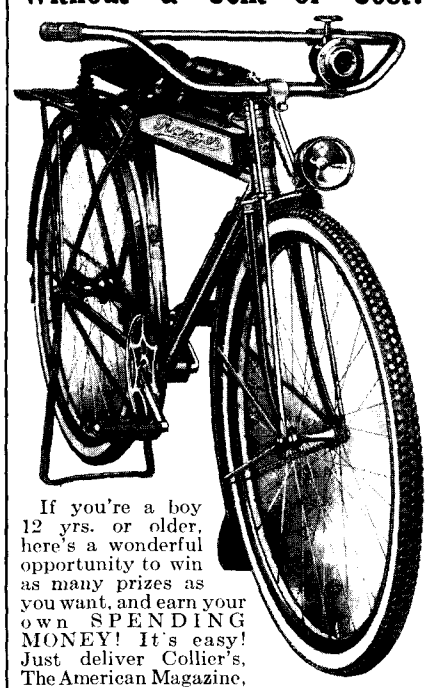

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(Continued from page 45)

"bilges," the space between the deck and the bottom of the gondola. The deck was held in place by four machine screws. The screwdriver could not be found. Three screws were removed by using our thumb nails as a screwdriver, but the fourth would not budge. We must find the screwdriver. A systematic search on hands and knees was rewarded and the fourth screw was removed. The deck was lifted out and thrown overboard. Before the batteries could be removed the electrical connections had to be broken. One line carried 700 volts and dry cells are capable of furnishing a heavy current in amperes. Great care was necessary. Insulated wire-cutting pliers were used quickly and effectively. Now for lifting out the batteries. We could not move them. They had been packed too tightly. Underneath the batteries, however, was an eiderdown mattress, the property of Mrs. Compton. A "yo heave" on the mattress and one battery was loosened. The rest came easily. Over the side!

Parachutes Overboard!

The variometer still held at 8 meters. Blankets, our nice lunch, untouched and in the original wrapping of orchid ribbons, flying boots, flying suits, helmets and every other item of disposable equipment except the observer was jettisoned. The heavy pieces of equipment, I should have mentioned, were fastened to parachutes.

There was little conversation. The commander gave his orders in a military manner like the skipper on the bridge of a battle wagon. He was distinctly in charge. The only sign of emotion or feeling was a wrinkling of his brow when he watched the variometer. I felt that I had the privilege of seeing intelligent courage in action.

At 800 feet the variometer showed that our descent had ceased. We had leveled off after dropping 40,000 feet in 40 minutes.

During this time we had no chance to do any navigating. It was 5:40 and getting dark. I saw a large body of water as I thought, ahead, but there was land below. The commander had climbed out and was "topside." I inquired as to the probabilities of getting across that large body of water.

"You needn't worry about that—we just crossed it," was the skipper's reply. That body of water was Delaware Bay.

I was ordered to continue with the work of getting rid of a few remaining pieces of disposable ballast.

"Mike! You had better throw your parachute harness overboard."

Our parachutes of the type known as "Guardian Angel 'Chutes" were carried in the rigging above the gondola. To use this type of parachute one must fasten two lines attached to the parachute to rings on the parachute harness, which is strapped about the body. The harness is an essential part of the equipment. I was still in the category of disposable ballast and did not, therefore, feel enthusiastic over the commander's order.

"How about this jumping business? I don't think so much of jumping without a harness," was my unmilitary reply.

The commander coughed, stammered a bit and then said:

"I am sorry, Mike, but I threw away your parachute a few minutes ago."

Over went the harness.

We had reached the eastern shore of Delaware Bay and were heading for Cape May at about 15 miles an hour. The commander came below and announced that he was going to land in the marsh along the eastern bank.

"Stand by the rip cord," was his command.

Gas is released by a control valve, but the final act of landing is to deflate the bag rapidly by "ripping." The rip cord is attached to a panel in the top of the balloon, which is weaker than the rest of the bag. Heaving on this line pulls out the large panel. The commander had told me earlier in the day that the bag would be "ripped" anywhere between 6 inches and 150 feet above the ground. I stood at my post at the stern hatch and took up the slack in the line. At the command, "Rip," I heaved and at the same instant there was a slight shaking of the gondola. The barometer bounced against the stanchion. I turned quickly to the commander.

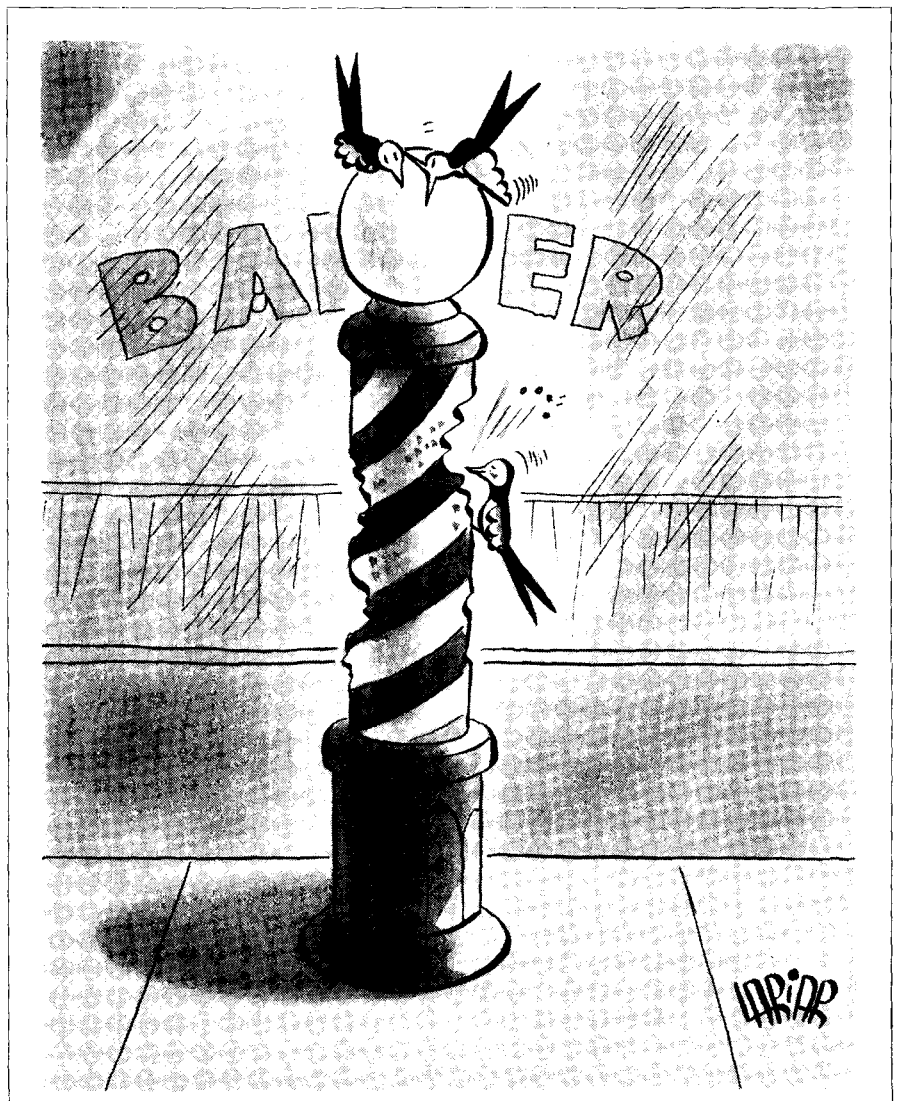
"What was that?"

"We landed!" was his reply. We had made an "eggshell" landing. No crash. No bumping. No dragging.

A quick survey showed that we had Delaware Bay on the west. A drainage canal about 12 to 15 feet wide was to the north, east and south. We were within an ox-bow formed by this canal. Crowds would not bother us. The tide was in and because there was some surface water on the marsh we thought it wise to remove our instruments from the gondola to the balloon fabric, which was waterproof. When this work was done the commander ordered me to guard the balloon and instruments while he started for some habitation. He went to the north. The ditch was too deep to cross with safety so he walked along the south bank looking for a reasonable place to cross. He stepped into a pool of quicksand but was able to get out. Any further attempt to go on would be dangerous and foolhardy. He returned.

The night was clear and cold. We had no blankets, food or water. We lay down in the balloon, covered ourselves with many thicknesses of the light fabric and had a fine night's rest, the best in months.

We were awakened at daylight by birds which I took to be geese diving low on our balloon. We went back to sleep and I awoke again at about 7:30. The commander was still very sleepy so I told him that I would make a reconnaissance. The view was not so cheerful. I climbed on top of the gondola and was able to see a farmhouse to the north. The tide was out but the canal was too wide to cross easily. I followed it to the north looking for a favorable place to cross. My moccasins would not stay on so I removed them and walked in my bare feet. Curiously enough my feet became warm. I saw a hayrake some distance away toward the east. I reasoned that the hayrake was used to gather marsh hay and there must be a road near by. I had to cross three drainage ditches to reach the hayrake. I found a path to the north which led to the lone farmhouse I had seen from the gondola. A young boy about ten and his younger sister were turning a corn-shelling implement. My appearance was not prepossessing. The youngsters were too astounded to answer my questions regarding the nearest telephone. Their mother came to the back door, however, and directed me to the nearest phone—about three miles away. I put on my moccasins and set out. The young boy joined me after I was a few hundred feet on my way. He acted as a guide and at about 9:30 Tuesday morning I reached the farmhouse of Samuel Johnson.



"He's got a sweet tooth!" LAWRENCE LARIAR

A pretty young girl answered my knock at the door and allowed me to call Chicago. The telephone operator listened in on the conversation and then did some calling on her own account. In an incredibly short time a group of men, members of the New Jersey State Police Force, arrived. They were fine chaps and presented a smart appearance in their horizon-blue uniforms. I was eager to get back to the balloon but took time to have a cup of coffee and the finest fried ham I have ever tasted, served by the Misses Johnson. A large crowd gathered and we started back to the balloon.

The commander had selected a strategic place on which to land. The canal was an effective barrier for the large crowd which gathered. A group of Navy and Coast Guard planes circled overhead. They were followed by a number of civilian aircraft, including newspaper photographing planes.

About eleven o'clock Dr. Stephenson and the crew which had set out from Akron by automobile arrived. The precious instruments with their records were turned over to Dr. Stephenson, who represented Dr. Compton. The barograph, however, was turned over to Mr. Ray Cooper and Mr. W. R. Enyart of the National Aeronautic Association.

After a conference, it was decided that Commander Settle would go to Washington to be present during the calibration of our barograph. I remained to care for the bag.

A Navy crew from Lakehurst packed the bag in a compact bundle. I accepted the invitation of a Mr. Weatherill to use his quarters to bathe, shave and change. The ground crew had brought my suitcase with fresh clothing from Akron.

The home of my host was a beautiful colonial home which had been built in 1746, but it had 1933 plumbing. I came down to the living-room after a luxurious bath, in a freshly pressed blue uniform and was greeted by Mr. Weatherill and his attractive wife.

Getting the bag from the marsh was a difficult task. I had made a contract with Sam Johnson for the job. The bag was delivered in Bridgeton Thursday afternoon. The city officials of Bridgeton had offered me the use of the facilities of the town. The bag was laid out on the ground in the town stadium and washed down by the Fire Department. It was necessary to remove all traces of salt water to prevent rapid deterioration of the balloon fabric. The huge bag after being washed was moved to the grassy expanse inside the race track on the edge of Bridgeton. Friday was devoted to drying up pools of water lying on the fabric. The weather was threatening and I was greatly relieved when the bag was dried and packed Friday night.

Fun to Remember

Our stratosphere ascension was over. A large sum of money and much effort had been expended. What was the gain?

We considered ourselves merely as field men whose duty it was to gather information. The interpretation was the work of the scientific director. Dr. Compton published a paper in April, part of which is as follows:

"Our ionization-altitude curve obtained on the Settle-Fordney stratosphere flight is thus found to be inconsistent with the view that the cosmic rays enter the atmosphere as photons. It is however explicable in terms of ionizing particles with a definite range."

Data regarding meteorological conditions in the stratosphere, valuable perhaps to those who will penetrate further into the last frontier of exploration, had been brought back and made available. A little had been added to human knowledge.

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High Wind

Continued from page 21

and high wind." His tone had turned harder. He stopped himself instantly and put the pipe between his teeth. She hadn't moved; her lips were set as though against pain. He said, very quietly: "Don't let things ride you too hard."

She went through the bedroom door and closed it. Undressing in the dark, she crept between the sheets and lay straight and unyielding on the far edge of the bed, against the house wall. The wind struck the boards solidly, the sound of it like the rush of water. All the corners of the house were howling and above her and around her was the moan of a terrific and overwhelming emptiness—the insane laughter of space. She closed her eyes and pressed her hands against her ears, but the reverberations of the wall came through the bed and into her body and scraped across her nerves. She clenched her teeth together, thinking of the soft, still twilight of Connecticut.

Buck came quietly in and she pulled her hands from her ears, and remained still. When he laid himself beside her he was careful not to touch her. Her fingernails bit into her palms; she cried silently, and her tremors shook the bed a little. But the frenzy of the mad world outside overbore this small disturbance and he wasn't hearing her. She stared at the black ceiling. "I have failed him," she told herself. None of his warmth reached across the distance between them.

IT WAS the fourteenth day of the wind. Going toward Herrick's store, she bowed her head against this insistent misery and tried to remember how it felt not to have that sullen crying in her ears.

It was a relief to be in Herrick's store, but only a momentary relief. Coming upon the women gathered there for the morning's shopping, she felt a dread at their reserve. In the beginning she had not known how to meet their friendliness; now she had no way of overcoming their chilling judgment. They thought her cold and proud. There was some polite talk, yet it was only by effort that she could relax the tight set of her lips to answer. Watching them, she was suddenly aware of a weariness, a premature oldness in each. The storm had done something to their faces.

SHE made her purchases and went out again into the driving smother. At the corner of the Alamo saloon, partially sheltered against the blast racing down the railroad tracks, she stopped to grip her bundles more securely. Men were swinging the Alamo's doors wide as they moved through, letting out the strong stench of tobacco and whisky. Her glance traveled in a moment—and identified the tall figure of Buck standing by the bar, surrounded by a group of settlers. A high gust of laughter rushed at her, the doors swung shut. Abbie's teeth bit into her lower lip. She hurried on home. Somebody was moving into the adjoining house, for there was a clutter of furniture in the yard and five children running around the yard while a man, violently swearing, tried to move a heavy bureau through the front door. A woman stood in the flailing dust of the street and held the heads of a nervous team, the loose shape of her body describing an unutterable weariness.

Coming home in the premature six-o'clock darkness, Buck LaGrange found his wife standing at the stove, pouring jelly into glasses. The room was filled with a stifling heat; Abbie's cheeks were flushed and wet. She didn't look at him. "Supper's late. The wind comes down the chimney and the oven won't heat."

"Never mind. Let's go over to the Drover's Rest and have supper."

Her voice was flat, stubborn. "I won't spend your money that way."

"Don't drive yourself so hard, Abbie."

She said: "Do you drink?"

"You'll never need worry about that. I do my business where I find men. The saloon is a good place to find them."

Lamplight shone against a window turned black by the weird night. Out of the steady beating tempo of the storm rushed a sudden furious attack. It smote the house wall with a long, hollow booming and shuddered every board. The walls definitely swayed. Abbie stepped back from the stove. She looked at Buck, alarm widening her eyes. Her lips moved.

"In the center of it now," he said, and watched the elbow of the stove pipe bend from the wall. Soot gushed down the wall, its fine powder spreading darkly. Above the roar lifted the passionate yelling of a woman, the frightened cry of children. Then a man's outraged voice rode over this.

Abbie said: "They've been quarreling all afternoon. The words have been horrible."

"They're settlers, without any money. It's tough on them."

"They're vulgar!"

He looked at her carefully. "People like that can't afford to be polite and repressed." His words struck her more pronouncedly. "Maybe it's a good idea to quarrel and get it out of your system."

ON THE third Sunday she sat in the gaunt little room that was Abilene's church and bowed her head and remembered the lost gentleness of her Connecticut home. She could have cried then, had the bitter wind left any tears in her. Beside her, Buck stirred his big brown hands restlessly on his knees while the man in the pulpit shook a fist at the sparse congregation and spoke of the hell-fire and damnation to come. His voice was as strident as an auctioneer's. He had no pity and no gentleness in him and his long, hungry face seemed to exult in the misery he pictured for them. When he had finished he strode down the narrow aisle, blotting the sweat from his face. Abbie was glad to leave. All the faces around her were tired, all talk was low.

She brought up her handkerchief and held it against her nose. The rank odor of the stockyards came on with the wind again and all the sidewalk sweepings from the near-by saloons were whipping up into the air. A little beyond the church three narrow buildings sat side by side with drawn blinds; abreast them, Buck LaGrange moved around, placing himself between Abbie and the buildings. Near by stood the school.

"Must the school and the church be here—beside *those?*" murmured Abbie.

"We do the best we can."

But she shook her head, speaking with suppressed vehemence. "Never—never!"

Buck said, "Hello, Bill." Abbie raised her head and found Wild Bill Hickok, hat lifted, standing in the dust to let them pass, his long locks flung out behind his shoulders. She nodded only, made afraid again by that bold, womanish face. Above her the hidden sun made a round, orange stain in the clogged air. In her own house once more she put away her bonnet and stood a moment in the bedroom, feeling the tremble of her nerves. When Buck spoke, directly behind her, she started. She wheeled about, her fists doubled, her hands rising.

He said, concerned: "Didn't mean to scare you."

"I hate that man. Why do all of you go out of your way to show him your respect?"

"Wild Bill? He's my friend. Whatever else he is, he's that."

(Continued on page 48)

"Too many people was snoopin' in on the radio calls!" ED GRAHAM

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(Continued from page 47)

"A killer," she breathed in a minutely uncontrolled voice.

It brought his head down. "In the East," he said, "we'd be showing respect to the banker, for his money. Here we show our respect to Bill—for his courage. It's the thing we look up to. It's the thing we've all got to have. Just courage."

"Do you think I'd tell anybody at home he was at our wedding? Do you think I'd even tell them the kind of a wedding I had? I'm ashamed of it!"

"You're upset."

"Won't the wind ever stop?"

He scrubbed his hand along the sudden dampness of his face; worry cut quick lines across his brow. His eyes showed a ragged light. "Abbie," he said, "you're not happy."

"How can I be?"

He turned away from her. He went into the front room. His voice came back after a while, without emotion. "I had better send you home."

She came after him; she stood across the table from him, white and small. "You wouldn't go back with me?"

"I should be nothing but a clerk there. It isn't enough. I can't live that sort of a life any more. I'm not that sort of a man any more."

"Ambition has made you wild."

He said in a careful, dull voice: "The time to correct this mistake is now. I should be no happier there than you are here."

"There's something between us. There has been since the first day."

"Yes," he said.

Her lips stiffened. "I hate to think I can't be a good wife. Let's go back."

He spoke bleakly. "We'd carry this back with us. It would be in your head and in mine. Twenty years from now we'd be middle-aged people living in a house that had no warmth, no hope in it. That sort of starvation is worse than hunger for food."

She said: "Why do you—?"

SOMEONE knocked rapidly on the door; someone said, in an excited voice, "Buck!" Abbie's lips went narrow and still again. She stood defensively in the center of the room, chin up and shoulders lifted. Buck's big frame blocked a half-open doorway and a man outside was speaking in swift phrases rendered unintelligible by the pound of the wind. In a moment he was gone. Buck closed the door. He stood with his hand on the knob, staring at the panel; when he swung about she saw the change in his face. It was darker, with a rising anger whipping up in his eyes. She said, "What is it, Buck?"

He crossed the room to a closet, reaching into it with an abrupt twist of his shoulders. Inexpressibly startled, she found he had a rifle in his hand when he turned again. Her voice lifted; it was breathless and peremptory: "Buck!"

"Well," he said evenly, "this had to come some time. There's a trail herd coming toward my fences. They could travel another mile and go around it, but they're Texans and they hate fences. They intend to cut my wire." He stopped speaking and stared at the strangeness on her pale cheeks. He said, spuriously quiet, "I didn't put up that fence just for fun," and left the room. A little later, rooted to her place by the table, she saw him carried past a window in a buckboard driven by another man who had whipped the horses to a run.

Something in that haste struck fear entirely through her. She moved over to the window and watched the buckboard swing at the railroad track and continue at a dead gallop on down toward the livestock yards, toward Buck's ranch two miles beyond town; she watched it fade into the yellow pall of dust. Afterwards, for perhaps ten minutes she remained in this position, her hands on the sill, the steady pounding of the storm vibrating through her arms. Her heart beat small and fast and her lungs began to oppress her; and she thought in sudden despair she would never get enough air. There was some malignant, cruel force squeezing the breath out of her.

She turned and went into the kitchen. The stove had gone cold and there was a roast half cooked in the oven; she rekindled the fire stolidly, matching her bitter anger against a draught which poured down the chimney and blew smoke out of the stove into her face. Her eyes, heavy with the constant dust, smarted unbearably. She gasped, "Won't it ever stop?" She held the stove lid lifter in her hand. Suddenly she threw it blindly from her and went into the bedroom to change out of her Sunday clothes.

But she didn't change. Seated on the edge of the bed, she closed her eyes and put her hands over her face. Dust smell poured through the room. She got up and closed the bedroom door, hoping to shut off the strong current of wind leaking around her. It was no better. She said, on the edge of screaming: "Won't it ever stop?" There was a hard long report sailing over her house; it dragged her back to a front window. All her muscles were taut and her nerves were thin and raw, yet nothing was to be seen on the windy street beyond the railroad track, nothing but one humped-over figure beating his way against the wind into the clouded emptiness surrounding farther Abilene.

"Where's the guy I'm going to fight?" LOUIS PRISCILLA

SHE let out a quick, gasping sound and ran across the room and left the house, bareheaded. She had to support herself for a little while against the picket fence; and then pushed on toward the center of town. Past the railroad tracks it occurred to her that the Wild Bill would be in his saloon, where she couldn't go. But she could go to Theodore Henry, who would fetch him. Beyond the shanty depot the wind, racing up the open length of the street, struck her fully and wickedly. She had to push herself against it; she had to cover her nose to breathe. Over against the wall of the Alamo she stopped to catch her wind. Theodore Henry's real-estate office was a few doors farther along a walk swept bare of life.

SHE pushed on; and then was halted by a voice coming curiously at her. Lifting her head she saw the buckboard coming back, veering to the walk's edge. Buck got out, holding to his rifle. The other man stayed up on the seat and turned to look behind.

"What have you done?" said Abbie.

He had done something, she knew. His face had no warmth in it. "They'll go around the fence. I shot one of them. Go home, Abbie—"

The man on the buckboard yelled. "Hey—!"

Buck LaGrange pushed his wife away. He wheeled slowly and the snout of his rifle lifted. "Go home, Abbie—"

A column of cowhands rode out of vagueness into the walk. Dust rolled enormously up. They were dismounting—and they were coming along the walk at a set and deliberate stride—one heavy man leading them. She had her fingers around Buck's arm; she felt his muscles go tight. That leading man stopped a pace away, his crew collecting around him. She knew they meant to kill Buck. Violence was in them, hatred poured out of them. The man said in a lashing voice:

"Put your woman aside! Put your gun down! We'll settle this fence business in a hurry. You'll shoot no more trail hands!"

Buck's arm swept out. It threw her across the walk into the side of the buckboard against the feet of the driver, who had never moved. There was a shout behind her, a scuffling of feet and a deep cursing. She turned her head and saw a man drop under Buck's fist; she saw them coming on, smothering him. The man in the wagon yelled, "My God, lady, get out of here!" Her eyes went up to him and knew he wouldn't be any good. But there was a whip standing in its holder. She saw it and seized it and whirled back. Buck's shoulders rose in the middle of the mass bearing against him; he was silent in this pack which howled and struck and tried to bear him down. She raised the whip, slashing blindly out. She walked on, felt it strike them; she closed her eyes and kept striking and opened her eyes and saw men cringing away.

Behind her a cold voice commanded: "Stop that, boys!"

She was exhausted; and one of the crew had snatched the whip away. But there was no further need of it. For the cowhands had sprung back from Buck LaGrange, who was still on his feet, whose big arms swung and were ready to hit again. One man lay on the walk with blood dripping from his face. The voice behind her spoke again, chilly and monotonous.

"Looking for a little trouble, boys?" Turning, then, Abbie found Wild Bill standing behind her. His big body made an indolent shape in the mealy yellow light. One half risen hand poised a burning cigar. But there was something greedy and deadly in the man's round, winkless eyes. He said, never changing his level tone: "Get out of Abilene."

THE silence behind her was absolute; it was strange to her. She swung around—and witnessed then the power that belonged to one man, and the fear he placed in other men's hearts. The cowhand struck down by Buck's fists got awkwardly to his feet, saying nothing. He simply turned and lifted an arm at his crew and they all walked back to their horses. Her glance followed them until Buck's voice broke in. He was standing beside her, looking down with an intent interest. Wild Bill said:

"What are friends for, Buck? If you had a fight on your hands why didn't you call me?"

He had taken off his hat, the wind whipping his long hair around his shoulders. He had put the cigar between his big lips and he was remotely smiling. "You're a fighter, ma'am. I admire courage. If there is anything you want me to do for you—"

The power of speech was out of her; she had nothing to say. Buck's hand took her arm and swayed her gently forward. They went out into the street and across the tracks toward home. He said something she didn't hear and braced her against the risen relentlessness of the wind. On the porch he opened the door for her. But he wasn't following. He had stopped at the threshold and was slowly brushing his boots against the mat. Weariness pulled his shoulders down and he braced one arm against the doorway.

Abbie's voice was stony; it was vehement; it was outraged. "Never mind, Buck. Come in here!"

His heavy eyes stared at her. She had to reach out and pull him forward; she had to close the door behind him. He seemed to have no strength left in him. There was a quickness in her breathing, a sudden graphic emotion across her dark face.

"You think I'm cold—everybody thinks I'm cold! I'm not—I never was! I have been a poor wife, Buck! But I love you!"

There was in his eyes the quick burst of hope. He reached out and he brought her against him, heavy arms pressing her hard. A flicker of humor loosened his lips. She felt the soft stir of his chuckle.

"I thought you'd never change, Abbie. It's been tough for us all. But the wind will stop. It will stop—and it doesn't matter any more."

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A Master for the House

Continued from page 22

The anti-Byrns factions cannot afford to drag in the White House, but even that structure is not sacred against whispers. They imply that the President's advisers favor the man from Texas. Some of their citations seem far-fetched. They recall that Mr. Rayburn, as Garner's campaign manager at the Chicago convention, engineered the deal which nominated the President. They enumerate the number of times that Mr. Rayburn is called to the telephone by the White House, and mention casually that he "goes down there" at least three times a week. If any doubt now remains about the White House attitude, they whisper: "And the President calls him 'Sam.'"

Statecraft Southern Style

These arguments infuriate the Byrns followers, who insist that the election is "in the bag." If he is such a supine leader, why is it, they ask, that the House got out of hand only twice in the last session? A faculty for compromising and persuading prima donnas to sing in tune, they declare, is no sign of weakness. If it is, how about the President's action in accepting the Thomas inflationary proposals and the Frazier-Lemke bill so as to stave off even more extreme ideas?

Anent the argument that Mr. Byrns does not stand well at the White House, they recall that the President paid him the distinct compliment of permitting him to act as advance man on his pre-Thanksgiving trip to Muscle Shoals. Sam Rayburn may go hunting with Ray Moley, but the picture of Joe standing alongside Franklin D. appeared in the papers. If any doubt now remains about the White House attitude, they whisper: "And the President calls him 'Joe.'" Unless a member is familiar with the President's predilection for first names, he is likely to be crushed by these conflicting schools of thought—the he-calls-him-Sam and the he-calls-him-Joe propagandists.

Mr. Rayburn, the principal beneficiary of these anti-Byrns arguments, presents a striking contrast to the lanky, drawling Majority Leader. He is a bald, stocky, rugged farmer-lawyer from the red clay country of Texas. His rough-hewn manner and appearance suggest latent force.

Unspectacular and undemonstrative, even unimpressive, he has always had a definite and serious aim. As a youngster, he told visitors to the Rayburn homestead that he was going to college, that he would become Speaker of the Texas Legislature, that he would end up in Congress. He did, even though his dad sent the future statesman into the collegiate world with only a blessing and twenty-five dollars. He knew what he wanted when he came to Congress, and though it took almost twenty years, he got it. Born in a hamlet on a branch-line railroad, the two-train-a-day break in routine fascinated him. So he made railroads his hobby and, as an expert on all forms of transportation, he slowly advanced to the chairmanship of the Interstate Commerce Committee.

His legislative style is totally unlike Byrns'. Rayburn never budges or gives an inch on the floor or in committee. He prefers to outfight and outargue the other fellow. Since he had to resist powerful pressure from radio, railroad and financial organizations, his successes have been surprising. He is studious and resourceful. Whereas most important measures got through the last House under gag rules restricting debate and amendments, he pushed his controversial bills through the chamber without such safeguards.

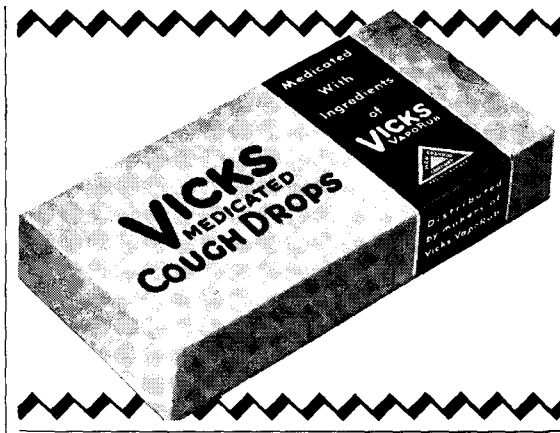
Will Bankhead, the third of the leading trio, has nothing in common with Byrns or Rayburn—except an ambition to be Speaker. They act and appear, superficially at least, like the countryman type of legislator. He has as glistening a manner as his Broadway daughters Tallulah Bankhead and Nancy Hoyt. He is polished, cultured, gracious. He dresses well and has a distinguished presence. He is, without a doubt, the finest natural orator in the House, and one of the most compelling on Capitol Hill. Unlike most congressional spellbinders, he gets on his feet only when he has something to say. He speaks seldom, but when he does, the House listens and pays heed.

The fact that these three contenders hail from the South complicates their claims. Northern members are prepared to cry "sectionalism" if any one is chosen Speaker in an arrangement which would give the Majority Leadership to one of the others. That sort of a deal would provoke charges of favoritism. Although the Speakership seems certain to fall to a Southerner, the North insists that it be given the second most important post. That demand makes it difficult, if not impossible, to maintain Mr. Byrns as leader if he loses out in the fight for the higher office, and this complication may win him some sympathy votes.

The North and West are peculiarly deficient in men of leadership caliber, but not so representatives of that section can notice it. A dozen or more have leaped into the race for a variety of reasons. They think that they may sneak into the leadership if the Speakership goes to one of the three Southerners, or if a deadlock tosses it to a dark horse like the bold, stubborn John McDuffie of Alabama. But some are simply playing the popular congressional game of fool-the-voters. Though the House would never clothe them with responsibility, and they know it, they realize that the mere mention of their names may convince the unknowing that they are big shots at Washington. So there are such forget-me-not candidates as John O'Connor and James M. Mead of New York, John W. McCormack of Massachusetts, Robert Crosser of Ohio, Adolph Sabath of Illinois, Clarence F. Lea of California, and several others hard to remember. Where there's politics there's hope.

It's Up to the Gang

If, as expected, the White House refrains from open or covert intervention in order to insure legislative stability, the cry for a strong man may be the determining factor. First raised by the Rayburnites as a smart move against Byrns, it has caught on. Realizing their potential unruliness, House members are begging for a big, bad boss. When Rayburn's rivals saw the shrewdness of the strategy, they modified the argument to suit their own records and reputations. The question now resolves itself into one of what kind of man on horseback the gang wants. Will it vote for Byrns' coaxing and compromising methods — Rayburns' don't-give-up-the-bill doggedness—Bankhead's parliamentary and oratorical wiles—or somebody else's patented recipe for legislative horse power? It's hard to answer these questions, for it's going to be that kind of a House.



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Watch that Congress

GEORGE W. NORRIS, the veteran Nebraskan, might well regard the meeting of the new Congress on January 3d as a personal triumph. Senator Norris drove the Twentieth Amendment through Congress. His persistence year after year overcame the apathy and inertia of his associates.

Until the Norris Amendment was ratified, a Congress elected in November did not meet in regular session for thirteen months. If a special session had to be called before March 4th, the old Congress was summoned.

Senator Norris wanted to bring the lawmakers into closer touch with the voters. He thought that the long delay between election and the first regular session enabled legislators to forget their campaign promises and to lose touch with their constituents.

Nobody could invent a convincing argument against shortening the time between election and taking office. After all, March 4th was selected as the day for inaugurating a President back in the time when Presidents and congressmen traveled to Washington on horseback or by horse-drawn carriages. The old system could not be justified in our day. In travel and communication San Francisco is nearer Washington than was Baltimore in the old days.

Despite all this, President Roosevelt might well wish that this eminently reasonable reform had been deferred to another season. For Mr. Roosevelt is the first President to have to deal with a new Congress, fresh from the votes of the people. In a normal year the recentness of the election would doubtless result only in adding to the confusion of the early weeks of the session. This year the situation is more complicated.

The huge and unwieldy Democratic majorities would at any time be the occasion of trouble. The Democrats will have 69 out of 96 members of the Senate, and 322 out of 435 members of the House.

Under American conditions these are appallingly large majorities. We have had nothing comparable since the Civil War and Reconstruction days. After January 3d the Democrats will have more than two-thirds majorities in both branches of Congress.

There is no opposition in the new Congress strong enough to exercise a restraining influence. As Congress assembles, the authority, prestige and popularity of the President are the only governmental safeguards against any action which Congress may wish to take. There are enough Democrats in each house to override a presidential veto.

The number of wild men in the new Congress will be large. Disturbed conditions provide easy opportunities for glib talkers. Such men as Bilbo of Mississippi and Huey Long of Louisiana are products of the upheaval. Long, who, incidentally, was elected in 1932, recently promised every man $5,000 a year. Not all candidates were as loose in their offerings but quite enough promised to scrape the bottom of the governmental till.

It is quite plain that a very large number of the members of the new Congress will vote for any measure which they think will be popular with the voters back home. The salary and perquisites attached to the office are exceedingly welcome assets which won't be jeopardized by any votes which might alienate constituents. The test for too many lawmakers will be not the merits of the measure but the probable political advantage or disadvantage to be derived from a particular "Yea" or "Nay."

The stable influence is the fact that opinions back home are much more cheerful and sober than they were a few months ago. Recovery is actually proceeding. Farmers, for example, are debating seriously and intelligently various items in the program of agricultural readjustment. Cotton farmers, corn growers, dairymen and others are not giving blank checks to lawmakers.

Enough experience has been accumulated to make possible a constructive criticism of existing statutes and administrative orders. Popular interest in the Populist currency nostrums has also died down. If Congress undertakes any serious change in the laws controlling money and credit, it is safe to say that the action taken will not be in response to any widespread public demand. No large group of voters has been demanding inflation. That agitation is largely confined to Congress.

With such a situation public-spirited citizens have more than ever the opportunity and the obligation to watch Congress and to make their opinions and wishes known to their particular representatives. Cranks and advocates of special privilege are never silent. Anybody who wants to get money from the government, or who has a crazy scheme to promote, can be relied upon to make himself seen and heard. The decent citizen ordinarily is content to trust to luck and the good sense of a presidential veto.

It is, however, unfair to thrust this huge burden and responsibility upon the President. After all, Franklin Delano Roosevelt is just one man and his day has only twenty-four hours! Any President needs constantly the sustaining help of intelligent and disinterested public opinion.

We made this needed change in the convening of Congress at the one time most likely to make for confusion and ill-considered legislation. We have a new Congress on a new schedule. If we want to get the best out of it, we shall watch our representatives and senators with especial care. Scrutinize their speeches and interviews and record their votes. Let them know your views and preferences. You may be pleased at the results accomplished.

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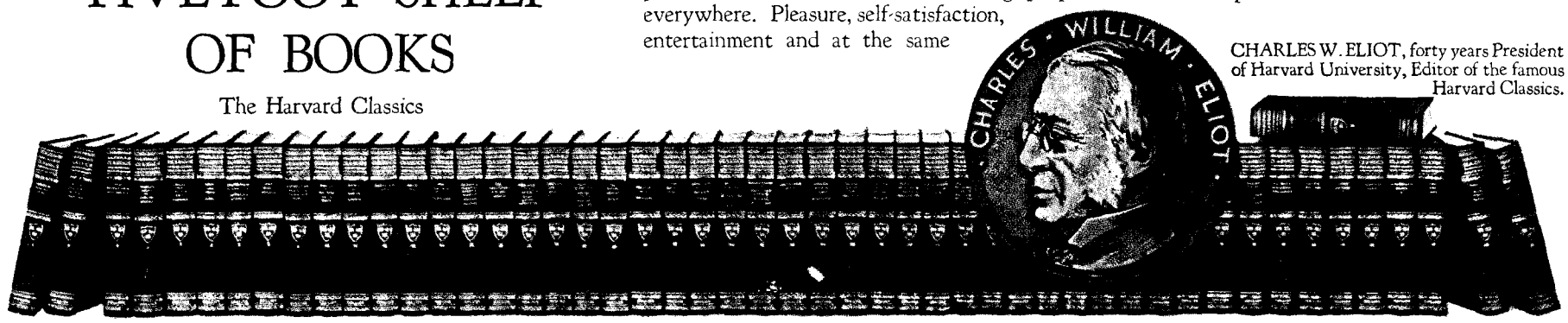

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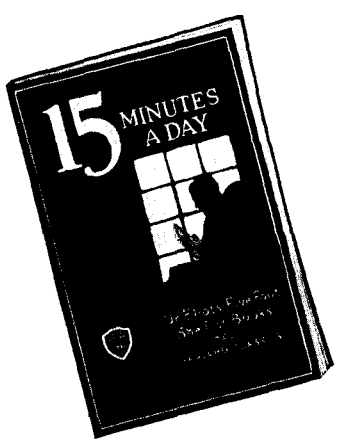

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